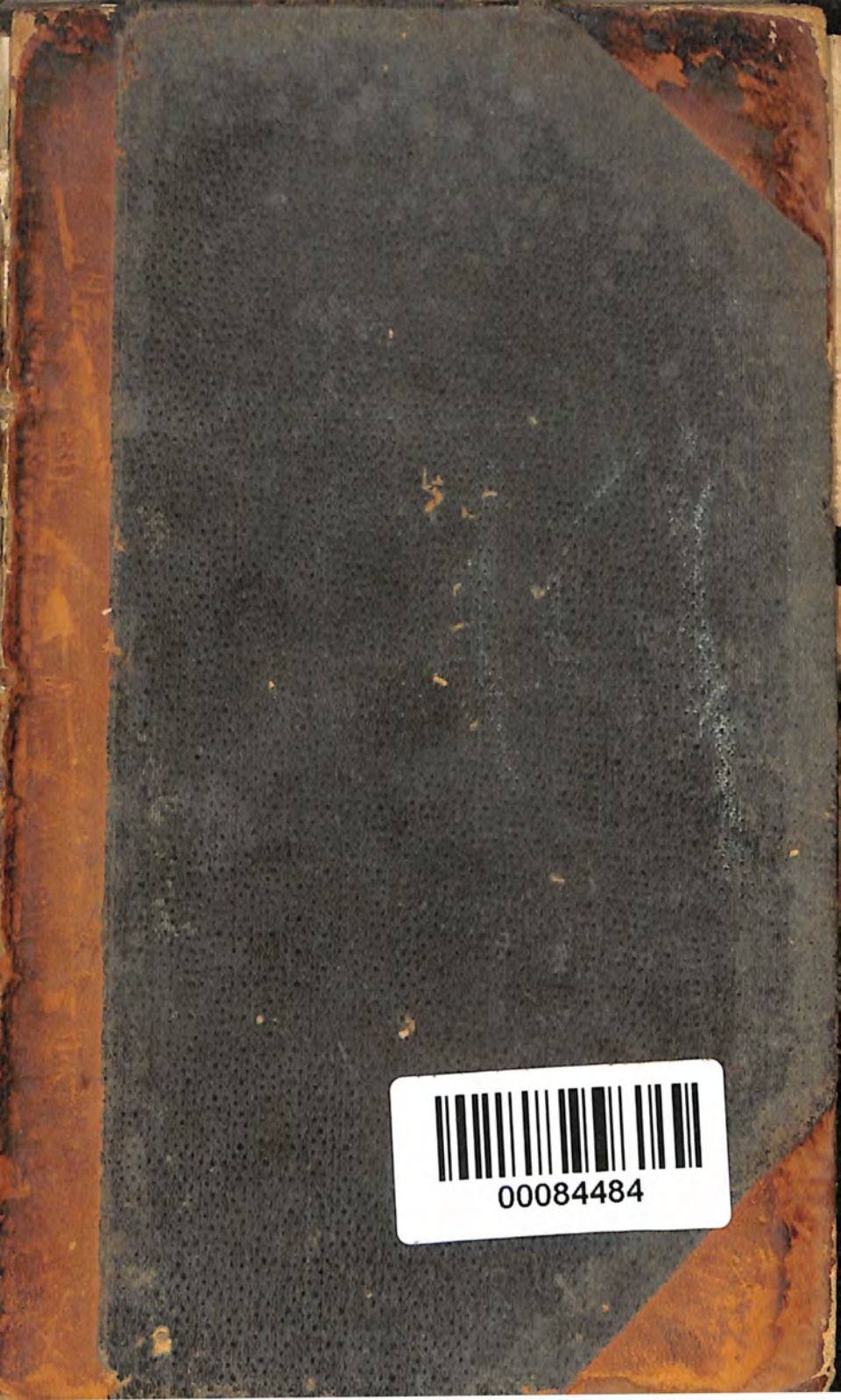
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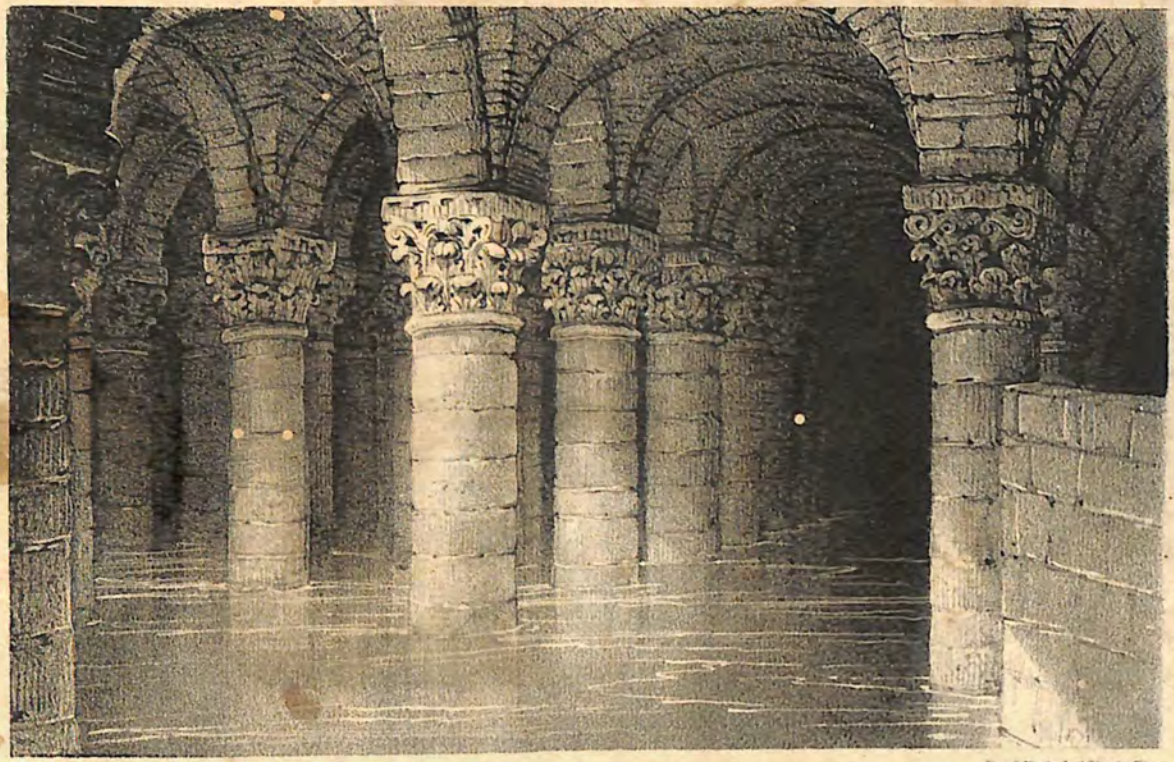

Miss Pardoe del.

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Henry Colburn 13 G.t Marlborough St.t 1837.

THE

CITY OF THE SULTAN;

AND

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE TURKS,

IN 1836.

BY MISS PARDOE,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF PORTUGAL."

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TOWER OF GALATA.

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THE

CITY OF THE SULTAN.

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Departure for Broussa—Rocky Coast—Moudania—The Custom House —Translation of the word *Backshich* —The Archbishop of Broussa —The Boatman's House — The Dead and the Living — Laughable Cavalcade—Dense Mists—Fine Country—Flowers, Birds, and Butterflies—The Coffee Hut — The Turkish Woman — Broussa in the Distance — The Dried-up Fountain — Immense Plains — Bohemian Gipsies — Mountain Streams — Turkish Washerwomen — Fine Old Wall—The Jews' Quarter—The Turkish Kiosk—Oriental Curiosity —A Dream of Home.

HAVING decided on visiting Broussa, we hired an island caïque with four stout rowers, and provided ourselves with plenty of coats and cloaks, a basket of provisions, and a few volumes of French classics; and thus we set sail from the Golden Horn on the last day of May, leaving Stamboul all splendour and sunshine.

A brisk northerly wind carried us rapidly out into the Propontis; all sails were set; my father and myself comfortably established among "the wraps," our Greek servant ensconced between

two baskets, the steersman squatted upon the poop of the boat grinning applause, and revealing in his satisfaction a set of teeth as white as ivory; and, ere long, excepting this last, our attendant, and myself, every soul on board was asleep.

In less than two hours, Stamboul had vanished like a vision, and could only be traced by the line of heavy mist which skirted the horizon. The coast of Asia Minor was darkening as we advanced, wearing the dense drapery of vapour woven by the excessive heat—the mountain chain, fantastic in outline; stretched far as the eye could reach, and we had already left behind us the two quaint rocks which form so peculiar an object from the heights above Constantinople. But here the wind failed us altogether; the slumbering caïquejhes were awakened, the oars were plied, and we moved over the Sea of Marmora, of which I had such horrible memories, from the night of pain and peril that I had passed upon it on my way to Turkey, as though we had been traversing a lake.

Twilight darkened over us thus; and then a light breeze tempted us again to set the sails, and we glided along smoothly, skirting the rocky coast until we reached the point opposite Broussa; which, sloping rapidly downwards to the beech, suddenly revealed to us the glorious moon, that was rising broad and red immedi-

stely on our track, and tracing a line of light along the ripple which gleamed like gold.

After having sated myself with the bright moon, the myriad stars, and the mysterious mountains, at whose base the waves had hollowed caverns, through which they dashed with a noise like thunder, and once or twice almost deluded me into a belief that I could distinguish the sound of human voices issuing from their depths, I at length yielded to the excessive fatigue that overpowered me; and, wrapping myself closely in my mantle, I stretched myself along the bottom of the caïque, and did not again awaken until the boatmen announced our arrival at Moudania.

It was an hour past midnight, and not a sound came to us from the town. A score of Arabian barks were anchored off the shore, whose seaward houses overhang the water; the white minarets of the mosques were in strong relief upon the tall, dark, thickly-wooded mountains which rose immediately behind them, and whence the song of the nightingales swept sweetly and sadly over the ripple; and had we not been drenched with the heavy dew that had fallen during the night, I should have been quite satisfied to remain until daylight in the caïque, which soon entered a little creek in the centre of the town.

But, previously to casting anchor, we were

obliged to pull considerably higher up the gulf in order to show ourselves at the Custom House, and to exhibit our Teskarè, or Turkish passport, as well as to submit our two travelling portmanteaux, and our provision-hamper, to the inspection of the examining officer. After a vast deal of knocking and calling, an individual was at length awakened, who came yawning into the caïque with a paper-lantern in his hand, and his eyes only half open; and who, after looking drowsily about him, murmured out "*backschish,*" and prepared to depart; upon which a few piastres were given to him, and he returned on shore.

The word backshich is the first of which a traveller learns the meaning in Turkey; it signifies fee, or present. The Pasha receives backshich for procuring a place or a pension for some petitioner; then, of course, it is a present, and precisely as unwelcome as it is unexpected: the boy who picks up your glove or your whip, as you ride along the street, demands backshich — he must be fee'd for his civility. Nothing is to be done in the country without backshich.

On entering the creek we despatched the servant and one of the caïquejhes to the house of the Greek Archbishop of Broussa, to whom we had brought a letter, and who had removed to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing; but

his Holiness was from home, and there was consequently no ingress for us. In this dilemma, for hotels there are none, we had no alternative but to accept for a few hours the hospitality of one of the boatmen, until we could procure horses to carry us on to Broussa; and we consequently made our debût in Asia Minor in an apartment up two flights of rickety stairs, walled with mud, and shivering under our footsteps. But it suffices to state that the caïquejhe was a Greek, for it to be understood at once by every Eastern traveller that the house was cleanly to perfection; and our reception by the hostess, even at that untoward hour, courteous and attentive.

Before the servant had brought the luggage up stairs, my father, worn out by fatigue, was sound asleep upon the divan; and, when the attendant had withdrawn, I also gladly prepared myself for the enjoyment of a few hours' repose; and, casting off my shoes, and winding a shawl about my head, I took possession of the opposite side of the sofa, and should soon have followed his example, when I was aroused by the light foot of the caïquejhe's wife in the apartment, who, opening a small chest, cast over me a sheet and coverlet as white as snow, and then retired as quietly as she came.

But that sheet and coverlet changed the whole tide of my feelings — the chest in which

they had been kept was of cypress wood—they were strongly impregnated with its odour—I was exhausted by fatigue and excitement—and a thousand visions of death and the grave came over me in the half dreamy state in which I lay, that by no means added to my comfort.

With a morbidity of imagination to which I am unhappily subject, I followed up at length one fantastic and gloomy image, until I began to believe myself in a state of semi-existence, habiting with the dead; but the delusion was brief, for I was soon as disagreeably convinced that my affair was at present altogether with the living. I had been warned that Broussa was as celebrated for its bugs as for its baths, but I had never contemplated such martyrdom at Moudania! I sprang from the sofa, shook my habit with all my strength, and then, folding my fur pelisse for a pillow, I stretched myself on the carpet, and left the luxuries of the cushioned divan to my father; who, fortunately for him, proved to be a sounder sleeper than myself.

At five o'clock, the horses came to the door; and after partaking sparingly of the provisions which we had brought with us, we drank a cup of excellent coffee, prepared by our hostess, and descended to the street; where my European saddle, by no means a common sight at Moudania, had collected a crowd of idlers.

Had Cruikshank been by when we started, we should assuredly not have escaped his pungent pencil. My father led the van, mounted on a high-peaked country saddle, with a saddle-cloth of tarnished embroidery, and a pair of shovel stirrups; I followed, perched above a coarse woollen blanket, with my habit tucked up to preserve it from the stream of filth that was sluggishly making its way through the street; after me came our Greek servant, sitting upon a pile of cloaks and great coats, holding his pipe in one hand, and his umbrella in the other; and he was succeeded in his turn by the serudjhe who had charge of our luggage, and who rode between the portmanteaux, balancing the provision basket before him, dressed in a huge black turban, ample drawers of white cotton, and a vest of Broussa silk. The procession was completed by three attendants on foot, the owners of the horses; and thus we defiled through the narrow and dirty streets of Moudania, on our way to the ancient capital of the Ottoman Empire.

For a time the mists were so dense that, although we had the sea-sand beneath the hoofs of our horses, we could not distinguish the water; and, as we turned suddenly to the right, and traversed a vineyard all alive with labourers, the vapours were rolling off the sides of the hills immediately in front of us. Feathered

even to their summits with trees, they appeared to rest against the thick folds of heavy white mist in which they had been enveloped during the night, and presented the most fantastic shapes. I never traversed a more lovely country; vineyards were succeeded by mulberry plantations and olive groves, gardens of cucumber plants, beet-root, and melons, stretches of rich corn land, and immense plains, hemmed in by gigantic mountains, of which the unredeemed portions were a perfect garden.

I have spoken, in my little work on Portugal, of the beauty of the wild flowers in that country, but I found that those of Asia even transcended them. Delicate flowing shrubs, herbs of delicious perfume, and blossoms of every dye, were about our path: the bright lilac-coloured gum-cistus, with a drop of gold in its centre — the snowy privet, with its scented cone—the wild hollyhock—the bindweed, as transparent and as variously coloured as in an European parterre — the mallow, with its pale petals of pink and white—the turquoise, as blue as a summer sky, and as large as a field-daisy—the foxglove, springing from amid the rocky masses by the wayside, like virtue struggling with adversity, and seeming doubly beautiful from the contrast; the bright yellow blossom which owes to its constantly vibrating petals the vulgar name of "woman's tongue"—the sweet-scented

purple starch-flower—wild roses, woodbine, and, above all, the passion-flower, somewhat smaller than that cultivated in Europe, but retaining perfectly its pale tints and graceful character, were mingled with a thousand others that were new to me.

Upon one spot on this plain I saw the richest clump of vegetation that I ever met with in my life. It was a small mound near the road-side, covered with dwarf aloes and arum; I made one of the seridjhes tear up a plant of the latter for me to examine, and it was perfectly gigantic; the blossom measured eighteen inches from the base of the calyx to the extremity of the petal; the colour was a deep, rich ruby, and the stem was five or six feet in height. I need scarcely add that the stench which it emitted was intolerable, and we were obliged to rub our hands with wild chamomile to rid ourselves of it.

The butterflies were small, sober-coloured, and scarce; but the birds which surrounded us were various and interesting — the bulfinch, the elegant black-cap, the nightingale, making the air vocal; and the cuckoo, whose sharp, quick note cut shrilly through the sweet song with which it could not assimilate — the sky-lark, revelling in light, and drinking in the sunshine — the partridge, half hidden amid the corn, or winging its way along the valley, kept us constant company; while the majestic storks

sailed over our heads, with their long thin legs folded back, and their long thin necks stretched forward, steering themselves by their feet; or remained, gravely standing near the road-side, eyeing us as we passed with all the confidence of impunity.

After rising a tolerably steep hill, we descended into a plain of vast extent, through which brawled a rapid river crossed by a bridge of considerable span, wherein a herd of buffaloes were cooling themselves; some lying on their sides wallowing in the mud, and others standing up to their noses in water, and defying the fierce beams of a sun under which we were almost fainting. As I pulled up for an instant to observe them, a kingfisher darted from a clump of underwood overhanging the bank, glittering in the light, and looking as though it had pilfered the rainbow.

Having passed the plain, we again descended, and stopped mid-way of the mountain before a little hut of withered boughs, tenanted by a superb-looking Turk, who dispensed coffee and pipes to travellers; beside the hut a handsome fountain of white granite poured forth a copious stream of sparkling rock water: and on the other side of the road a very fine walnut tree overshadowed a bank covered with grass. Upon this bank the servant spread our mat; and, having removed the large flapping hats of leg-

horn which we wore, we revelled in the dense shade and refreshing coolness; nor were we the only individuals to whom they had proved welcome, for a portion of the space was already occupied by a Turkish woman, whose husband was in the coffee-hut, and who accepted readily a part of our luncheon, although she could not partake of it with us, the presence of my father preventing the removal of her yashmac. I felt glad that she received the offer in the spirit in which it was made, for the Turks are so universally hospitable that my obligations to them on this score are weighty; and, singularly enough, this was the first occasion on which I had ever had an opportunity of returning the compliment.

We lingered on this sweet spot nearly an hour, and then, continuing our descent, and crossing a little stream at its foot, we clomb a lofty mountain, whence we looked down upon a scene of surpassing beauty. Before us towered a chain of rocks, whose peaks were clothed with snow; and beneath us spread a valley dotted with mulberry and walnut trees, green with corn and vineyards, and gay with scattered villages. At the base of the highest mountain lay Broussa, and even in the distance we could distinguish the gleaming out of the white buildings from among the dense foliage which embosomed them.

From this point a new feature of beauty was added to the landscape: fountains rose on all sides, the overflowing of whose basins had frequently worn a deep channel across the road, where the waters rushed glittering and brawling along. With the form of one of these fountains I was particularly struck; it was evidently of considerable antiquity, and was overshadowed by a majestic lime-tree, whose long branches stretched far across the road; but its source was dried, and it was rapidly falling to decay.

I hesitated for an instant whether I should sketch the fountain, or again lend to it for an instant the voice that it had lost. I decided on the latter alternative—and, seating myself upon the edge of the basin, I hastily scratched the following stanzas in my note-book.

THE DRIED-UP FOUNTAIN.

The emblem of a heart o'er-tried,
I stand amid the waste;
My sparkling source has long been dried;
And the worn pilgrim, to whose ear
My gushing stream was once so dear,
Passes me by in haste.

No wild bird dips its weary wing
In my pure waters now;
No blushing flowers in beauty spring,
Fed by the gentle dews, that erst
Taught each fair blossom how to burst
With a yet brighter glow.

The nightingale responds no more
Since my glad sound was hushed,
As she was wont to do of yore,
To the continuous flow, which oft,
When leaves were rife, and winds were soft,
Like her own music gushed.

Still wave the lime-boughs, whose sweet shade
Was o'er my waters cast,
When high in Heaven the sunbeams played;
But o'er my dried-up basin now
Vainly is spread each leafy bough;
It but recalls the past —

And thus the human heart no less,
In its young ardent years,
Pours forth its gushing tenderness
Freely, as though time could not fling
A gloom around each lovely thing,
And turn its smiles to tears.

And thus, like me, it too must prove
How soon the spell goes by;
How falsehood follows fast on love,
Treachery on trust, and guile on truth;
Until the heart, so full in youth,
In age is waste and dry.

Worn heart, and dried-up fount—for ye
The world is fair in vain;
Birds sing, boughs wave, and winds are free;
But song, nor shade, nor breath, can more
Your joyful gush of life restore —
It will not flow again!

A great stretch of road, after we had passed the exhausted fountain, traversed another of those immense plains for which this part of the country is celebrated. No monotony, however, renders them irksome to the traveller; on the contrary, they are characteristic and various in the extreme. Gigantic walnut trees, laden with fruit; fig trees, almost bending beneath their own produce; little wildernesses of gum cistus, carpeting the earth with their petals; woods of mulberry trees; stretches of dwarf oak, with here and there timber of larger size overtopping them; grass land, gay with tents, pitched for the accommodation of those who guard the droves of horses grazing in their vicinity; camels browzing on the young shoots of the forest trees; herds of buffaloes, with their flat and crescent-shaped horns folding backward, and their coarse and scantily-covered hides caked with the mud in which they have been wallowing; and flocks of goats as wild and as agile as the chamois, keep the eye and the imagination alike employed.

Now and then a native traveller, mounted on his high-peaked saddle, with a brace of silver-mounted pistols and a yataghan peeping from amid the folds of the shawl that binds his waist; his ample turban descending low upon his brow, and his yellow boots resting upon a pair of shovel stirrups; his velvet jacket slung at his back, and the long pendent sleeves of his striped

silk robe hanging to his bridle-rein, passes you by. His horse is, nine times out of ten, scarcely one remove from a pony, but it can go like the wind; and, as it tosses its well-formed head, expands its eager nostril, and scours along with its long tail streaming in the wind, you are immediately reminded that both the animal and his rider are, although remotely, of Tartar origin. Of course, the horse has his charm against the Evil Eye, as well as his master; and, moreover, perhaps, his brow-band, or breeching, prettily embroidered with small cowries, and his saddle-cloth gay with the tarnished glories of past splendour.

At times you are met by a party of Greek serudjhes returning to Moudania with a band of hired horses, which, although they have probably tired the patience and wearied the whip of their strange riders, are now racing along amid the shouts and laughter of their owners, as though they were engaged in a steeple-chase. A cloud of dust in the distance heralds the approach of a train of rudely-shaped waggons, frequently formed of wicker-work, drawn by oxen or buffaloes, and generally laden with tobacco; while, nearer the city, gangs of donkeys, carrying neatly-packed piles of mulberry boughs for the use of the silk-worms, which form the staple trade of the neighbourhood, complete the moving picture.

The river which traverses the plain is spanned by a bridge of five beautifully-formed arches. When we passed, it was so shrunken that an active leaper might have cleared it at a bound; but the current was frightfully rapid, and the channel, heaped with flints and sand, had evidently been insufficient to contain its volume during the winter, as the land, for a wide space on either side, bore traces of having been flooded.

On the edge of the plain stands the fountain of Adzim Tzèsmèssi, overshadowed by three fine maple trees, and in itself exceedingly picturesque. A rudely-constructed kiosk, raised a couple of steps from the ground, and surrounded by seats, protects the small basin of granite into which the water rises, and whence it afterwards escapes by pipes into two exterior reservoirs: that which is shaded by the maples being reserved for the use of travellers, and the other for the supply of cattle.

Here, of course, we found a caféjhe, surrounded by a group of smokers; and procured some excellent coffee and cherries.

During our halt, a party of Bohemian gipsies, on their way to the coast, stopped to refresh themselves and their donkeys at the mountain spring; they were about thirty in number, and the men were remarkably tall and well-looking, but formidable enough, with their pistols and

yataghans peeping from their girdles; they had two or three sickly, weary children in their train, who appeared half dead with heat and toil; and half a dozen withered old women, who might have sat for the originals of Macbeth's witches, they were so "grim and grisly;" but there was one female among them, a dark-eyed, rosy-lipped maiden of sixteen, or thereabouts, who was the perfection of loveliness. For a while she stood apart, but, as the rest of the tribe, attracted by my riding-dress, clustered about me, and assailed me by questions to which I was utterly unable to reply, she at length took courage and joined the party. As her wild and timid glance wandered from me to her companions, I found that it invariably rested upon one individual, and I had little difficulty in filling up the romance suggested by her earnest looks. Nor was I deceived; for when the tribe moved away, the bridle of her donkey was held by the tall, sunburnt youth to whom she had attracted my attention; and as they passed the stream, he did not relinquish it though he trod knee-deep in water, when he might have traversed the little bridge without wetting the soles of his feet; but in recompense of his devotion, he feasted, as he went, on the smiles of his fair mistress, and the cherries which I had poured into her lap. After their departure, I made a hasty sketch of the fountain,

and then quitted with reluctance a spot so redolent of beauty.

The plain at this point appeared to be set in one uninterrupted frame-work of mountains—the river ran shimmering and sparkling through its centre—the mulberry and walnut trees were scattered thickly over its entire surface—the clouds, as they flitted by, created a thousand beautiful varieties of light and shade; and the soft wind that sighed through the maple leaves almost made me forget my fatigue.

What rills of water we passed through after we left the plain! Every quarter of a mile we encountered a fountain; and for upwards of a league we rode through the heart of a mulberry plantation, fringed with noble walnut trees. At some of the fountains, groups of women were washing; and it was amusing to see them hastily huddling on their yashmacs as they remarked the approach of our party. In many cases, the water which escaped from the basins provided for it, ran rippling along the road, and covering the whole surface for a considerable distance, ere it buried itself among the long grass that skirted the plantation. The mulberry wood was succeeded by gardens; and the rich, rank vegetation reminded me strongly of Portugal, than which I never saw any country more similar.

At a short distance from Broussa, a fine old

wall, based on the living rock, rose in its stern hoary decay immediately before our path; clusters of mouldering towers, half overgrown with parasites, from among which gleamed out the modern and many-gabled palace of some Turkish noble, all apparently growing out of its grey remains, varied the outline; nor did we lose sight of them until, on reaching the gate of the city, we turned sharply to the right, in order to escape the Jews' quarter; and, on arriving in that appropriated to the Greeks, took possession of a furnished house, which had been prepared for us by the polite attention of Mr. Z———, an Armenian merchant, to whom we had a letter: when, on approaching the window, I found that the view was bounded by the same old wall, crowned by a charming kiosk, with its trelliced terrace and domed temple, overhung with roses; while the rock, and even the wall itself, were thickly covered with wild vines, trailing their long branches like garlands; flowering rock-plants in abundance, and white jessamine and other parasites, rooted in the garden above, and mingling their blossoms with those which Nature alone had planted.

A stately Turk was seated at the open window of the kiosk, smoking his chibouk, and attended by his pipe-bearer; who, when he had satisfied his own curiosity, slowly withdrew, and was shortly replaced by a female, closely

veiled, and followed by a couple of slaves. I fell asleep on the sofa without obtaining a glimpse of her face; and, on awaking, found that she had departed in her turn, and that a party of solemn-looking Musselmauns had established themselves in the temple from which they could overlook the whole of our apartment, where they were smoking, and drinking large goblets of water.

I do not know when the party broke up, as I retreated to the other side of the house, and took possession of a room whose windows looked into a court enclosed by high walls painted in fresco, and containing two pretty fountains, whose ceaseless murmurings soon lulled me once more to sleep. A fine lime tree threw its shade far into the apartment — a female voice was singing in the distance—and as I cast myself on the divan, and closed my eyes, a feeling of luxury crept over me which influenced my dreams.———

No wonder that my visions were of home, and of the best of mothers! — I was in her arms — on her heart.

My first hour's dream at Broussa was worth a waking day!

CHAPTER II.

Ancient Gate — Greek Inscriptions—Mausoleum of Sultan Orcan — Monkish Chronicle—The Turbedar Hanoum — Inverted Columns — Painted Pillars—Splendid Marbles — Tombs of the Imperial Family — The Greek Cross — The Sultan's Beard — Mausoleum of Sultan Ali Osman—Monastic Vaults—Ruined Chapel—Remains of a Greek Palace—Bassi Relievi—Ruined Fountains —Ancient Fosse — Dense Vegetation — Noble Prospect — Roman Aqueduct — Valley of the Source —Picturesque Groups—Coffee-Kiosks—Absence of Pretension among the Turks — The Tale Teller — Traveller's Khan — Sick Birds—Roman Bridge—Armenian Mother.

At an early hour on the following morning we started, accompanied by a guide, and our own servant who acted as Dragoman, to visit such objects of interest as might exist in the immediate vicinity of the city; and after climbing the hill on which the ancient wall is based, and passing through a fine old gate, in whose neighbourhood we remarked several Greek inscriptions that had apparently been displaced at the capture of the city, as one or two of them are inverted, we found ourselves in front of the Mausoleum of Sultan Orcan.

This sovereign, who was the son of Othman,

the first Turkish Emperor, took Broussa, (which was at the time the capital of Bithinia) in the year 1350; and, according to an old monkish chronicle which I consulted on the spot, "He found three towers filled with the treasures of these kings, which they had been amassing from the first building of the city; gold and silver in ingots and in coins; pearls and jewels, among which were twelve precious stones unique in value; furniture and dresses wrought in gold and silver; crowns of great price filled with gold and pearls; saddles, pantaloons, and swords worked with gold, and pearls, and jewels —forming altogether the lading of seven hundred camels, all of which he despatched to his native country. This done, he collected together all the young children: some he caused to lie on their stomachs upon the earth, where he trampled them beneath the feet of horses; others he flung into the river; and others again he exposed naked to the sun, where they died of thirst. Many mothers stifled their children, rather than deliver them over to the barbarian. It would be difficult to describe the torments inflicted on the Bishops, the Priesthood, and the monks; some were drowned, some burnt, some dragged by horses, &c. &c."

"This monarch," pursues the historian, "was brave, luxurious, and generous; and was the husband of Kilikia, the Princess of Caramania;

He was wounded at the taking of Broussa, and died in consequence a few days afterwards, having reigned twenty-two years.

It was the tomb of this "generous" conqueror which we were about to invade; and, while the guide was absent in search of the Turbedar Hanoum, or Holy Woman, who had charge of the keys, I amused myself by examining the exterior entrance of the building, or rather of that portion of it now converted into an Imperial Mausoleum.

The open porch, with its deeply projecting roof painted in fresco, is supported by two pillars of coarse old Byzantine architecture, and composed of delicately-veined white marble. This porch gives admittance only to the Court of the Tomb-house, and presents a spectacle probably unique, and so characteristic of the progress of the fine arts in this country, that it deserves especial mention. The pillars to which I have alluded as supporting the porch are reversed; the sculptured capitals rest on the earth, and a plaistered summit has been supplied, gaudily painted in blue and yellow; while the pillars themselves are only just beginning, thanks to time and weather, to reveal the material of which they are composed, through their decaying coat of whitewash!

When a frightful old woman, huddled up in a scarf of coarse white cotton, at length made her

appearance, key in hand, and admitted us to the Inner Court, a second anomaly nearly as startling as the first presented itself. The enclosure was thickly planted with young trees, among which a pomegranate, gorgeous in its livery of green and scarlet, was the most conspicuous: and a sparkling fountain was pouring forth its copious stream of clear cool water into a marble reservoir; while the long flexile branches of a wild vine were gracefully wreathed across the entrance of the Mausoleum. But here again the hand of barbarism had been at work; and the four slender Ionic columns of gray marble which support the porch, had undergone the same melancholy process of painting, and their capitals were decorated with a wreath of many-coloured foliage!

Little did such an exhibition of modern Vandalism prepare me for the splendid coup-dœil that awaited me within. The Mausoleum is a portion of an ancient Greek monastery, dismantled by Sultan Orcan at the capture of the city; and is supposed to have been a private chapel in which the Emperor was accustomed to perform his devotions. It is of an oval form; and, previously to a fire which partially destroyed it a few years since, was entirely lined with rich marbles. Those now deficient have been replaced by paint and stucco, in precisely the same taste as that which operated on the

exterior; but, as their number is comparatively small, the general effect is not greatly marred.

Sultan Orcan, with his wife Kilkia, two of his Odaliques, and seventeen of his children, occupy the centre of the floor; whose fine mosaic pavement has been covered throughout the whole space thus appropriated with a mass of coarse plaister, raised about a foot from the floor, and supporting the Sarcophagi. That of the Sultan himself is overlaid with a costly cachemire shawl, above which are spread two richly embroidered handkerchiefs in crimson and green, worked with gold; while the turban at its head is decorated with a third, wrought in beautiful arabesques, and by far the most splendid thing of the kind that I ever saw. Those of the Sultanas and their children are simply painted of the sacred green, and totally unornamented; the first instance of such a marked distinction that I had yet met with in the country.

At the upper end of the chapel, three rows of marble seats, arranged amphitheatrically, occupy the extremity of the oval immediately opposite to the altar, and are surmounted by a centre seat, supposed to have been that from which the monarch was accustomed to hear the mass, while his nobles placed themselves on the benches at his feet. The lofty dome is supported by six gigantic square pillars of masonry,

and the marbles that line the walls are inserted with considerable taste. In one of the side arches a cross still remains, which was introduced among the mosaics by the Greeks; but a second, of much larger dimensions, which surmounted their altar, has been destroyed, and the space that it occupied coarsely covered with plaister.

On the left-hand side of the Imperial Sarcophagus hangs a small wooden case, shaped like a bird-cage, and covered with green silk, containing the Sultan's beard!—the precious relic of five centuries!

The Mausoleum of Sultan Ali Osman, the son of Orcan, which occupies the other wing of the building, contains no object of particular interest; the Hall of Sepulchre is similar in material and in arrangement, save that the Sarcophagi of his wives and children are simply whitewashed. The modern Emperors have been more gallant; and many a deceased Sultana sleeps the last sleep at Constantinople, covered with shawls which, during the rage for cachemeres in Paris, would have killed half the *élégantes* with envy.

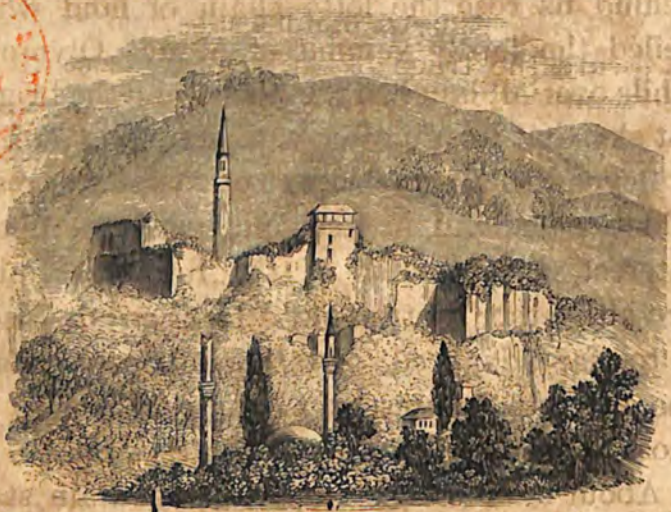
From the Mausoleum of Sultan Ali Osman, we passed into the vaults of the Monastery, and through a subterranean cloister, supported by pillars; whence we clambered by a crazy ladder into what had evidently been the Chapel

the Monastery. Fragments of frescoes still remain about the dilapidated altar, and on the screen of the Sanctuary — here it is a head without a body, and there a pair of legs without either —on one side a half-effaced inscription in Monkish Latin; and on the other a cluster of wild flowers, concealing the ruin against which they lean. Several of the arches of the chapel still remain, and are very gracefully formed, but the whole scene is one of melancholy: the only portions of the building which are perfect are the tombs of the Ottoman Emperors; all that yet bears the trace of Christianity is stamped with ruin.

We next visited the remains of the Palace of the ancient Greek Emperors, whose dilapidated gateway is flanked by the mouldering remains of two *bassi relievi;* and the fragments of two fountains of white marble, whose waters, unrestrained by the mutilated basins into which they poured themselves, have worn a narrow channel beside the road, where they rush along, sparkling in the sunshine. The capital of one of the columns which once graced them still remains nearly entire, and is of that elegant stalactite-like architecture peculiar to the Arabs, and quite unknown in Europe. Having passed the gate, we entered a small court, thickly planted with ancient mulberry trees, and containing the remains of some of the Imperial offices;

whence a second door admitted us into a wide enclosure, now converted into a nursery-garden full of vigorous vegetation. intro-

Passing onward, we crossed, by a few steady planks, a portion of the ancient fosse, surfound ourselves upon the wall overhanging the city, surrounded by the group of mouldering and ivy-grown towers that I had remarked on my journey, and which I found to be the remains of the Palace.



RUINS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

Nothing more magnificent can be imagined than the view from this height. The wide plain through which we had travelled from the coast lay spread out before us, dotted over its whole surface with mulberry and olive trees — the

river ran rushing in the light among the dense vegetation—far as the eye could reach, lofty remains, purpled by the distance, shut in screen ains, purpled by the distance, shut in without ospect — while, immediately beneath us, with ssa lay mapped out in all its extent, the ot er-coloured buildings overshadowed by lofty trees; and the three hundred and eighty mosques of the city scattered in the most picturesque irregularity along the side of the mountains, and on the skirts of the valley. The palace of a Pasha was close beside us, and behind us rose the lofty chain of land which veiled the lordly summit of Mount Olympus; while over all laughed the bluest and the brightest sky that imagination can picture.

Beyond this, and this was of course the result of situation, and in itself independent of other interest, the remains of the Imperial Palace are altogether destitute of attraction; its decay is too far advanced, or rather its destruction is too absolute, to present a single charm to the most determined ruin-hunter in the world.

About a mile higher up the mountain stand the remains of a Roman aqueduct; half a dozen mouldering towers of colossal dimensions rise hoar and gray against the sky, and at their feet rushes along the pellucid water that supplies the fountains of the city. A narrow channel formed of stone, and full to overflowing, guides the course of the stream, which escapes

from the heart of the mountain at the point where it hems in the gayest and the greenest valley that ever fairy revelled in by moonlight. The channel skirts this valley, until it again passes beneath the living rock, and pours itself into the reservoirs of Broussa — but it is less of the mountain stream, or of the fine old Roman remains, that I desire to speak, than of the lovely glen to which I have just alluded.

This fair spot is the "Sweet Waters" of Broussa; and as we chanced to visit it for the first time on a Turkish Sunday, its effect was considerably heightened. Surrounded by lofty mountains, overtopped by mouldering ruins, shaded by stately trees, and fresh with springing verdure, its aspect was yet further gladdened by groups of happy idlers in their holyday costume, seated on their mats along the margin of the source, or lounging beneath the shade of two rudely constructed coffee-kiosks; one of which, built immediately beside the spring, and resting against the rock whence it issued, was shaded from the north wind by a small but elegant mosque, whose tall minaret was reflected in the clear stream; while the other, erected beneath the shade of two majestic maples, seemed to contend the prize of coolness and comfort with its neighbour. From one ridge of rock an elegant kiosk overhung the valley; while from another a cherry tree, laden

with fruit, tempted the hand with its clustering riches.

Altogether, I never beheld a more lovely scene; and the last touch of beauty was given by the distant view of a Turkish cemetery, which clomb the side of the mountain, and whose grave-stones were shaded by clumps of the dark, silent cypress, relieved here and there by a stately walnut tree, with its bright leaves dancing in the wind. The groups that were scattered over the valley were eminently picturesque: there was the *employé* with his ill-cut frock-coat and unbecoming *fèz*—the Emir, with his ample green turban, and his vest and drawers of snowy cotton — the Tatar, clad in crimson, wrought with gold, his waist bound with a leathern belt, and his legs protected by Albanian gaiters — the Ulema, with a white shawl twisted about his brow, and a brass ink-bottle thrust into his girdle—the Turning Dervish, with his high cap of gray felt, and his pelisse of green cloth — the Greek serudjhe, with a black shawl twined round his *fèz*, his jacket slung at his back, his gaily-striped vest confined by a shawl about his waist, his full trowsers fastened at the knee, and his legs bare — the Armenian, with his tall calpac and flowing robe—all sitting in groups, smoking their chibouks, sipping their coffee, and drinking huge draughts of the cold rock-water, from goblets of crystal as clear

and sparkling as the liquid which they contained.

At the coffee-kiosk of the source, groups were engaged in conversation, without any regard to rank or situation in life. The Turks are perfectly destitute of that *morque* which renders European society a constant state of warfare against intrusion. Every individual is "eligible" in Turkey — no one loses *caste* from the contact of unprivileged associates—the hour of relaxation puts all men on a level; and the Bey sits down quietly by the caïqucjhe, and the Effendi takes his place near the fisherman, as unmoved by the difference of their relative condition, as though they had been born to the same fortune.

There is something beautiful and touching in this utter absence of self-appreciation; and the young noble rises from the mat which he has shared with the old artisan, as uncontaminated by the contact as though he had been partaking the gilded cushions of a Pasha. But, ready as I am to admire this state of things, I am well aware that it could not exist with us; the lower orders of Turkey and the lower orders of Europe are composed of totally different elements. The poor man of the East is intuitively urbane, courteous, and dignified—he is never betrayed into forgetfulness, either of himself or of his neighbour—he never knows, although he

was bred in a hut, that he may not die in a palace — and with this possibility before his eyes, he always acts as though the hour of his metathesis were at hand.

It is probably from this feeling that an Osmanli smiles when he hears a Frank vaunting himself on his high blood; and that he replies tersely and gravely to the boast that "every Turk is born noble."

No greater proof of the superiority of the working classes of Turkey over those of Europe can be adduced, than the tranquillity of the Empire under a government destitute alike of head, heart, and hand — a government whose hollowness, weakness, and venality, will admit of no argument — whose elements are chicane, treachery, and egotism — and which would be unable to govern any other people upon earth even for a twelvemonth. Perhaps the great secret of this dignified docility is to be found in the high religious feeling which is universal among the Turks, and to which I have made allusion elsewhere. Should my judgment on this point be erroneous, however, it is certain that the character of the mass in Turkey must be moulded by principles and impulses, in themselves both respectable and praiseworthy, to produce so powerful a moral effect.

At the maple-tree kiosk the crowd was greater, for there one of the itinerant Improvvisatori, or

Eastern story-tellers, was amusing his hearers with a history, which, judging from its length, and the patience with which it was heard to an end, ought to have been exceedingly interesting. But no sound of boisterous merriment arose amid the grave and bearded auditors; once or twice, a low chuckle, and a denser cloud of smoke emitted from the chibouk, gave slight indications of amusement: but that was all; every thing was as quiet, as orderly, and as well-conducted, as though every individual of the party had been under priestly surveillance.

On quitting the Valley of the Source, we visited the Tekiè of the Turning Dervishes, with its two fine fountains and its elegant chapel; and then proceeded to one of the public Khans, or Caravanserais, in which are lodged all travelling merchants, and such strangers as have not the opportunity of procuring private houses during their residence in Broussa. The building was inconvenient, ill-built, and confined in size, being a very inefficient substitute for one which was destroyed a few years ago by fire in its immediate vicinity; but its court was adorned with a very handsome fountain richly ornamented, beneath whose projecting roof the inhabitants of the Khan congregate to smoke and converse.

A small erection just within one of the gates of the court attracted my attention, from the

circumstance of its roof being occupied by three eagles; two of them about half fledged, and the other evidently sick. I inquired the meaning of this location, and learnt that the little edifice was appropriated to the use of such wild birds as the hunters and peasants chanced to meet during their rambles among the mountains, and which were suffering either from disease, desertion, or injury. Being carefully transported hither, they are fed, and attended to until they voluntarily take wing, and return to their rocky haunts. The present patients were two eaglets, which had been abandoned in the nest, and a wounded bird, which, without assistance, must have died from starvation. Such a trait of national character is well worthy of mention.

Upon the roof of a mosque about a hundred yards from the house which we occupied, a couple of storks had made their nest, and, at the time of our visit, were carefully tending their young, apparently quite indifferent to all the noise and clamour going on immediately beneath. The Turks repay the confidence thus reposed in them with an almost superstitious reverence for these feathered children of the wilderness; and the destruction of a bird of this species would be sure to draw down upon the aggressor the displeasure, if not the vengeance, of every neighbouring Musselmaun.

I must not omit to mention the covered bridge;

a curious Roman remain in the Armenian quarter of the city, forming a street across a rapid torrent, which, falling from the mountain, pours itself into the plain. It is entirely tenanted by silk weavers, and its numerous windows are so patched and built up as to render it extremely picturesque. Its single arch is finely formed, and from a distance it is a very attractive object; but it is rapidly falling to decay.

ROMAN BRIDGE AT BROUSSA.

I sketched it from the window of an Armenian house; overlooked in my employment by a sweet young woman, who held upon her knees her dying infant — her first-born son. As the Orientals believe every Frank, whether male or female, to be skilled in the healing art, she

never ceased her prayer, during the whole of my stay under her roof, that I would restore her child to health. I shall never think of the Roman bridge at Broussa but the weeping image of the young Armenian mother will be associated with it in my memory.

CHAPTER III.

Orientalism of Broussa—Costume of the Men—Plain Women—Turbans and Yashmacs—Facility of Ingress to the Mosques—Oulou Jamè—Polite Imam — Eastern Quasimodo — Ascent of the Minaret — The Charshee — Travelling Hyperboles — Silk Bazàr — Silk Merchants' Khan—Fountains of Broussa — Broussa and Lisbon — The Baths — Wild Flowers—Tzekerghè—Mosque of Sultan Mourad — Madhouse —Court of the Mosque—Singular Fountain—Mausoleum of Sultan Mourad—Golden Gate — Local Legend—The Tomb-house — More Vandalism — Ancient Turban — Comfortable Cemeteries — Subterranean Vault - Great Bath — Hot Spring — Baths and Bathers — Miraculous Baths — Armenian Doctress — Situation of Tzekerghè—Storks and Tortoises—Turkish Cheltenham.

THE city of Broussa is infinitely more oriental in its aspect than Stamboul; scarcely a Frank is to be seen in the streets; no French shops, glittering with gilded timepieces and porcelain tea-services, jar upon your associations; not a Greek woman stirs abroad without flinging a long white veil over her gaudy turban, and concealing her gay coloured dress beneath a ferdijhe; while the Turks themselves almost look like men of another nation.

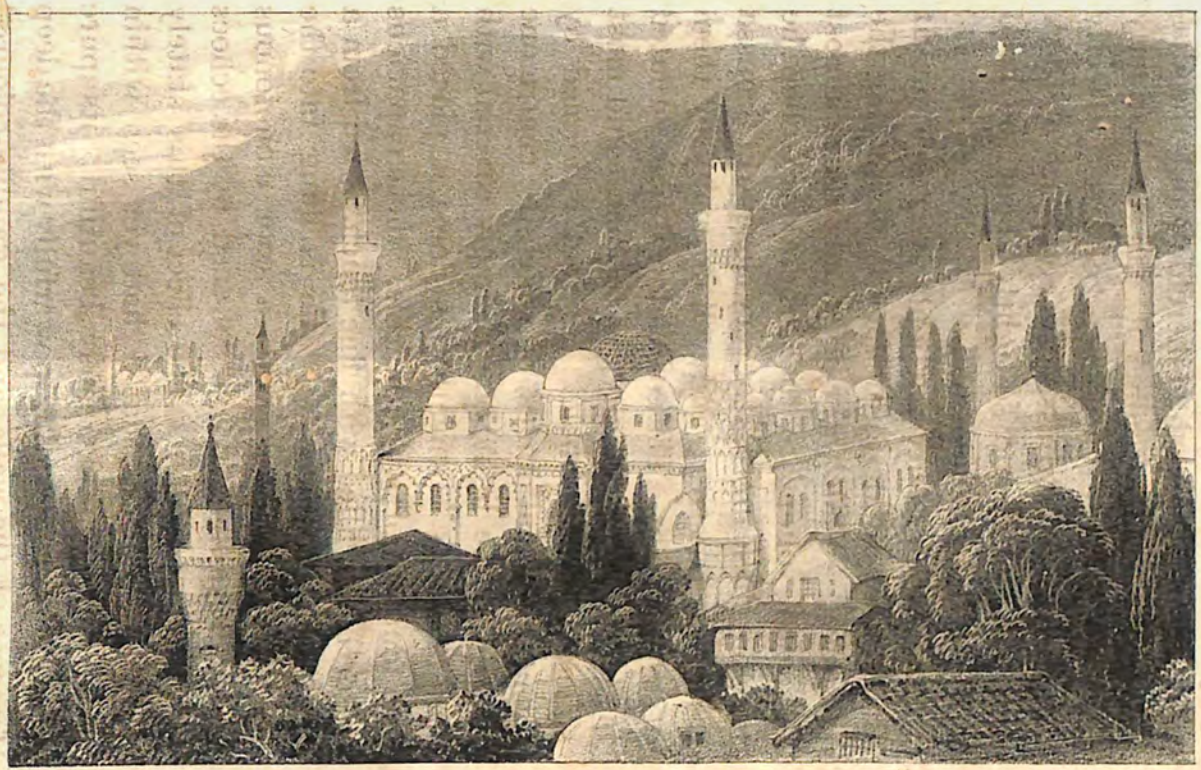
I do not believe that, excepting in the palace of the Pasha, there are a hundred *fèz*-wearing Osmanlis in the whole city. Such turbans!

mountains of muslin, and volumes of cachemire; Sultan Mahmoud would infallibly faint at the sight of them; worn, as many of them are, falling upon one shoulder, and confined by a string in consequence of their great weight. Such watches! the size, and almost the shape, of oranges—such ample drawers of white cotton, and flowing garments of striped silk, and girdles of shawl! The women, meanwhile, except such as belonged to quite the lower orders, were almost invisible; I scarcely encountered one Turkish woman of condition in my walks, and those who passed in the arabas kept the latticed windows so closely shut, despite the heat, that it was impossible to get a glimpse of them. The men were a much finer race than those of Constantinople; I rarely met a Turk who was not extremely handsome, and much above the middle height; while the few women whom I *did* see were proportionably unattractive.

There is not a greater difference in the mode of wearing the turban by the one sex at Broussa, than in that of wearing the yashmac by the other. In Constantinople it is bound over the mouth, and in most instances over the lower part of the nose, and concealed upon the shoulders by the feridjhe. In Asia, on the contrary, it is simply fastened, in most cases, under the chin, and is flung over the mantle, hanging down the back like a curtain. In the capital,

the yashmac is made of fine thin muslin, through which the painted handkerchief, and the diamond pins that confine it, can be distinctly seen; and arranged with a coquetry perfectly wonderful. At Broussa it is composed of thick cambric, and bound so tightly about the head that it looks like a shroud.

One circumstance particularly struck me at Broussa—I allude to the facility of visiting the mosques. While those of Stamboul are almost a sealed volume to the general traveller, he may purchase ingress to every mosque in Broussa for a few piastres; and well do many of them deserve a visit. That of Oulou Jamè, situated in the heart of the city, is the finest and most spacious of the whole. Its roof is formed by twenty graceful domes, of which the centre one is open to the light, being simply covered with iron net-work. Beneath this dome is placed a fine fountain of white marble, whose capacious outer basin, filled with fine tench, is fed from a lesser one, whence the water is flung into the air, and falls back with a cool monotonous murmur, prolonged and softened by the echoes of the vast edifice. The effect of this stately fountain, the first that I had yet seen within a mosque, was extremely beautiful; its pure pale gleam contrasting powerfully with the deep frescoes of the walls, and the gaudily-coloured prayer-carpets strown at intervals over the



Miss Pardoe del. Day & Haghe Lith^rs to the King

THE ROOF OF OULOU JAMIE, FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

Brousa - Asia Minor.

matting which covered the pavement. The pulpit, with its heavily screened stair, was of inlaid wood; and the whole building remarkable rather for its fine proportions and elegant fountain than for the richness of its details. The scrolls containing the name of Allah, and those of the four Prophets, were boldly and beautifully executed; and the arched recess at the eastern end of the temple painted with some taste.

The High Priest was reading from the Koràn when we entered, with his green turban and pelisse deposited on the carpet beside him. His utterance was rapid and monotonous, and accompanied by a short, quick motion of the body extremely disagreeable to the spectator. As we approached close to him, he suddenly discontinued reading, and examined us with the most minute attention; after which he resumed his lecture, and took no further notice of our intrusion. In one corner we passed a man sound asleep — in another, a woman on her knees before the name of Allah in earnest prayer, with the palms of her hands turned upwards. On one carpet an Imam was praying, surrounded by half a dozen youths, apparently students of the medresch attached to the mosque; while on every side parties of True Believers were squatted down before their low reading desks, studying their daily portion of the Koràn.

The Imam who accompanied us in our tour of the mosque was so indulgent as even to allow me to retain my shoes, alleging that they were so light as to be mere slippers, and that consequently it was unnecessary to put them off; and on my expressing a wish to ascend one of the minarets, the keeper was sent for to open the door and accompany me; nor shall I easily forget the object who obeyed the summons.

His brow girt with the turban of sacred green —his distorted body enclosed within a dark wrapping vest of cotton—and his short, crooked legs covered with gaiters of coarse cloth—moved forward a humped and bare-footed dwarf with a long gristled beard, whose thin skinny fingers grasped a pole much higher than himself; and who, after eyeing us with attention for a moment with a glance as keen and hungry as that of a wolf, sidled up close to the servant, and growling out "*backshich,*" with an interrogative accent, began to fumble amid the folds of his garment for the key of the tower; and at length withdrew it with a grin, which made his enormous mouth appear to extend across the whole of his wrinkled and bearded countenance. As I looked at him I thought of Quasimodo — the monster of Nôtre Dame could scarcely have been more frightful!

Having carefully concealed his pole behind a

pile of carpets, and flung back the narrow door of the minaret, this Turkish Quasimodo led the way up a flight of broken and dangerous stone steps, in perfect darkness, consoling himself for the exertion which we had thus entailed on him by an occasional fiend-like chuckle, when he observed any hesitation or delay on the part of those who followed him; and a low murmured commune with himself, in which the word *backshich* was peculiarly audible.

The stair terminated at a small door opening on the narrow gallery, whence the *muezzin* calls The Faithful to prayers. The burst of light on the opening of this door was almost painful; nor is the sensation experienced when standing within the gallery altogether one of comfort. The height is so great, the fence so low, and the gallery itself so narrow, that a feeling of dizziness partially incapacitates the unaccustomed spectator from enjoying to its full extent the glories of the scene that is spread out before him, and which embraces not only the wide plain seen from the ruins of the Imperial Palace, but the whole chain of mountains that hem it in.

After a great deal of stumbling, slipping, and scrambling, we again found ourselves beside the fountain of Oulou Jamè; and, on leaving the mosque, remarked with some surprise that its

minarets are painted in fresco on the outside, to about one-fourth of their height.

Having presented Quasimodo with a *backshich*, which sent him halting away with a second hideous grin, we proceeded to the Charshee, which is of considerable extent. As it chanced to be Sunday, the stalls usually occupied by Armenian and Greek merchants were closed; but many a Hassan, an Abdallah, and a Soleiman was squatted upon his carpet, with his wares temptingly arranged around him, his long beard falling to his girdle, his chibouk lying on the carpet beside him, and his slippers resting against its edge. Here, a green-turbaned descendant of the Prophet, with half a dozen ells of shawl twisted about his head, dark fiery eyes, and a beard as white as snow, pointed silently as we passed to his embossed silver pistols, his richly-wrought yataghans, and his velvet-sheathed and gilded scimitars. There, a keen-looking Dervish, with his broad flat girdle buckled with a clasp of agate, and his gray cap pulled low upon his forehead, extended towards us one of his neatly-turned ivory perfume-boxes.

While examining his merchandize we might have been inclined to believe that we could purchase of him perpetual youth, and imperishable beauty. He had dyes, and washes, and pastes, and powders—essences, and oils, and incenses, and perfumed woods—amulets, and

chaplets, and consecrated bracelets, and holy rings; all set forth with an order and precision worthy of their high qualities. A little further on, a solemn-looking individual presided over a miniature representation of Araby the Blest — Spices were piled around him pyramidically, or confined in crystal vases, according to their nature and costliness: there were sacks of cloves, heaps of mace, piles of ginger, mountains of nutmegs, hampers of allspice, baskets of pepper, faggots of cinnamon, and many others less commonly known. Opposite the spice-merchant was the gay stall of the slipper-maker, with its gaudy glories of purple, crimson, and yellow — its purple for the Jew, its crimson for the Armenian, and its yellow for the Turk. I purchased a pair of slippers of the true Musselmaun colour, for which I paid about twice as much as their value, being a Frank; and we then continued our walk.

Not far from the slipper-merchant, on the platform in front of one of the closed shops, sat a ragged Turk, surrounded by flowers of a pale lilac colour, which emitted a delicious odour. While I was purchasing some, I inquired whence they came, and learnt that they were wild auriculas from Mount Olympus. I paid twice the price demanded for them, and bore them off. How knew I but that the seed might have been sown by Venus herself?

I had been told, previously to my leaving England, and indeed before I had an idea of visiting Turkey, that the stalls of the sweetmeat venders resembled fairy-palaces built of coloured spars; and this too by an individual who had resided a few weeks at Constantinople. I can only say, that with every disposition to do ample justice to all I saw, my own ideas of enchantment are much nearer realization at Grange's or Farrance's. The Turks do not understand that nicety of arrangement which produces so much effect in our metropolitan shops; and with the exception of the perfume and silk merchants, and perhaps one or two others, they are singularly slovenly in the disposition of their merchandize.

The sweetmeat-venders have a row of glass jars along the front of their stalls, some filled with dried and candied fruits, others with sherbet cakes, and others with different descriptions of coloured and perfumed sugar; while the scented pastes, of which the Orientals are so fond, are cut up into squares with scissors, and spread out upon sheets of paper; or perforated with twine, and hung from the frame-work of the shops like huge sausages. I confess that my imaginings of fairy-land extended considerably beyond this. The merchandize itself, however, is far from contemptible; and we found that of the Charshee of Broussa even more highly per-

fumed than what we had purchased at Constantinople.

From the Charshee we passed into the silk-bazàr, which was almost entirely closed, three-fourths of the merchants being Armenians; but among those who were at their posts, we selected one magnificent looking Turk, who spread out before us a pile of satin scarfs, used by the ladies of the country for binding up their hair after the bath; the brightest crimson and the deepest orange appeared to be the favourite mixture, and were strongly recommended; but their texture was so extremely coarse, and their price so exorbitant, that we declined becoming purchasers.

On leaving the silk bazàr we proceeded to the silk merchants' Khan, a solid quadrangular building, having a fine stone fountain in the centre of the paved court, the most respectable establishment of the kind throughout the city, where their number amounts to twenty. Above the great gate, the wrought stone cornice is curiously decorated with a wreath of mosaic, formed of porcelain, as brightly blue as turquoise, which has a very pretty and cheerful effect.

The number of fountains in Broussa must at least double that of the mosques, which amount to three hundred and eighty seven. You scarcely turn the corner of a street that

is not occupied by a fountain, and it is by no means uncommon to have three and even four in sight at the same time, without calculating that all the good houses have each one or more in their courts or gardens; no kiosk being considered complete without its basin and its little *jet d'eau*. Yet, notwithstanding this profusion of water, many of the streets are disgustingly dirty, not an effort being made to remove the filth which accumulates from the habit indulged in by the inhabitants of sweeping every thing to the fronts of their houses. Indeed, setting aside the costume and the language, Broussa and its neighbourhood are a second edition of Lisbon; nearly the same dirt, the same bullock-cars, and luggage-mules, and rattle from morning to night within the city; the same blue sky, sparkling water, dense vegetation, bright flowers, and lofty trees without; the golden Tagus of the one being replaced by the magnificent plain of the other.

After having returned home and changed our dress, we mounted our horses, and started to see the Baths. Nothing can be more beautiful than the road which conducts to them. Immediately on passing the gate of the city, you wind round the foot of the mountain, and descend into the village of Mouradiè; having the small mosque of Sultan Mourad on your right, and in front of you, the lofty chain of land along which you are

to travel. After traversing the village, you turn abruptly to the left, and by a gentle ascent, climb to about one-third the height of the mountain; having on one hand the nearly perpendicular rock, and on the other a rapid and almost unprotected descent, clothed with vines and mulberry trees, whence the plain stretches away into the distance. The road, as I have described, hangs on the side of the mountain, and is fringed with wild flowers and shrubs: having the aspect of a garden; the white lilac, the privette, the pomegranate, the rose, the woodbine, the ruby-coloured arum, and the yellow broom, are in profusion; and it is with compunction that you guide your horse among them when turning off the narrow pathway at the encounter of a chance passenger; while the perfume which fills the air, and the song of the nightingales among the mulberry trees, complete the charm of the picture.

By this delightful road you reach the village of Tzèkerghè, in which the Baths are situated. It possesses a very handsome mosque, which was originally a Greek monastery. The exterior of the Temple is very handsome, the whole façade being adorned with a peristyle of white marble, and the great entrance approached by a noble flight of steps. The interior is, as usual, painted in scrolls, and lighted by pendent lamps, but is not remarkable for either beauty or

magnificence. The arrangement of the cloisters and the refectory of the monks is very curious, being all situated above the chapel, and opening from a long gallery, surmounting the peristyle. To this portion of the building we ascended by a decaying flight of stone steps, many of whose missing stairs had been replaced by fragments of sculptured columns: and found the gallery tenanted by a solitary old lunatic, who, squatted upon a ragged mat, was devouring voraciously a cake of black soft bread, such as is used by the poorest of the population. The monastic cells have been converted into receptacles for deranged persons, but this poor old man was now their only occupant. We threw him some small pieces of money, which he clutched with a delight as great as his surprise, murmuring the name of Allah, and apparently as happy as a child.

The court of the mosque is shaded by three magnificent plantain trees, and the fountain which faces the peristyle is remarkable from its basin containing cold water, and its pipes pouring forth warm. As the pipe is connected with the basin, the phenomenon is startling, although the effect is very simply produced when once its cause is investigated, the fountain being fed by two distinct springs; the hot spring being built in, and forced into the pipes; and the cold one being suffered to fill the basin, whence it runs off in another direction.

Near the mosque stands the Mausoleum of Sultan Mourad I., whose court is enclosed by a heavy gate, said to be formed of one of the precious metals cased with iron; and the country people have a tradition that previously to his death, the Sultan desired that should the Empire ever suffer from poverty, this gate might be melted down, when the reigning monarch would become more rich than any of his predecessors. Be this as it may, and it is sufficiently paradoxical, the gate has originally been richly gilded, though much of the ornamental work is now worn away; and it is probably to this circumstance that it owes its reputation.

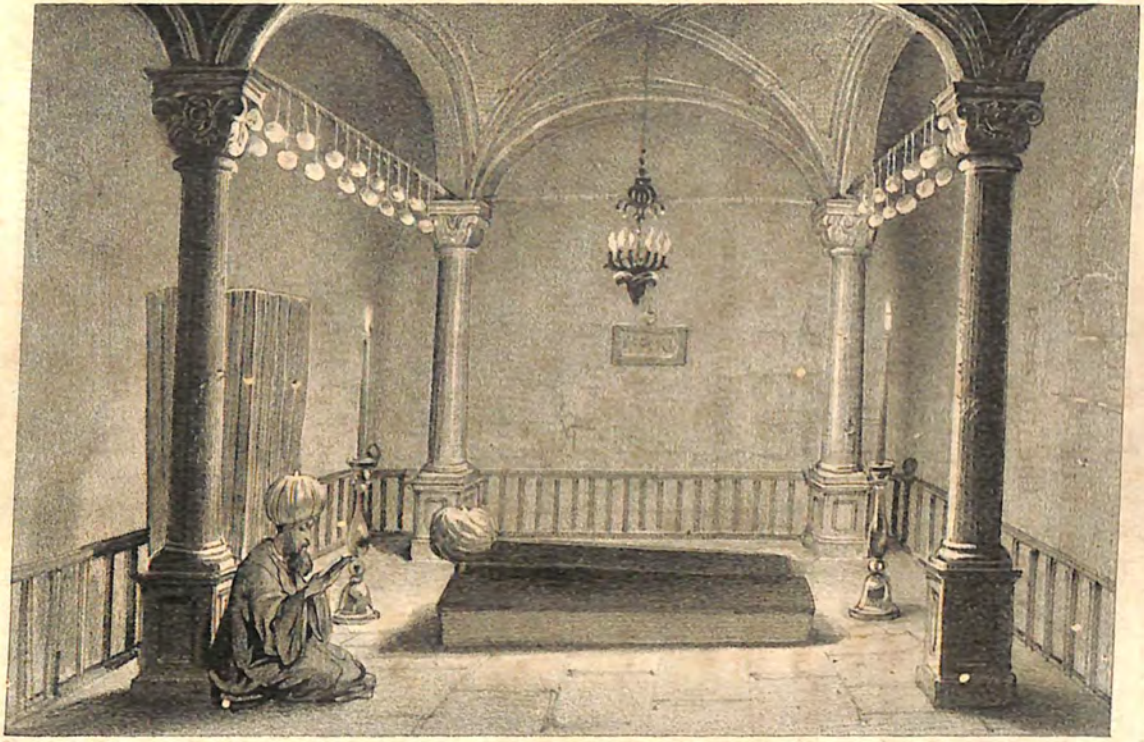
Of an equally questionable nature is the legend relating to the name of the village, which signifies in English, Grasshopper—a fact accounted for by the peasantry in the following manner.

Sultan Mourad, during the time that the Christian monastery was undergoing conversion into a Mohammedan mosque, was one day sitting within the peristyle, when a grasshopper sprang upon him, which he adroitly caught in his hand; where he still held it, when a Dervish approached, who, after having made his obeisance, began to importune the pious Sultan for some indulgence to his order; and was answered that if he could tell, without hesitation or error, what was grasped by the monarch, the favour

should be granted. The wily Dervish, knowing that the mountain abounded with grasshoppers, and that nothing was more probable than that one of these might have jumped upon the Sultan, immediately replied: "Though the ambition of a vile insect should lead it to spring from the earth of which it is an inhabitant, into the face of the sunshine, as though it were rather a denizen of the air, it suffices that the Imperial hand be outstretched, to arrest its arrogance. Happy is it, therefore, both for the rebel who would fain build up a sun of glory for himself, of a ray stolen from the hâlo which surrounds the forehead of the Emperor of the World; and for the tzèkerghè, that, springing from its leafy obscurity, dares to rest upon the hem of the sacred garment, when the Sultan (Merciful as he is Mighty!) refrains from crushing in his grasp the reptile which he holds. Favourite of Allah! Lord of the Earth! Is my boon granted?"

"It is, Dervish:"— said the Sultan, opening his hand as he spoke; and thus suffering the insect to escape: "And that the memory of thy conference with Sultan Mourad may not be lost, and that the reputation of thy quick wit and subtle policy may endure to after ages, I name this spot, Tzèkerghè——and let none dare to give it another appellation."

We were obliged to exert all our best efforts,



Miss Pardoe del

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TURKISH MAUSOLEUM.

Henry Colburn 13 Gt Marlborough St 1837.

in order to induce the Iman, who had charge of the Imperial Mausoleum, to allow us to enter. We were compelled to declare our country, our reasons for visiting Asia, and our purpose in desiring to see the tomb of a True Believer, when we were ourselves Infidels. Having satisfactorily replied to all these categories, we were, however, finally gratified by an assent; and the tall, stately Imam rose from the wayside bank upon which he had been sitting, and, applying a huge key to the gate of which I have already spoken, admitted us to the Court of the Tomb.

This edifice, which was erected by the Sultan himself, is beautifully proportioned, and paved with polished marble; the dome is supported by twelve stately columns of the same material, six of them having Byzantine, and six, Corinthian Capitals, but the whole number are now painted a bright green, having a broad scarlet stripe at their base! I inquired the cause of this Vandalism, hoping, as the colour chosen was a sacred one, that some religious reason might be adduced, which, however insufficient to excuse the profanation, might at least tend to palliate it: but I failed in my object; they had simply been painted to make them prettier; and the same cause had operated similarly upon the gigantic wax candles, that stood at the extremities of the Imperial Sarcophagus, and which were clad in the same livery.

A goodly collection of wives and children share the Mausoleum with Sultan Mourad, who is covered with splendid shawls, and at the head of whose tomb, protected by a handkerchief of gold tissue, towers one of the stately turbans of the ancient costume. As it was the first that I had seen, I examined it attentively; and am only astonished how the cobweb-like muslin was ever woven into such minute and intricate folds. At the head of the Sarcophagus, on a marble pedestal (painted like the others!) stood a copper vessel inlaid with silver, and filled with wheat—the symbol of abundance; and at its foot was suspended a plough; while lamps and ostrich eggs were festooned among the columns.

The light fell in patches upon the marble floor, or quivered as the wind swept through the plantain trees, throwing fantastic shadows over the tombs; and I left the Mausoleum of Sultan Mourad, more than ever convinced that no people upon earth have succeeded better than the Turks in robbing death of all its terrors, and diffusing an atmosphere of cheerfulness and comfort about the last resting-places of the departed.

The Sarcophagus, as I have already stated, is universally based on a mass of masonry about a foot in height, covered with plaister, and whitewashed. I inquired why this portion of the tomb was not built of marble, when in

many cases the floors, and even the walls of the mausoleum were formed of that material; and was assured by the Imam that it was from a religious superstition, which he was, nevertheless, unable to explain.

Beneath this stone-work an iron grating veils the entrance of the subterranean in which the body of the Sultan is deposited; the sarcophagus being a mere empty case of wood, overlaid by a covering of baize or cloth, concealed in its turn by shawls and embroidered handkerchiefs. No one is permitted to enter this subterranean, which can generally be approached also by an exterior door opening into the court of the tomb-house, save the reigning monarch, the Turks looking with horror on all desecration of the dead, and neither bribes nor entreaties being sufficient to tempt them to a violation of the sacred trust confided to them.

On quitting the mausoleum we proceeded to the principal bath; where, leaving the gentlemen comfortably seated under the shade of a maple tree near the entrance, I went in alone. The appearance of the outer hall was most singular; the raised gallery was tenanted, throughout its whole extent, with Turkish and Greek women, eating, sleeping, and gossipping, or busied in the arrangement of their toilette; while, suspended from the transverse beams of the ceiling, swung a score of little hammocks,

in which lay as many infants. How the children of the country can, at so tender an age, endure the sulphurous and suffocating atmosphere of the bath is wonderful, but they not only do not suffer, but actually appear to enjoy it.

Passing from this hall, which was of considerable extent, I entered the cooling-room, in which the bathers were braiding their hair, or sleeping upon the heated floor: and opening a door at the upper end, I walked into the bath-room. Here I found between forty and fifty women, whom for the first moment I could scarcely distinguish through the dense steam, arising from a marble basin that occupied the centre of the floor, and which was about a hundred feet in circumference.

The natural spring that supplies this basin is so hot that it requires considerable habit to enable an individual to support its warmth, when the doors of the bath are closed. The effect which it produced on me was most disagreeable; the combined heat and smell of the water were overpowering; but the scene was altogether so extraordinary, that I compelled myself to endure the annoyance for a few minutes, in order to form an accurate idea of an establishment of which I had heard so much.

The spring, escaping from a neighbouring mountain, is forced by pipes into the bathing-hall, where it pours its principal volume into

the main basin, part of the stream being diverted from its channel in order to feed the lesser tanks of the private rooms; from the basin it escapes by a sluice at the lower end, and thus the body of water is constantly renewed. When I entered, several of the bathers were up to their chins in the basin, their long dark tresses floating on the surface of the water; others, resting upon a step which brought the water only to their knees, were lying upon the edge of the tank, while their attendants were pouring the hot stream over them from metal basins; some, seated on low stools, were receiving the mineralized fluid after the fashion of a shower bath; while one, lying all her length upon the heated marble of the floor—so heated that I could scarcely apply my open palm to it without suffering — was sleeping as tranquilly as though she had been extended upon a bed of down.

The hot springs of Broussa are numerous, but vary considerably in their degrees of temperature; those which are frequented by persons labouring under chronic diseases are much warmer than those used by ordinary patients. The most powerful spring boils an egg perfectly hard in two minutes; while there are others that are not more than blood heat. They are all highly mineralized, and that which feeds the large basin of the public hall is strongly impregnated with sulphur.

My appearance in the bath did not create the slightest sensation among the bathers. The few whom I encountered on my way moved aside to enable me to pass, and uttered the usual salutation; while those who were more busily engaged simply suspended their operations for a moment, and resumed them as soon as their curiosity was gratified.

I afterwards visited the "Miraculous Bath," of which it is asserted that a person in a dying state, who will submit to pass a night in complete solitude on the margin of the basin, will rise in the morning perfectly restored to health, whatever may have been the nature of the disease: but, unfortunately, I could not find any one who had experienced, or even witnessed, a cure of the kind, though many had heard of them in numbers. As an equivalent, however, an old, ugly, red-haired Armenian woman was pointed out to me, who is a celebrated doctress, and who had just succeeded in sending home a credulous elderly gentleman to die in Constantinople, who came to Broussa in a state of indisposition, and left it, thanks to the nostrums of this ancient sybil, without a hope of recovery.

Many of the houses in the village are furnished with hot springs; and although they are, generally speaking, of mean appearance, and in a dilapidated condition, they produce very high

rents during the season; and are usually let to Greek families of distinction, or to Europeans.

The situation of Tzèkerghè is eminently beautiful, and the air is balmy and elastic; the magnificent plain is spread out beneath it; it is backed by lofty mountains; and it is in itself a perfect bower of fig-trees, plantains, and maples. The nightingales sing throughout the whole of the day — the rush of water into the valley feeds a score of fountains, which keep up a perpetual murmur; open kiosks are raised along the hill side, some of them traversed by a running stream; storks build in the tall trees; tortoises and land turtles crawl among the high grass and the wild flowers; and altogether I know not a prettier spot than that which is occupied by the village of Tzèkerghè — the rural Cheltenham of Turkey.

CHAPTER IV.

Difficulty of Access to the Chapel of the Howling Dervishes—Invitation to Visit their Harem—The Chapel—Sects and Trades—Entrance of the Dervishes—Costume—The Prayer—Turning Dervishes—Fanatical Suffering—Groans and Howls—Difficulty of Description—Sectarian Ceremony — Music versus Madness —Tekiè of the Turning Dervishes.

Of all the religious ceremonies of the East, those of the different sects of Dervishes are the most extraordinary, and, generally speaking, the most difficult of access. The Turning Dervishes alone freely admit foreigners, and even provide a latticed gallery for the use of the women; while their chapels are usually so situated as to enable the passer-by to witness all that is going on within. The more stern and bigoted sects, on the contrary, permit none but Mussulmauns to intrude upon their mysteries, and build their chapels in obscure places, in order to prevent the intrusion of Christians.

I had heard much of the Howling Dervishes, and had made many unsuccessful attempts at Constantinople to penetrate into their Tekiè; but they are so jealous of strangers that I was

unwillingly compelled to give up all idea of accomplishing my object, when, on arriving at Broussa, and finding how comparatively easy it was to gain admittance to the mosques, I resolved to renew my endeavours. But I found that even here many difficulties were to be overcome; difficulties which, of myself, I never could have surmounted; when, having fortunately made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was known to the High Priest, and who had already witnessed their service, I prevailed on him to exert his influence for me, in which he fortunately succeeded.

On arriving at the Tekiè, we found that the service had not yet commenced, and we accordingly seated ourselves on a stone bench in the little outer court, to await the gathering of the fraternity. While we remained there, one of the principal Dervishes approached us, and offered, should I desire it, to admit me into the interior of the harem to visit the women; but, as the ceremonies were shortly to commence in the chapel, and I was already suffering extremely from the heat, I declined to profit by the indulgence.

The chapel, which was up stairs, was approached by an open entrance, having on the left hand a small apartment whose latticed windows looked into this place of mystery; and into this room we were admitted, after having

taken off our shoes; while a couple of youths were stationed within the gallery of the chapel itself, in order to prevent the crowd from impeding our view.

A large square apartment surrounded by a low gallery, and ornamented like the mosques, with written passages from the Koràn; upon whose walls were suspended battle-axes, tambourines, and half a dozen small Arabian drums; and whose arched recess was shaded by three banners of the sacred green, and overlaid with a rich crimson rug, formed the chapel of the Howling Dervishes. Within the niche, framed and glazed, were suspended the names of the Prophets, a huge chaplet, and a green scarf; and on each side a small portion of the gallery was railed off for the convenience of a few individuals of rank. One of these was already occupied by a solemn-looking Turk, in a frock-coat and *fèz*, doubtlessly one of the sect, who had withdrawn from the public exercise of his religion.

I know not whether I have elsewhere noticed that every Musselmaun, however high his rank, has a trade and a peculiar faith—thus the Sultan is a Turning Dervish and a Tooth-pick maker—and I have consequently no doubt but the Turk in question had an individual interest in the ceremonial. He was accompanied by a child of about six years of age, dressed pre-

cisely like himself, and attended by a black slave. I was more confirmed in my opinion relative to the father by watching the gestures of the son, who imitated every motion of the Dervishes during the service with the most perfect exactness, and who was accommodated with a rug near the seat of the High Priest.

The throng which pressed into the chapel was immense, and the heat most oppressive; while the youths who guarded our windows were kept in constant action by the strenuous efforts made by the crowd to occupy the vacant space. I never saw a finer set of men—such bright black eyes, fine foreheads, and sparkling teeth.

At length a low chanting commenced in the court, and a train of Dervishes, headed by the High Priest, slowly ascended to the chapel. They had no peculiar costume, save the chief himself, who wore a magnificent green turban with a white crown, and a cloak of olive-coloured cloth. He was a pale, delicate-looking man of about one or two-and-twenty, whose father had been dead a couple of years; when, as the dignity is hereditary throughout all the sects of the Dervishes, he had succeeded to the painful honours of the crimson rug. There was something melancholy in seeing this sickly youth lead the nine fanatics who followed him to the upper end of the chapel, to commence their agonizing rites; and as he stepped upon the rug, with

the palms of his hands turned upwards, and the attendant Dervishes cast themselves on the earth, and laid their foreheads in the dust, I felt a thrill of pity for the ill-judged zeal and blind delusion which was rapidly wearing him to the grave.

One of the causes adduced by this sect of their disinclination to admit Christians to their worship is the frequent recurrence of the name of Allah in their orizons, which should never be uttered in an atmosphere polluted by the breath of a Giaour. I presume that, in our case, their consciences were quieted by the intervention of the wooden lattices, and the reflection that we were not actually within the chapel.

The prayer was long and solemn; not a sound was audible, save the low monotonous chant of the High Priest, and the deep responses of his followers, who, ere it ended, had increased in number to about fifty. At its close, the whole of the Dervishes formed a ring round the chapel, and one of the elders, of whom there were four, spread in the recess a fine tiger skin, upon which the High Priest took his place; and then, turning his face towards Mecca, and murmuring a low prayer, to which the rest replied by stifled groans, he invested himself with the green scarf which I have already mentioned, and, resuming his seat upon the rug, commenced a species of

chant, which was echoed by the whole fraternity: every individual swinging himself slowly to and fro, as he sat with his feet doubled under him upon the floor. Every moment added to their numbers, and each on his arrival cast off his slippers at the entrance, and advanced barefooted to the place of the High Priest; where, after praying silently for a moment with outstretched palms, he stroked down his beard, and, bending on one knee, pressed the hand of his leader to his lips and forehead, and then took up a position in the ring; which ultimately became so thronged that the individuals who composed it pressed closely upon each other, and, as they swung slowly to and fro, appeared to move in one dense mass.

The ceremony was at this point, when the Chief of the Turning Dervishes, accompanied by his two principal Priests, arrived to assist at the service of his fellow-Dervish. The chant ceased as they entered the chapel; the youthful leader of the Howling Dervishes bent down in his turn, and pressed the hand of his visitor to his lips, while the stately guest kissed the cheek of the pale stripling who passed forward to greet his companions, and after conducting them to the place of honour, seated himself beside them.

The chanting was then resumed, and after a time increased in quickness; while at intervals,

as the name of Allah was pronounced, some solitary individual uttered a howl, which I can compare to nothing but the cry of a wild beast.

Things had progressed thus far, when suddenly a strong voice shouted, "Allah Il Allah!" and a powerful man sprang from the floor, as though he had been struck in the heart, fell forward upon his head, and by a violent spasm rolled over, and lay flat upon his back, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his whole frame as rigid as though he had stiffened into death. His turban had fallen off, and the one long lock of hair pendent from the centre of his head was scattered over the floor—his mouth was slightly open, and his eyes fixed—in short, the convulsion was a terrific one; and it was not before the lapse of several minutes that two of the fraternity, who hastened to his assistance, succeeded in unclasping his hands, and changing his position. Having ultimately raised him from the floor, still in a state of insensibility, they carried him to the crimson rug, and laid him at the feet of the High Priest, who stroked down his beard, and laid his right hand upon his breast; they then continued to use all their efforts to produce re-animation; and having ultimately succeeded, they seated him once more in his place, and left him to recover himself as he might.

The howling still continued at intervals, and

as the chanting and the motion increased in violence, these miserable fanatics appeared to become maddened by their exertions; when, at a certain point of the ceremony, four of the fraternity, who had green scarfs flung over their left shoulders, advanced, one by one, to the seat of the High Priest, and there slowly, and with much parade, transferred them first to their necks, and afterwards to their waists, and ultimately took their stand, two on each side of the *mihrab*, or recess.

After the lapse of a short interval the High Priest rose and advanced into the centre of the ring, where he took possession of a carpet that had been spread for him, having immediately behind him two of the assistant priests; and they then commenced a prayer, the effect of which was thrilling. The young chief delivered a sentence in a clear, melodious voice, and paused; when the whole fraternity responded by a long groan: again and again this was repeated, only interrupted from time to time by some wild, fiendish howl, the individual who uttered it tossing back his head, and flinging his arms into the air with the gesture of a maniac.

To this prayer succeeded another low sustained wail, during whose continuance the priests collected the turbans, pelisses, cloaks, pistols, and yataghans of the Dervishes, who, springing to

their feet, stood in a circle about their chief; and then commenced the painful portion of their service. The measure of the chant was regulated by the High Priest, who clapped his hands from time to time to increase its speed: himself and his four green-girdled assistants uttering the words of the prayer, while the fraternity, rocking themselves to and fro, kept up one continual groan, rising and falling with the voices of the choir. Howl succeeded to howl, as the exhaustion consequent on this violent bodily exertion began to produce its effect; until at length strong men fell on the earth on all sides like children, shrieking and groaning in their agony—some struggling to free themselves from the grasp of those who endeavoured to restrain them, and others trembling in all their limbs, and sobbing out their anguish like infants.

I never witnessed such a scene; nor should I have conceived it possible for human beings to have gratuitously subjected themselves to the agony which these misguided wretches visibly endured. The chanting ceased suddenly at given intervals, but not so the groans; for the speed with which they were uttered, and the violence of motion by which they were accompanied, became finally so great, that several seconds frequently elapsed before the miserable beings could check either the one or the other,

and many of them fell into convulsions with the effort.

The more I write on the subject of this extraordinary and disgusting exhibition, the more I feel the utter impossibility of conveying by words a correct idea of it; from a long sustained groan, and a slow, heaving, wave-like motion, it grew into a hoarse sobbing, and a quick jerk, which I can compare to nothing that it more resembles than the rapid action of a pair of bellows; the cheeks and foreheads of the actors became pale, their eyes dim, and white foam gathered about their mouths — in short, the scene resembled rather the orgies of a band of demons than an offering of worship to a God of peace and love!

At this period of the ceremony, the muffled flutes used by the Turning Dervishes were heard, accompanied by the low sound of the small Arabian drums; and a majestic-looking man, clad entirely in white, with a black girdle, rose, at a signal from his chief, and commenced his evolutions. His example was speedily followed by two more of the fraternity; the chanting ceased, but the circle of Howling Dervishes continued their short groans to the accompaniment of the music, and the spectacle thus produced was most extraordinary. Such an occurrence had not taken place for an immense time, and arose from the anxiety of each sect to

impress our party in their favour, which they were desirous of doing when they had once been induced to admit us.

To this exhibition succeeded one as striking of its kind; the tambourines and drums were divided among the fraternity; the latter were all beat by youths, who formed a second, or inner circle, and in the midst of whom stood the High Priest, striking a pair of cymbals. Groans, howls, and yells, such as may haunt the ear of the midnight traveller in the wilderness, filled up the diapason; while the struggles of the convulsion-smitten, and their wild shrieks, completed the horror of the scene. It was impossible to bear it longer; and we hurried from the latticed apartment just as three more tottering wretches were falling to the earth, howling out the sacred name of Allah, in tones better suited to a Satanic invocation!

On the morrow we visited the elegant chapel of the Turning Dervishes, where a carpet was politely spread for us by order of the High Priest; and we once more witnessed their service, which was far more picturesque at Broussa than at Pera, owing to the beauty of the building and the numbers of the fraternity. However extraordinary and unmeaning their ceremonies may appear to strangers, they have this great advantage over the other sect, that they are neither ridiculous nor disgusting. The most perfect

order, the most touching solemnity, and the most beautiful cleanliness, are their leading characteristics; and it is impossible for any unprejudiced person to quit their Tekiè, without feeling at least as much respect as pity for the Turning Dervishes.

CHAPTER V.

Loquacious Barber — Unthrifty Travellers—Mount Olympus—Early Rising — Aspect of the Country at Dawn—Peasants and Travellers —Fine View —Peculiarity of Oriental Cities — Stunted Minarets— Plains and Precipices—Halting-Place—Difficulty of Ascending the Mountain—Change of Scenery—Repast in the Desart—Civil Guide —Appearance of the Mount—Snows and Sunshine—Fatiguing Pilgrimage—Dense Mists—Intense Cold—Flitting Landscape—The Chibouk—The Giant's Grave—The Roofless Hut—Lake of Appollonia—The Wilderness—Dangerous Descent—Philosophic Guide— Storm among the Mountains—The Guide at Fault—Happy Discovery —Tempest.

I REMEMBER to have heard an anecdote of a facetious barber, who, while operating upon the chin of a customer, commenced catechising his victim on the subject of his foreign travel.

"You are an army gentleman, I believe, Sir; pray were you in Egypt?" "Yes." "Really! then perhaps you saw the Pyramids?" "Yes." "Travelled a little in Greece, perhaps, Sir?" "A little." "Pleasant place, Greece, I've been told; Athens, and all that. I dare say you fought in the Peninsula?" "Once or twice." "Charming country, Spain, I've heard, Sir; indeed I've read Gil Blas, which gives one a very pretty notion of it. Plenty of oranges in Portugal, Sir?" "Plenty." "Vastly nice, indeed, quite a favourite fruit of mine. Did you ever serve in the East or West Indies, Sir?" "In

both." "Really! why you're quite a traveller. Of course, Sir, you've seen Paris?" "Never." "Never seen Paris, Sir!" exclaimed the man of suds and small-talk: "never visited the French metropolis! why, dear me, Sir, you have seen nothing!"

In like manner, he who travels to the East—who feasts with Pashas in Europe, and eats pillauf with Beys in Asia — who peeps into palaces — glides in his swift caïque along the channel of the Bosphorus—overruns all Turkey, and half Egypt, and returns home without smoking a pipe on the summit of Mount Olympus, has, according to the declaration of the natives, "seen nothing."

Of course it was out of the question that I should add to the number of these unthrifty travellers; and accordingly on the morning of the 11th of June (at least two months too soon), the horses were at the door at four o'clock; and, shaking off my sleepiness as well as I could, I set forward, accompanied by a Greek gentleman, with whose charming family we had formed a friendship, and who was himself well calculated by his scientific acquirements to enhance the enjoyment of the expedition, our servant, and a guide, for the dwelling of the Gods.

The morning was yet gray; the mists were hanging in wreaths about the mountains, and draping them in ermine; the dew was lying

heavily on the dense vegetation; a few straggling peasants passed us on the outskirts of the sleeping city, some bearing scythes upon their shoulders, affixed to straight poles about eight feet in length — or carrying round spades of wood—or driving before them the animals who were to return laden with mulberry branches for the nurture of the silk-worms which are reared in millions at Broussa. The number of individuals constantly employed in providing food for these insects must be very great, as we have counted upwards of two hundred horses, mules, and donkeys, bearing closely-packed loads of boughs, passing in one day beneath our windows from the same gate of the city; and, as the immense plain is covered with trees, which are each year cut closely down to the trunk, the consumption may be imagined.

A little beyond the city we passed a mule-litter, closely covered with scarlet cloth, guided by two men, and followed by three Turkish gentlemen on horseback, attended by their servants, bound on some mountain pilgrimage; but we had not proceeded above half a league, ere, with the exception of a string of mules laden with timber, which occasionally crossed our path, we had the wilderness to ourselves.

The ascent commences immediately on leaving the city, which on this side is bounded by a deep ditch or fosse, into which two mountain

torrents, boiling and bellowing down from the neighbouring heights, pour their flashing waters. A narrow pathway, so narrow that two saddle-horses cannot pass in it, traverses a dense wood of dwarf oak and hazel, clothing the hill-side, above whose stunted summits we looked down upon the plain, and the minarets of Broussa.

A sudden turn in the road conducted us rapidly upwards, freed us from the hazel wood, and plunged us among masses of rock, over which our horses slid and stumbled, until we reached the foot of the next range of heights. Here the landscape began to grow in beauty; behind us was the city fenced with mountains, mapped out in all its extent, and as remarkable as that of Constantinople for the extraordinary and beautiful admixture of buildings and foliage, which I never remember to have seen elsewhere.

Every habitation possessing, if not its garden, at least its one tall tree, beneath whose boughs the family congregate during the warm hours, the appearance of an Eastern city, as you look down upon it from any neighbouring height, is entirely devoid of that monotony which renders the roofs and chimneys of an European town so utterly uninteresting. It looks as though the houses had grown up gradually in the midst of a thick grove, and the eye lingers without weariness on the scene, where the glittering casements, touched by the sunlight, flash through

the clustering leaves, and the wind heaves aside the more flexile branches to reveal a stately portal, or a graceful kiosk. From the spot on which we now stood, we saw Broussa to great advantage. The most striking object was the spacious mosque of Oulou-Jamè piercing through the morning mists in spectral whiteness — the stunted minarets, looking like caricatures of those light, slender, fairy-moulded creations which shoot so loftily into the blue heaven at Stamboul; minarets that have sacrificed their grace to the south wind, which blows so violently at Broussa as frequently to unroof the more lofty buildings; and whose ill-proportioned cupolas of lead complete the pictorial ruin, and give them the appearance of bulky wax candles, surmounted by metal extinguishers. A small space beyond ran the gleaming river, sparkling along its bed of white pebbles—the wilderness of mulberry trees spreading over the green carpet of the plain—and away, afar off, the range of mountains purpling in the distance, and crowned with clouds!

Beside us, not half a foot from our horse's hoof, we had a sheer precipice clothed with dwarf-oak and spruce, and we heard, although we could not see, the tumbling waters of a torrent which roared and rushed along the bottom of the gulph. Beyond the precipice, towered a lordly mountain, upon whose crest were pillowed dense

masses of fleecy vapour; while stately fir trees draped it with a thousand tints. Before us rose masses of rock, through which we had to make our way: and from every crevice sprang a forest tree, whose gnarled and knotted roots were washed by a rushing stream, which was flung up like spray as our horses splashed through it. We next reached a patch of soft fresh turf; maple and ash trees overshadowed it; wild artichokes and violets were strown in every direction; the rich ruby-coloured arum hung its long dank leaves over the narrow channel, through which glided a pigmy stream almost hidden by the rank vegetation; the little yellow hearts'-ease was dotted over the banks; the ring-doves were cooing amid the leaves; and the grasshopper, as green and almost as bright as an emerald, was springing from flower to flower.

It is a place of pause for the traveller, and it deserves to be so. There can scarcely be a lovelier in the world! One or two fragments of cold grey rock pierced through the rich grass, as if to enhance its beauty, and afforded a resting-place, whence we looked round upon the masses of mountain scenery by which we were surrounded; and few, I should imagine, would fail to profit by this opportunity of temporary rest, when they contemplated the far extent of wild and difficult country through which they were to travel.

Let none venture the ascent of Mount Olympus who have not the head and the hand equally steady; who are incapable not only of standing upon the "giddy brink," but also of riding along it when the road is scarcely a foot in width, and the precipice some hundreds in depth; and where the only path is a torrent-chafed channel, or a line of rock piled in ledges, and slippery with water; for assuredly, to all such, *le jeu ne vaudra pas la chandelle*, as it is impossible to imagine ways less calculated to calm the nerves, or to re-assure the timid. You urge your horse up a flat stone, as high and as large as a billiard table, and splash he descends on the other side up to his girths in mud: now you ride up a bank to escape collision with a string of timber-laden mules, and in descending you are stumbling and scrambling among the roots of trees, which twirl and twist among the vegetation like huge snakes; at one moment you are almost knocked off your saddle by a forest-bough that you have not room to avoid, and the next you are up to your knees in a torrent which he refuses to leap. Assuredly the Gods never wished to receive company.

As the ascent became more difficult, the whole face of the landscape changed: lofty firs shot upwards against the clear sky, while rocks fantastically piled, and looking like the ruins of a lordly city, were scattered over a plain which

we skirted in turning the elbow of the next range of heights. Here and there, a tree that had been smitten by the thunder reared aloft its white and leafless branches, while its shivered trunk looked like a mass of charcoal. Eagles and vultures soared above our heads; innumerable cuckoos called to each other among the rocks: at intervals the low growl of a bear was heard in the distance; and altogether, a more savage scene can scarcely be imagined.

A fine fir-wood succeeded, which terminated in a small plain intersected by a sparkling trout-stream, whose waters formed a thousand pigmy cascades as they tumbled over the rocky fragments that choked their channel. Here we spread our morning meal, cooling our delicate Greek wine in the waters of Mount Olympus, and seating ourselves upon the fresh turf which was enamelled with violets and wild hyacinths. At this spot travellers usually leave their horses, and proceed to the summit of the mountain on foot; but our good cheer, our soft words, and, above all, the promise of an increased *backshish*, so won upon our guide, that he consented to let his horses' knees and our necks share the same risk, and to proceed as much further as might be practicable for the animals.

What a breakfast we made! My intelligent Greek friend already talking of his mineralogical expectations; I decorating my riding-habit

with lovely wild flowers; the portly Turk paying marked attention to the hard eggs and *caviare*, and the servant passing to and fro the stream with glasses of cool wine, sparkling like liquid topaz.

Before us towered the mountain, whose every creek and crevice was heaped with snow, while one dense mass of vapour hung upon its brow like a knightly plume. From the summit of the mount the snow had disappeared, but the white slate-stone of which it is composed gleamed out beneath the sunshine with a glare that was almost dazzling. The sides of the rock are clothed with juniper, which, from the continual pressure of the snow, is dwarfed and stunted, and rather crawls along the earth than springs from it; and whose berries produce a singular and beautiful effect on the masses beneath which they are concealed, by giving to them a pink tinge that has almost the effect of art. Yet, nevertheless, I could not forbear casting a glance of anxiety at the towering height, which all its majesty and magnificence failed to dispel. I had been told that in the month of June it would be impossible for a female to ascend to the summit—I had already left behind me six long leagues of the wilderness — two more of perpetual and difficult ascent were before me — but I remembered my prowess in the Desart of the Chartreux, and I resolved to persevere.

Our hamper was repacked, our bridles were re-adjusted, and, fording the little stream, we once more set forward upon our "high emprize;" and after scrambling through acres of juniper, sliding over ledges of rock, and riding through nine torrents, we at length found ourselves at the foot of the almost perpendicular mountain.

It was a magnificent spectacle! The mid-day sun was shining upon the eternal snows, which, yielding partially and reluctantly to its beams, were melting into a thousand pigmy streams that glittered and glided among the juniper bushes; the highest peak of the mount, crowned by its diadem of vapour, rose proudly against the blue sky; the ragged ridges of the chain, tempest-riven and bare, hung over the snow-filled gulphs, into which the grasp of centuries had hurled portions of their own stupendous mass; and not a sound was audible save the brawling of the torrents in the lower lands, or the wind sweeping at intervals round the rocky point.

When I dismounted, and flung my bridle to the guide, I felt as though I had gained another year of life!

Never shall I forget the fatigue of that ascent! —a weary league over the gnarled roots of the juniper plants, and loose stones which treacherously failed beneath our feet, and frequently lost us six steps for the one that we thought to gain. But at length we stood upon the edge of

the rock; we had clomb the ascent, and were looking down upon the mountains that we had traversed in the morning, as though into a valley; but our task was not yet ended: the loftiest peak, the seat of Jupiter, yet towered above us, and seemed to mock our efforts. Between that peak, and the spot on which we stood, there was a deep hollow, to be descended on our side, and again mounted on the other: the rock was edged with snow many feet in depth; our feet sank among the loose stones; the cold was piercing; and to add to our discomfort, the vapours were rising from the valley beyond the mountain in one dense mass which resembled the concentrated smoke of a burning world.

The effect was sublimely awful! Fold upon fold — shade darkening over shade — nothing was to be seen but the cold, gray, clinging vapour which hung against the mountain, as if to curtain the space beyond. It was frightful to stand upon the edge of the precipice, and to mark the working of that mysterious cloud— fancy ran riot in looking on it—its superhuman extent — its unearthly, impalpable texture — its everchanging form — its deep, dense tint — my brain reeled with watching its shifting wonders; and had not my companion withdrawn me from the brink, I should have sunk down from sheer mental exhaustion.

We had been warned not to linger when on the mountain, and after the lapse of a few moments we again toiled on. At intervals the vapour rolled back, and gave us glimpses of hills, and valleys, and woods, and streams, far below us; but it was like the production of a fairy-wand, for while we yet looked upon them they were lost: another heavy fold of mist rose from the chasm, and again all was chaos.

At length the chibouk was lighted. We stood upon the Grave of the Giant; upon the highest point of Mount Olympus—beside the roofless hut, built for the shelter of the storm-overtaken traveller, and so ingeniously sunk beneath the surface as to form a well, in which such a shower of rain as commonly falls in the neighbourhood of the mountain, would go nigh to drown the hapless wanderer who might trust to the treacherous asylum.

Behind us all was vapour: before us stretched away the mountain-chain across which we had travelled: while far, far in the distance, and almost blent with the horizon, we distinguished the blue Lake of Apollonia. While we yet looked, we saw the mists gathering about our own path; curling up from the swampy patches between the hills; rolling along the rocky channel of the torrents: draping the broad branches of the dark firs; clinging to the mountain sides—we had no time to lose. We were

not travellers on a highway; we had neither finger-posts nor landmarks — all is so nearly alike in the wilderness: one pile of cold gray rock looms out from amid the mists shaped so like its neighbour; one rushing torrent brawls over its stony bed so like another: one stretch of forest darkens the mountain side with a gloom so similar to that which shadows the opposite height, that we thought it well to avoid the gathering of the vapours, if we did not wish to sleep in the desart.

To return by the way that we had ascended was out of the question; for we had walked upwards of a league along the summit of the mountain, after having gained the height. The other face of the rock presented a much shorter road, but, as it was extremely dangerous, we held a council to decide on which we should venture—the fatigue and loss of time, or the possibility of accident. We were already travel-worn and foot-sore, but not caring to confess even to each other that it was the exertion from which we shrank, we both talked very sagely of the danger of delay, with the mists gathering so rapidly about us; and decided, as a matter of prudence, on descending the precipice.

I have already mentioned the mountain-ridge that projected over the gulph, and whose jagged and storm-riven outline bore testimony to the ravages of time and tempest; while the

huge fragments of fallen rock which heaved up their dark masses from among the accumulated snows beneath, broke the smooth surface, and betrayed the depth of the precipice.

This was the point on which we fixed for our descent: my companion, who was an accomplished sportsman, and accustomed to the dizzy mountains of the East, led the way; and, as he assured me that nothing but nerve was required to ensure success, I followed without hesitation. Seating ourselves, therefore, upon the summit of the mountain, we slid gently down to a narrow ledge of rock, just sufficiently wide to afford us footing; and clinging to the stones which jutted out from the natural wall on the one side, and carefully avoiding to look towards the precipice on the other, we slowly made our way to a second descent similar to the first. This hazardous exploit, thrice repeated, carried us through the most difficult portion of our undertaking, as the rock then projected sufficiently towards the base to enable us to step from stone to stone, until we arrived at the edge of the snow.

As we could form no calculation of its depth, we did not venture to traverse it, which would have shortened the distance very considerably; but skirting the gulph, where it was not more than mid-way to our knees, we at length arrived in a patch of swampy land, inundated by the melting of the mountain snows, and scattered

over with rocks, many of them split asunder, as though they had suffered from the wrath of Vulcan in one of his stormy moods. Our wet and weary feet next carried us up a slight ascent, to a stretch of land as brilliant and as sweet as a flower-garden. Were I to enumerate all the blossoms that I saw growing wild on this spot, the next page of my book would resemble a floricultural catalogue; and tired as I was, I could not pass them by without gathering a bouquet which would have done no disgrace to an English parterre.

In half an hour more we entered the grassy nook where we had left our horses; and the recompense of our prowess from the guide when we pointed out to him the spot whence we had descended was a look of contemptuous pity, accompanied by the remark that we were "two mad Franks!"

We had scarcely taken a hasty glass of wine, and mounted our horses, when two loud claps of thunder, following close upon each other, rattled along the mountain-tops, and enforced on us the necessity of speed. But, alas! there was no possibility of travelling at more than a foot's-pace between Mount Olympus and Broussa; all that we could do, therefore, was to commence our homeward journey without a moment's delay, and trust to our lucky stars, both for finding our way, and for getting home

dry. On we pressed accordingly, "over bank, bush, and scaur;" but in half an hour we were so completely enveloped in mist that we could not see each other. The guide still moved steadily on, however, like a man who is sure of his path; and I felt no misgivings until, on arriving in the dry bed of a torrent from which the stream had been diverted by some convulsion of nature, he suddenly ceased the wild monotonous melody with which he had favoured us for a considerable time, and, turning round in his saddle, remarked quietly: "We are lost."

For an instant no one replied. We had each anticipated the probability of such an occurrence, but it was not the less disagreeable when it came to pass. What was to be done? First, the guide was convinced that he had borne too much to the right, and accordingly we all turned our horses in the other direction; when being close upon a wall of rock that loomed out from the vapour like some bristling fortress, he admitted that this could not be the way, and that consequently he must have inclined too much to the left. We performed a fresh evolution with equal success: the man was fairly bewildered; and meanwhile the vapour was spreading thicker and faster about us.

At length my companion suggested the expediency of shouting aloud, that in the event of

any shepherd or goatherd being in the neighbourhood, we might procure assistance and information. Shout, accordingly, we did, at the very pitch of our lungs; but the mists were so dense that they stifled the voice, and we were ourselves conscious that we could not be heard at any great distance. After the suspense of a long, weary half-hour, we had just abandoned all hope of help, when a huge dog came bounding out of the vapour, barking furiously, but to us his voice was music, as it assured us of the vicinity of some mountaineer; at the same moment the mists broke partially away, and the guide, uttering an exclamation of joy, suddenly descended a steep bank, and we found ourselves on the skirts of the fir wood, and in the mule-track which we had followed in the morning.

We had scarcely congratulated each other on the termination of our dilemma, and the partial dispersion of the vapours, when a jagged line of serpent-like lightning ran shimmering through the broad flash that lit up for a second the whole wild scene amid which we were moving; and at the same instant, the loudest and the longest peal broke from the sky to which I ever listened; rock after rock caught up the sound, and flung it back, until the wizard thunder rattled in fainter echoes down into the plain.

It was an awful moment! The terrified animals stood suddenly still, and trembled with

affright; but we had no time to waste upon alarm, for, as if conjured by that awful crash, and the wild light by which it was accompanied, down came the imprisoned waters from the mass of vapour that hung above us. I can scarcely call it rain; it was as though a sluice had been let loose upon us, and in an instant we were drenched. Every mountain stream grew suddenly into a torrent—every way-side fountain, (and there were many in the forest formed of the hollow trunks of trees,) overflowed its basin—the branches against which we brushed in our passage, scattered the huge drops from their leaves—large stones fell rattling down the sides of the mountain—in short it was as wild a storm as ever inspired the pencil of Salvator Rosa; and its solemnity was deepened by the twilight gloom of the clinging and changeful vapours.

We arrived at Broussa both wet and weary, having been thirteen hours on the road; but, despite all that I suffered, I would not have lost the sublime spectacle on which I gazed from the summit of Mount Olympus, for the enjoyment of a month of luxurious ease. Well might Howitt exclaim, in the gushing out of his pious and poetical nature:—

"Praise be to God for the mountains!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Armenian Quarter of Broussa—Catholics and Schismatics—Armenian Church—Ugly Saints—Burial Place of the Bishops—Cloisters—Public School—Mode of Rearing the Silk Worms—Difference between the European and the Asiatic Systems—Colour and Quantity of the Produce—Appearance of the Mulberry Woods.

It is a singular fact, that although the Armenian quarter of Broussa contains upwards of a thousand houses which are all inhabited, the number of Catholic families does not amount to fifty; their place of worship is consequently small, and unworthy of description, being merely the chapel attached to a private house, while the Schismatic Church is proportionably handsome. The difference of faith between the two sects hangs upon a single point—the Schismatics deny the double nature of Christ, and are accordingly denounced as heretics by their more orthodox brethren; although they worship the same profusion of Saints—weep over the wounds of the same blessed martyrs — and build altars to the same Virgin under all her multitudinous designations.

The Armenian Church of Broussa is very elegant. The altar, which extends along its whole width, is of white marble, highly polished, and divided into three compartments, merely separated from the aisles by a simple railing, and is arranged with considerable taste; the sacerdotal plate being interspersed with vases of white lilies. The roof is supported by ten fine columns, and the floor covered, like that of a mosque, with rich carpets.

The Saints, whose portraits adorn the walls, (which are covered with Dutch tiles to the height of the latticed gallery,) have been most cruelly treated. I never beheld "the human face divine" so caricatured! A tale is somewhere told of a susceptible young Italian, who became enamoured of the Madonna that adorned his oratory; he might kneel before the whole saintly community of the Armenian Church of Broussa, without a quickening pulse—they would haunt the dreams of an artist like the nightmare! At the base of the pictures, crosses of white marble are incrusted in the masonry, curiously inlaid with coloured stones; and a portable altar, whose plate was enriched with fine turquoises, stood in the centre of the aisle, surmounted by a hideous St. Joseph, glaring out in his ugliness from beneath a drapery of silver muslin.

The church is surrounded on three sides by a noble covered cloister, lined with marble, par-

tially carpeted, and furnished with an altar at each extremity. That on the right hand is the burial place of the Bishops, who lie beneath slabs of marble, elaborately carved; the left hand cloister, into which flows a noble fountain, serves as a sacristy; and the third, situated at the extreme end of the church, is decorated with a dingy Virgin, and a congregation of Saints in very tattered condition, to whom their votaries offer the tribute of lighted tapers, whose numerous remains were scattered about in their immediate vicinity. The women's gallery is handsome and spacious, and is partially overlooked by the windows of the Bishop's Palace; a fine building erected a year ago at an immense expence.

From the church we passed into the public school, where three hundred boys were conning their tasks under the superintendence of a single master. Though we were perfectly unexpected, we did not hear a whisper; every boy was in his place; and the venerable Dominie, with a beard as white as snow, and a head which would have been a study for a painter, rose as we entered, and courteously invited us to take our seats upon the comfortable sofa that occupied the upper end of the hall. The most beautiful cleanliness pervaded the whole establishment; and the boarded floor was rubbed as bright by the constant friction of six hundred little naked feet, as though it had been waxed.

The number of Turkish children now receiving their education in Broussa we could not ascertain, as they are divided among the different mosques; but the Greek Rector, who, in the absence of the Archbishop, interested himself in our comfort and amusement, told me that they had but fifty in their school, although the Greek population of Broussa is tolerably numerous. There is, however, a second description of free-school or college, attached to the Greek and Armenian Churches, wherein the pupils advance a step in their studies, and prepare themselves for the Priesthood, and for commercial pursuits.

Our next object of inquiry was the mode of feeding the silk-worms, which produce in the neighbourhood of Broussa an extraordinary quantity of silk. We accordingly visited the establishment of a Frenchman, who exports the raw material to Europe. I was struck by the colour of the silk, which was of a dingy white; and learnt that, despite all the efforts of the feeders, they seldom succeeded in producing any other tint, although the worms are themselves of different qualities and colours, varying from a dead white to a dark brown, and are fed with the leaves of both the red and the white mulberry indiscriminately. The most experienced feeders, however, give a decided preference to the wild white mulberry, of which most of the

plantations about Broussa are formed. The silk, when first spun, is of a clear, silvery, brilliant tint; but submersion in the highly mineralized water of the neighbourhood robs it of its gleam, and reduces it to the dead, dingy colour I have mentioned; and I was assured that in some hundreds of pounds weight of silk, not more than two or three could be met with of yellow.

The Asiatic method of rearing the worm is totally different from that of Europe, and, according to the account given to me, much more profitable in its results, as well as simple in its process. The insect has a natural dislike to being handled, which is inevitable, where it is fed day by day, and the withered leaves of the previous morning cleared away; the discomfort produced by the touch rendering the worm lethargic, and retarding its growth. The Asiatics never approach it with the hand: when it is hatched, the floor of the apartment is covered with layers of mulberry branches to about three or four inches in depth; and upon these the insects are laid, and suffered to feed undisturbed until their first sleep, when they are covered by a fresh supply of boughs similar to the first, through which they eat their way, and upon which they subsist until their next change. This operation is repeated four times, always at the period when the worm casts its skin; and

on the first appearance of an inclination to spin, boughs of oak, of about four feet in length, stripped of their lower leaves, and planted, if I may so express it, in close ranks in the bed of mulberry branches, form a pigmy forest in which the insects establish themselves, and wherein they produce their silk. Every crevice of the apartment is carefully stopped to prevent the admission of air, and a fire of charcoal ashes is kept up constantly throughout the day and night.

Whether the mode of feeding operates on the colour of the silk, I could not ascertain, though it struck me that the experiment would be worth trying; but meanwhile it appears to be certain that it greatly increases its quantity, and diminishes the labour of the feeders. There is scarcely a house in the neighbourhood of Broussa which does not contain several apartments filled with silk worms, whose produce is disposed of to the spinners, of whom there are a considerable number in the city; and the far-spreading mulberry woods assume in the height of summer the appearance of stretches of locust-blighted landscape, every tree being left a branchless trunk without a sign of foliage.

CHAPTER VII.

The Cadi's Wife—Singular Custom—Haïsè Hanoum—The Odalique—The Cadi—Noisy Enjoyment—Lying in State—Cachemires—Costume—Unbounded Hospitality of the Wealthy Turks—The Dancing Girl—Saïryn Hanoum—Contrast.

THE wife of the Cadi of Tzèkerghè having given birth to her first-born son, I received an invitation to visit her the same evening, which I accepted, although not without some surprise; and, on expressing my astonishment at her subjecting herself to the intrusion of guests at such a period, I learnt that it is universally the custom, among the wives of the wealthy Turks, to receive company during seven days after the birth of the first son, until midnight; on which occasion they display the most valuable portions of their *trousseau*.

Haïsè Hanoum was a young creature of sixteen, very pretty, and very stupid, who, individually, created no great interest; but she had a rival in the harem, a sweet girl of twelve years of age, with the face of an angel, and the grace

of a sylph; who, if the gossipry of the neighbourhood may be relied upon, was no especial favourite with her companion, whose dullness yet left her discrimination enough to be jealous of the superior attractions of the gazel-eyed Odalique. The Cadi himself had reached his eightieth year, and his silver beard would rather have distinguished him as the grandsire than as the husband of these two beautiful young creatures.

I entered the house at eight o'clock in the evening; and, having traversed the marble court, whose fountain poured forth its limpid waters beneath the shade of a venerable fig tree, I passed along the latticed terrace of the harem, to the Hanoum's apartment. Long before I reached it, I was deafened with the noise which issued from its open door; the voices of the singing-women—the rattle of the tambourines—the laughter of the guests—the shouts of the attendant slaves—the clatter of the coffee and sherbet cups—I could scarcely believe that I was about to be ushered into a sick-chamber! At length, the three attendants who had lighted me up stairs, made way for me through the crowd of women who thronged the entrance of the apartment, and one of the most extraordinary scenes presented itself upon which it has ever been my fate to look.

Directly opposite to the door stood the bed of the Hanoum; the curtains had been with-

drawn, and a temporary canopy formed of cachemire shawls arranged in festoons, and linked together with bathing scarfs of gold and silver tissue: and, as the lady was possessed of fifty, which could not all be arranged with proper effect in so limited a space, a silk cord had been stretched along the ceiling to the opposite extremity of the apartment, over which the costly drapery was continued. Fastened to the shawls were head-dresses of coloured gauze, flowered or striped with gold and silver, whence depended oranges, lemons, and candied fruits. Two coverlets of wadded pink satin were folded at the bed's foot; and a sheet of striped crape hung to the floor, where it terminated in a deep fringe of gold.

The infant lay upon a cushion of white satin, richly embroidered with coloured silks, and trimmed like the sheet; and was itself a mass of gold brocade and diamonds. But the young mother principally attracted my attention. As I entered, she was flinging over her child a small coverlet of crimson velvet, most gorgeously wrought with gold; and as the sleeves of her striped silk antery and gauze chemisette fell back to the elbow, her white and dimpled arms circled by bracelets of brilliants, and her small hand glittering with jewelled rings, were revealed in all their beauty. Her dark hair was braided in twenty or thirty small plaits, that fell far below

her waist, as she leant against a cushion similar to that on which she had pillowed her infant. Her throat was encircled by several rows of immense pearls, whence depended a diamond star, resting upon her bosom; her chemisette was delicately edged by a gold beading, and met at the bottom of her bust, where her vest was confined by a costly shawl. Her head-dress, of blue gauze worked with silver, was studded with diamond sprays, and ornamented with a fringe of large gold coins, which fell upon her shoulders, and almost concealed her brilliant ear-rings. Her satin antery was of the most lively colours, and her salva were of pale pink silk, sprinkled with silver spots. A glass vase of white lilies rested against her pillow, and a fan of peacocks' feathers, and a painted handkerchief, lay beside her. Previously to her confinement, she had plucked out the whole of her eyebrows, and had replaced them by two stripes of black dye, raised about an inch higher upon the forehead. This is a common habit with the Turkish women on great occasions; and they no where display more coquetry or more decided bad taste than in the arrangement of their eyebrows, which they paint in all kinds of fantastic shapes; sometimes making them meet across the nose, and sometimes raising them at the outer point to the temples! I have seen many a pretty woman destroyed by this whim.

I was conducted with great ceremony to the sofa, when I had saluted the Hanoum, and uttered my "Mashallah" as I leant over the infant; which, poor little thing! was almost smothered in finery; and, having taken my seat, I had time to contemplate the singular scene around me.

I have alluded elsewhere to the facility with which the working classes of Turkey obtain access into the houses of the wealthy. On every occasion of rejoicing, the door is open to all; it is the sofa only which is sacred; but the poor share in all the enjoyments of the festival; the coffee and sherbet is served to them, if not with the same ceremony, at least with the same welcome, as to the prouder guests; they listen to the music — they mingle in the conversation — they join in the gaiety — and they are never made to feel that their lot is cast in a more lowly rank than that of their entertainer.

On the present occasion the floor was thronged. Mothers were there with their infants at their breasts, for whose entire costume you would not have given fifty piastres; and whose sunburnt arms and naked feet bore testimony to a life of toil. A group of children were huddled together at the bed's foot; a throng of singing women occupied the extreme end of the apartment; the mother of the young wife sat beside the pillow of her child, dressed in a vest and trowsers of

white, with a large handkerchief of painted muslin flung loosely over her turban; the lovely little Odalique, totally unheeded, squatted on the ground at my feet; half a dozen stately Hanoums were seated on the crimson velvet sofa, leaning against its gorgeous cushions, and some of them engaged with the chibouk. But the most attractive object in the apartment was the dancing-girl, who occupied the centre of the floor.

I have rarely beheld any thing more beautiful; and, with the exception of the daughter of the Scodra Pasha, I had seen no woman in the country who could be compared with her. On my entrance she had been beating the tambourine; and as, out of respect for the Frank visitor, the music was momentarily suspended, she remained in the attitude she had assumed when she first caught sight of me. Her arms were raised above her head, and her open sleeves fell back almost to her shoulder; her delicate little feet were bare, and only partially revealed beneath the large loose trowsers of dark silk; a chemisette of gauze, richly fringed, relieved the sombre tint of her tightly-fitting antery, and a shawl of the most glowing colours bound her slender waist; her head-dress was nearly similar to that worn in the Imperial Seraïs — a painted handkerchief was folded round her forehead, whose deep fringe fell low upon her cheeks; part of her long hair was dishevelled, and spread wide upon the

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summit of her head, and the rest, formed into innumerable little plaits, was looped about her shoulders. A large bunch of white lilies drooped gracefully above her right ear, and her figure was bent slightly backward, in the easiest attitude in the world.

She was assuredly very lovely; but it was not genuine oriental beauty. Her large, full eyes were as blue and bright as a summer sky, when the heavens are full of sunshine; her nose was *à la Roxalane;* and she had a pretty pout about her little cherry-coloured lips, worth half a dozen smiles.

I could not help expressing my surprise at the style of her *coïffure*, as I had never before seen it so worn, except in the Imperial Palaces; when I was informed that the Sultan, having accidentally seen her mother, who far exceeded the daughter in beauty, became so enthralled by her extreme loveliness as to make her an inmate of his harem, where she still remains.

When I had seated myself, the dancer suddenly suffered her arms to fall by her side, and flinging the tambourine to one of the singing women, she clapped her hands, and a couple of slaves entered with coffee. One bore a large silver salver, from which depended a napkin of gold tissue, richly fringed, with the tiny cups of glittering porcelain, and the silver coffee-holders neatly arranged upon its surface; and the other

carried a weighty sherbet-vase of wrought silver, shaped as classically as that of Hebe herself.

I never saw any woman so light or so graceful as that lovely dancing-girl. She had the spring of a sylph, and the foot of a fawn. As she presented the coffee, she laid her hand first upon her lips and then upon her head, with an elegance which I have seldom seen equalled; and then bounding back into her place, she twirled the tambourine in the air with the playfulness of a child; and, having denoted the measure, returned it to one of the women, who immediately commenced a wild chant, half song and half recitative, which was at times caught up in chorus by the others, and at times wailed out by the dancer only, as she regulated the movements of her willow-like figure to the modulations of the music. The Turkish women dance very little with the feet; it is the grace and art displayed in the carriage of the body and arms which form the perfection of their dancing; the rapid snapping of the fingers, meanwhile, producing the effect of castanets.

Even at the risk of making a portrait gallery of my chapter, I must mention the magnificent Saïryn Hanoum, who shortly afterwards entered the apartment. She was in the autumn of her beauty, for she must have been eight or nine and twenty, at which period the women of

the East begin to decline. But what an autumn! Could you only have clipped the wings of Time for the future, you would not have wished her to be a day younger. She was dark, very dark: almost a Bohemian in complexion; but you saw the rich blood coursing along her veins, through the clear skin; her eyes were like the storm-cloud, from which the lightning flashes at intervals; her hair was as black as midnight; her teeth were dazzling: and her brow — it was a brow which should have been circled by a diadem, for it was already stamped with Nature's own regality. She was tall, even stately; and the dignity of her step accorded well with the fire of her dark eye, and the proud expression that sat upon her lip, and dilated her thin delicate nostril. Her costume was as striking as her person; and, had she studied during a century how best to enhance her beauty, she could never have more perfectly succeeded. Her vest and trowsers were of the most snowy muslin; she wore neither diamond nor pearl; but the handkerchief was fastened about her head with a chain of large gold coins, which being threaded upon a silken cord, formed a fringe that rested upon her forehead; and a necklace of the same material fell low upon her bosom. The Turkish women of rank have universally very sweet voices—her's was music.

On glancing back upon what I have written,

I fear that much of it may be condemned as hyperbole, or at best as exaggeration. I only wish that they who are sceptical could look for an instant upon Saïryn Hanoum — they would confess that I have done her less than justice.

En révanche, the floor was crowded with withered old women and stupid children: the atmosphere was impregnated with onions, tobacco, and garlic; and the noise was deafening! The singing women shouted at intervals at the very pitch of their voices; the infants cried with weariness and fright; the impatient guests demanded coffee and sherbet as unceremoniously as though they had been at a public kiosk, and much more rapidly than they could be supplied; and the ringing rattle of the tambourine kept up a running accompaniment of discord.

Altogether the scene was a most extraordinary one; and I compelled myself to remain a couple of hours the guest of Haïsè Hanoum in order to contemplate it at my leisure. The same ceremonies, the same amusements, and the same noise, continued until midnight, during the whole of the seven days; when the harem doors were once more shut against such general intrusion, and the young mother left to enjoy the repose which she required.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tzèkerghè—Bustling Departure—Turkish *Patois*—Waiting Maids and Serving Men — Characteristic Cavalcade — Chapter of Accidents—Train of Camels—Halt of the Caravan—Violent Storm—Archbishop of Broussa—The Old Palace—Reception-Room—Priestly Humility—Greek Priests—Worldly and Monastic Clergy—Morals of the Papas — Asiatic Pebbles—Moudania—Idleness of the Inhabitants—Decay of the Town — Policy of the Turkish Government—Departure for Constantinople.

When we had exhausted the "lions" of Broussa, we removed to Tzèkerghè for the benefit of the Baths; and, after having enjoyed for a few weeks all the luxury of sulphuric vapour, we prepared for our return to the capital.

The confusion incident on our departure from the village was most amusing; and, as our party was a numerous one, we were all on foot by three o'clock in the morning. Serudjhes were shouting and quarrelling about missing bridles, and ill-poised paniers: Greek servants, supreme in their knowledge of the Asiatic Turkish, which is a species of *patois* almost unintelligible even to Constantinopolitan Turks, were hectoring

and finding fault; waiting-maids were screaming in defence of bandboxes and dressing-cases; and all the inhabitants of the hamlet were looking on, and favouring us with their comments. The morning salutations were drowsy enough, for there are few things more dreary than a daybreak dialogue; the perfumed coffee was swallowed almost in silence; and at length the procession set forth.

Nothing could be more characteristic than the appearance of our caravan, as we wound down the mountain path—bullock cars laden with luggage creaked and rattled over the rocky road; led horses carrying bedding and provisions were scattered along the way-side; and thirteen mounted individuals, as ill-assorted to the eye as can well be imagined, completed the party. Two Greek ladies, mounted *en cavalier*, one wearing an ample white turban, and both having their feet enveloped in shawls: three men servants perched on the top of great coats and cloaks, and armed with chibouks and umbrellas; two Greek *femmes de chambre*, mounted like their mistresses; my father, myself, and three gentlemen, with our English, Viennese, and Tartar saddles; altogether formed a spectacle which would not have passed unobserved in the West.

My own horse, a powerful animal, that went like the wind, was almost blinded by crimson

and gold tassels; a Turkish inhabitant of Tzèkerghè having insisted on replacing the ill-conditioned bridle provided by the post-master with the elaborate head gear of his own animal; while my saddle was girt over a flaming horse-cloth of blue and scarlet. Some of the party were less fortunate, both as regarded their horses and accoutrements; but, once upon the road, our spirits rose with the bright sun which was beginning to light up the glorious scene around us; and, when we had descended into the plain, and passed the romantic fountain of Adzem Tzèsmèssi, the most energetic among us were soon galloping right and left among the trees, gathering the wild hollyhocks, and scattering, as we passed, the yellow blossoms of the barberry bushes.

Our enjoyment was not uninterrupted, however, for the whole journey was a chapter of accidents; one servant lost her turban; another her umbrella; a third rode a lazy hack, that lay down with her three times during the day; while, to complete the list of misfortunes, a young Austrian gentleman, resolving that our departure from Broussa should be signalized by some *éclat*, with a want of reflection which he afterwards bitterly repented, threw a rocket among the burning tobacco that he flung from his chibouk by the way-side, which exploded with a violence that unhorsed one lady

of the party, and left us for some time in doubt whether she had not paid the penalty of his folly with her life.

There was a general halt as soon as it could be effected, for several of the animals were almost unmanageable from fright; when all those domestic remedies were applied which could be commanded at such a moment, in order to recover the sufferer from the deadly faint into which she had fallen; and, after the delay of about half an hour, when the serudjhe had duly emptied a bottle of water on the spot where the accident had taken place, in order to prevent its recurrence, the unfortunate lady was with considerable difficulty lifted once more upon her horse; and, with an attendant at her bridle-rein, resumed her journey.

Nor did our misadventures end here; for, just before we entered the town of Moudania, a gentleman, who was riding along with my father and myself, fell back a few paces to discharge his travelling pistols, when one of them burst in his hand nearly the whole length of the barrel, but fortunately without doing him any injury.

During our journey across the principal plain, we came in contact with a caravan, which had made a temporary halt by the way-side. It consisted of between forty and fifty camels, attended by their drivers, and accompanied by

half a dozen formidable-looking dogs. I never encountered anything more picturesque. Some of the animals were browsing on the young shoots of the dwarf oak; others were standing lazily with their long necks bent downwards, and their eyes closed; while the more weary among them were lying on the earth, as though sinking under the weight of their burthens. Their drivers, a wild, ferocious-looking horde, were resting beneath the shade of some cloaks which they had stretched across the bushes, and smoking their chibouks; leaving the care of the drove to their watchful dogs. We uttered the brief but earnest salutation of the wilderness as we passed; and, then urging on our horses, the halt of the caravan was soon a distant object in the landscape.

A violent storm had been slowly gathering throughout the day; and we had scarcely taken possession of the house which had been secured for us at Moudania, when it burst over the town. The mountains of the opposite coast were covered with dense vapours, the sea beat violently against the houses that fringed the shore, the thunder rattled in long continued peals among the heights, the lightning danced along the foam-crested billows, and the narrow street became the channel of a torrent.

The rain had only partially abated when a priest was announced, who bore to my father

and myself an invitation from the Archbishop, to whom our arrival had been already made known; and, weary as we were, we resolved to avail ourselves of it, accompanied by a gentleman and lady of the party, who were kind enough to offer themselves as interpreters.

The old palace, with its noble flights of marble stairs, and paintings in arabesque, delighted me; and there was a solemn twilight throughout the whole suite of apartments along which we passed, lined with serious-looking papas in attendance on His Holiness, that pleased me far better, travel-worn and weary as I was, than the gaud and glitter so usual in the residences of high personages in the East.

The Archbishop himself met us at the head of the last staircase; and, when we had kissed his hand, he led us forward to his reception-room; a vast sombre-looking apartment, richly painted and carved; surrounded on three sides by a divan of purple cloth, and provided with a second and lower sofa, for the convenience of those among the clergy to whom he gave audience. The expression of his countenance was intellectual rather than handsome, and he was singularly graceful in his movements; his flowing beard was beginning to show traces of age; but his clear quick eye and his placid brow almost belied the inference. He seemed eager to obtain political information; and was much

interested in the insight which we were enabled to give him of the institutions and manufactures of England. His library was extremely limited, and entirely theological; and his knowledge was evidently rather the result of his shrewd sense and great natural talents than the effect of education. I never regretted more sincerely than on this occasion my ignorance of the Greek language; for the necessity of an interpreter deadens the wit and destroys the interest of a dialogue like that in which we were soon engaged; and many a remark or sentiment, that would pass current in common conversation, becomes mere impertinence and folly, when twice expressed.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of our reception; and even the sweet, weak, milkless tea which was served to us, was kindly meant, as it was supposed to be in the English style; although individually I suffered severely from the mistake. But I was considerably amused by observing that the chibouks of the gentlemen, and the tea of the ladies, were both handed round by the young priests of the Archbishop's household; who obeyed the clapping of his hands as instantaneously, and much more meekly, than an English footman answers the bell of his mistress.

Devoted from their birth to the service of the Church, the Greek Priests are educated in obedience and humility, and have all learnt to obey ere they are placed in a situation to com-

mand. Having taken orders, they are in some degree the masters of their actions, from the fact that there are two distinct classes of clergy, and that they are at liberty to make their own selection. The first, called the monastic clergy, cannot marry, but, entirely devoted to the duties of their profession, are eligible to fill its highest dignities; while the second, or worldly clergy, who are fettered by no restriction of the kind, cannot rise beyond the rank of rectors or parish priests. These latter are distinguished by the black handkerchief bound about their caps, which is never worn by the monastic order.

It will be easily understood that the number of married priests is very limited. Few men sacrifice their ambition to their affections, particularly among the Greeks, who are all essentially ambitious; and to many of whom the road to advancement is so frequently made straight by intrigue and cabal. Added to this consideration, the ideas and practice of morality among the Greek clergy being notoriously more lax than altogether accords with the holiness of their profession, they prefer the equivocal liberty of celibacy; while, in the few instances wherein they make their fortunes subservient to their domestic comfort, they universally select the most beautiful women of their nation; as there scarcely exists a family who would refuse their

daughter to a priest, should he demand her for his wife.

After having passed two pleasant hours with the amiable Prelate, and reluctantly declined his polite invitation to avail ourselves of his table during our detention at Moudania, we returned home, only to witness the renewed gathering of the storm-clouds, and to listen to the dash of the billows against the foundations of the house.

One little incident alone served to divert us for a time from our ennui. The waiting maid of the lady whom I have mentioned as having been thrown from her horse during the journey to the coast, had profited by our arrival at Moudania to get herself exorcised by a priest; so terrified had she been at the accident of her mistress, which she attributed entirely to the influence of the Evil Eye. Secure in the impunity that she had thus purchased for a few piastres, she was pursuing her avocations somewhat more vivaciously than her wont, when she fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom, with a force which shook the frail wooden tenement to its foundations. Merriment succeeded to our alarm, however, when, on raising herself from the floor, she began to exclaim vehemently against the inefficacy of the ceremony that she had so lately undergone; nor was our amusement diminished when, in reply to our raillery, she declared that, even if she *had* thrown away her money, she was in-

no worse plight than her lady, who had paid much more dearly for the same privilege before she left Broussa, though it had availed her still less. Shouts of laughter followed the announcement of this hitherto carefully-guarded secret; and I do not think that I shall ever hear of an Exorcist again, without having before my eyes the portly person of Madame———, extended on the earth; and a party of routed equestrians galloping hither and thither over the vast plain of Broussa, wherever their affrighted horses were for the first few minutes disposed to carry them.

The following day was less unfavourable, but the wind was so high and the sky so wild that no boat could put to sea. In this dilemma, we amused ourselves by wandering along the beach, and collecting jaspers, agates, and pebbles: and in making a tour of the town, which is miserable enough, and stamped with all the marks of premature decay.

The inhabitants of Moudania are celebrated for their slothfulness. The town is seated on the edge of a gulf, which would alone suffice to the sustenance of the whole of its population; and they are the worst fishermen in Turkey. The surrounding country is fertile and rich: Nature has been lavish in her gifts, and yet their agriculture is conducted in the most slovenly and inefficient manner. It is a continual struggle between the luxuriance of the soil, and the idle-

ness of the husbandman; and, fortunately for the latter, Nature, after all, has the best of it, for the lofty hills are feathered to their very summits with vegetation: olive trees and vines clothe the valleys; sparkling streams descend from the mountains; rich pasturages afford sustenance to the numerous flocks; and goodly forest trees provide fuel for their owners. But Moudania and its environs instantly reminded me of Cowper's expressive line:—

"God made the country, but man made the town,"

for man, left to himself, never more fully displayed his insufficiency than here. The commerce in oil is very considerable, not less than a hundred and fifty thousand okes being produced yearly—silk-worms are reared in almost every house in the place—wine is plentiful—and there is a continual intercourse with the European coast—and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, Moudania is falling to decay. In vain has the Turkish Government, with a consideration and good policy by which it is not usually distinguished, lightened, and indeed almost entirely removed, all the local imposts; the same slowly progressing ruin still wears its way. On every side the houses are perishing for want of repair, the streets are encumbered with filth, the shops are almost empty, and the whole town is in a state of stagnation. The

departure of half a dozen caïques for Constantinople suffices to bring all the inhabitants to their windows, or to the beach; and, had you not already received proof to the contrary, you would then imagine by the shouting, running, and confusion, that the population of Moudania was one of the most energetic under heaven; but when once the sails are set and the boats departed, the crowd separates lazily, the noise dies away, and the genius of desolation once more broods over the perishing little town.

In this miserable place we were detained three days; and on the morning of the fourth, our party embarked on board three of their beautiful boats, and bade adieu, probably for ever, to the shores of Moudania.

CHAPTER IX.

Death in the Revel—Marriage of the Princess Mihirmàh—The Imperial Victim—The First Lover—Court Cabal—Policy of the Seraskier—The Second Suitor—The Miniature—The Last Gift—Interview between the Sultan and Mustapha Pasha.

It is strange how often events, which to the crowd appear redolent of joy and happiness, are to the principal actors replete with heartburning and misery—how what is a pageant to the many may be a penance to the few—and how the triumphant acclaim of the multitude may be hollowly echoed back in bitterness from the depths of a bereaved and stricken spirit. The price of greatness must be paid, even although it should be in the coinage of despair, wrung slowly, through a long life, like blood-drops from the heart; and it is well for the shouting, holyday-seeking crowd, that the gaunt spectre of reality is not permitted, like the skeleton of the Egyptian banquets, to take its seat at the feast, and startle them into a knowledge of the heavy price paid for the "funeral-baked meats" of their empoisoned revel!

Only a few weeks had elapsed since Constantinople had held a general holyday; since her joy had been written in characters of fire; and her tens of thousands had collected together like one vast family, to celebrate the same happy event. Who that looked around and about him during the marriage festivities of the Imperial Bride of Saïd Pasha—the young, the fair, the high-born maiden, descended from a long line of Emperors, "born in the purple," and on whom no sunbeam had been suffered to rest, lest it should mar the brightness of her beauty—Who could have guessed, amid the flashing of jewels, the echo of compliments, and the lavish congratulation by which he was surrounded, that the idol to whom all this incense was offered up was already lying shivered at the foot of the altar on which it had been reared?—That the roses of the bridal wreath had fallen leaf by leaf, withered by the burning of the brow they cinctured?—and that the victim of an Empire's holyday was seated heart-stricken and despairing in her latticed apartment, weeping hot tears over her compulsatory sacrifice?

And yet thus it was:—even I myself, when the rumour reached me, that had the Princess been free to chuse from among the many who sighed for, without venturing to aspire to her hand, she would have made another selection—even I, remembering only that she was an

Oriental, and forgetting that she was also a woman, never doubted for an instant that she would resign herself to her fate with true Turkish philosophy, and find consolation for a passing disappointment in the gaud and glitter of her new state. But it was not so: the arrow had been driven home, and the wound was mortal!

Two long years had elapsed since the Sultan had announced to her his intention of bestowing her hand on Mustapha Pasha of Adrianople; and she had received with indifference the intimation of a resolve which made the heart of the Sultana-Mother throb with maternal pride. But ere long the fair Princess herself learnt to believe that her constellation had been a happy one; and to listen with smiling attention to the flattering accounts which the ladies of the Imperial Harem failed not to pour into her willing ears of the Pasha's wealth, influence, and great personal beauty. The singing-women improvised in his honour, with all the gorgeous hyperbole of the East—the massaldjhes* told tales of his wisdom and valour that brought a brighter light to the dark eyes of their listener—and ultimately the Sultan forwarded to his daughter a miniature likeness of her intended bridegroom.

Then it was that the Princess became convinced that the personal qualifications of the Pasha

* Professional Story-tellers.

had been by no means exaggerated even by his most partial choniclers; and the young beauty sat for hours amid her embroidered cushions, silently gazing on the portrait which she held in her hand, and marvelling whether she should look as fair in the eyes of her destined lord as he already seemed in her own. She was not long to remain in doubt; for the Pasha, to whom his good fortune had been communicated by his Imperial Master, obeyed the summons that called him to the capital, and forwarded to his high-born mistress his first costly offering.

The heart of the Princess beat high. He was in Stamboul! The wife of the meanest *camal** might look on him as his shadow fell upon her in the streets of the city; while she, his affianced bride, could only picture him to her fancy by gazing on the cold inanimate ivory. She turned from the diamonds that her slaves had officiously displayed upon the sofa on which she sat; they came from him, it was true, but they told no tale of love — they were the offering of ceremony—the tribute of the honoured Pasha to his honouring bride — they had pleased her fancy, but they had not touched her heart.

Night spread her sable robe upon the waters — the channel lay hushed, for the soft wind failed to disturb the ripple over which it lightly skimmed—the Sultana-mother and the affianced

* Street-porter.

Princess were dwelling in the gilded saloons of the Asiatic Harem—in the fairy palace of Beglierbey, and the slaves had long been hushed in sleep—and it was at this still hour that the dark-eyed daughter of the Sultan, who had been leaning against the lattices of an open window, listening to the nightingales, and weaving sweet fancies into a graceful web of thought, turned from the casement to seek the rest which she had hitherto neglected to secure; when as she moved away, a sound of distant oars fell on her ear, and with a vague feeling of curiosity she paused and listened.

A solitary caïque neared the palace, and stopped beneath the terrace of the Harem: there was no moon; and the clear stars, which were dropped in silver over the purple mantle of the sky, did not betray the secret of the bold midnight visiter. The Princess bent her ear eagerly against the lattice: her brow flushed, and her breath came quick—her heart had not deceived her—it was indeed the Pasha; and soon a soft strain of music swelled upon the air; and words of passion blending with the melody, taught her that this was his first spirit-offering to his bright young love.

Oh! how, as she stood beside the casement, did she sigh for moonlight, when, despite the envious lattices, she might have looked upon her princely lover, and written his image on her

heart! But the song ceased, and the caïque slowly dropped down with the current, and she scarcely knew, when she at length withdrew to the innermost recesses of her chamber, whether all had not been a dream.

Time passed on, and the wish of the fair Princess was accomplished. She had looked upon the Pasha, as his gilded boat passed lingeringly beneath the Imperial terrace — she had seen him as his proud steed curvetted gracefully under the palace windows — she had beheld him by the light of a bright moon when no eye save her's was on him, and his low, soft accents came sweetly to her ear on the evening wind — and she had learnt to love him with all the fervour of a first affection. Now, indeed, she valued every gift which came to her from him, not because he made the world pay tribute to charm her fancy, but because he had first seen and approved the offering.

And the Pasha learned that he was loved — the rose withering in the hot sun amid the lattice-work of the Princess's window—the long lock of dark hair waving in the wind beside it— the little flower which sometimes fell into the water beside the caïque during his midnight and solitary visit, told him the tale that he most wished to hear. It is even said that on one occasion he actually beheld by accident the face of his betrothed wife: be this as it

may, however, it is certain that Mustapha Pasha returned to his Pashalik at Adrianople with his mind and thoughts full of the Princess Mihirmàh, and with little taste for the delay which was yet to take place ere his marriage.

The departure of the Pasha was the signal for court intrigue and court cabal, for the determination of the Sultan had spread dismay among the most influential of the nobles, who could ill brook the prospect of so dangerous a rival near the throne as the powerful and popular Mustapha Pasha. At the head of this party was the Seraskier, whose influence over the Sultan had long been unbounded, whose wealth had purchased friends, and whose favour had silenced enemies. He it was who first taught the light of Imperial favour to shine on Halil Pasha, who had originally been a groom in his own stables; and who ultimately determined Mahmoud to receive his *protégé* as the husband of his eldest daughter; a subtle stroke of policy which secured to him a firm adherent, knit to his cause by every bond of self-interest and gratitude; for the husband of the Princess Salihè was the adopted son of the Seraskier, the object of his munificence, and the sharer in his fortunes.

Thus, in lieu of a rival, whom his connexion with the Imperial family might have rendered dangerous, the old and wily courtier secured a new and influential ally, prompt to adopt his

views and to further his ambition. The proposed marriage of the younger Princess involved the same risks, and demanded the same precautions; and it was consequently not without emotion that the Seraskier learnt from the lips of the Sultan that Mustapha Pasha was to be the new bridegroom.

He smiled as he heard it, and uttered the usual empty and meaningless compliment of congratulation; but his heart obeyed not the prompting of his words; and, as he left the Presence, he vowed a voiceless vow, that with the help of Allah, the Governor of Adrianople should never be the husband of the Princess Mihirmàh; for the more he reflected on the subject, the more he felt the necessity of exerting all his energies to prevent the domestication of Mustapha Pasha at court.

Young and handsome, he would be all powerful with his Imperial bride. Wealthy and high-spirited, he would neither from necessity nor inclination be amenable to his own dictation. Proverbially amiable, and chivalrously generous, he was already the idol of his province, and would soon become that of the capital; while his grasp of intellect and soundness of judgment, would render it equally impossible to degrade him into a dupe, or to use him as a tool.

Thus, then, the experienced courtier, whose career has been perhaps without parallel in

Turkish history—whose beard has grown grey under the shadow of the Imperial throne—who has seen a hundred favourites rise into greatness, flourish for a brief season, and finally leave their dishonoured heads to bleach beneath a fierce sun, impaled above the fatal Orta Kapoussi, or Middle Gate of the Seraglio, or niched in gory grandeur beside the gilded entrance of the Sublime Porte; who throughout his long career has never failed in any important undertaking—the experienced courtier at once decided that Mustapha Pasha must not be permitted to fill a station, which would invest him with the privelege of thwarting his own plans, or of opposing his own party.*

Every Bey of the Imperial Household was in the interest of the Seraskier. It could not well be otherwise; for, during the long years of unchecked prosperity and unfailing favour which I have described, it will be readily conceived that there was not an individual among them who was not indebted to him for some benefit, which could be repaid only by devotion to his wishes.

Nor were there wanting many among the Pashas themselves who were easily taught to look with

* It is an extraordinary coincidence that at the moment in which this work is passing through the press, intelligence has arrived in Europe of the disgrace of this hitherto-favoured individual: the prostration of a life-long ambition.

distrust and suspicion on the threatened rivalry of the young and high-spirited Mustapha; and who readily enlisted in the adverse party. Suffice it that the intrigue prospered: the Sultan first insisted — then wavered — and finally, driven, despite himself, to a compromise with the nobles in immediate contact with his person, ultimately proposed the extraordinary expedient to which I have already alluded; and with a weakness of purpose for which it were difficult to account in a despotic monarch, determined to cast the obloquy of irresolution from his own shoulders by leaving the fortunes of his daughter in the hands of Fate — that blind divinity in whom the Turks put such implicit trust, and on whom they philosophically fling the odium of every untoward circumstance.

One stipulation he, however, made; that the name of Mustapha Pasha should be among the seven chosen ones from whom the *felech* of the Princess was to select her a husband; and, having thus quieted his Imperial conscience, he made his *namaz* with all proper solemnity, ere he calmly drew from beneath his prayer-carpet the name of Mohammed Saïd Pasha!

But the affections cannot change so lightly as the will; and when it was announced to the young Princess that she was to receive a new suitor, and to banish all memory of him whom she had so long learnt to love, she sank beneath

the tidings; and rejected the consolations which were officiously poured forth by her attendants. The Sultana-mother wept and entreated; but for the first time her tears and her entreaties were alike vain: the Princess only turned aside in despairing silence, or bade them leave her to die alone, since death was all that remained to her. Hours passed away; hours of dull, aching anguish that wrung and withered her young heart; and they brought her food, but she put it aside with loathing — and darkness came; but it yielded no rest to her; and on the morrow her dim eyes and haggard cheek so terrified the Sultana that she at once decided on communicating to her Imperial partner the effect of his decision.

The Sultan came, and used every blandishment that could win, and every threat that could terrify; but he failed to wrench the young fond heart from its allegiance. The same trite commonplaces which rise instinctively to the lips of all domestic despots, be they Christians or Islamites, were duly set forth; but love spurns at argument; and the Princess only replied by falling senseless into the arms of her slaves. Days of suffering followed, during which she lay like a blighted flower upon her cushions; hoping one moment against reason; and the next resigning herself without a struggle to the deepest anguish of despair.

Time wore on, and at length she learnt that her destined husband had arrived in the capital! Then came the gifts of the new suitor, and the ceremonies of the betrothal; and she knew and felt that there was indeed no longer any hope. The conviction was too much for her young strength; and the courtiers were pouring forth their offerings, and the Pashas of the provinces were pressing forward with their congratulations, while the victim of state policy was lying on a sick bed, surrounded by tears and lamentations.

And thus they decked her for the bridal, and carried her forth in her gilded carriage to her new home; and she submitted passively, for she knew that it was in vain to oppose her destiny. But when the proud and happy Saïd Pasha had borne her in his arms to the state saloon of the harem, preceded by dancing-girls, and fair slaves glittering with jewels, and swinging censers of costly incense upon her path, and had seated her on the brocaded divan only to throw himself at her feet, and to vow himself to an existence of fond and grateful obedience to her every wish; then did the woman-heart of the Princess flash forth as she sternly commanded him to leave her. The Pasha obeyed not; he believed this coldness to be only a caprice of his Imperial bride, and he lost himself in all the lover-like hyperbole

which he doubted not would be expected from him.

But the young bridegroom was not long suffered to be deluded by so flattering a deceit, for the reply of the Princess to his protestations was too direct and convincing, to admit of his indulging the faintest doubt of his misfortune. Around her neck she wore a slight chain, wrought in dark silk, similar to those to which the Turkish ladies commonly attach an amulet; and for all answer she withdrew this chain, and revealed to the heart-stricken Pasha the portrait of her first suitor.

"It was the Sultan's gift;" she said firmly, "I was told that he was to be my husband, and they taught me to love him — I loved him ere I knew that such a being as Saïd Pasha lived—I shall love him so long as this heart has power to beat against his likeness. I will not deceive you; I can look on you only with loathing: my fate is sealed; I shall soon lie in the tomb of my fathers. Inshallâh—I trust in God —life is not eternal, and the broken heart ceases at last to suffer."

Saïd Pasha had triumphed: he had won an Imperial bride; but he was a blighted man. He had seen Mustapha Pasha ride in the marriage train which did honour to his own nuptials; but a few hours only had elapsed ere he envied his discomfited rival the comparative happiness of freedom.

That rival was, however, far from being reconciled to his fate, irrevocable as it was. He forgot that he had lost a proud bride in the memory of her youth, her beauty, and her affection. He lingered near her regal dwelling at midnight to catch the reflection of a taper through the lattices of one of its many windows, trusting that he might chance to look upon the light which beamed on her. His marriage gift was the most costly of all that glittered in her *trousseau*—and he saw the different Pashas who had been called to court to swell the pageant, depart to their provinces, without possessing the courage to follow their example.

Many wondered why Mustapha Pasha, who was supreme at Adrianople, remained in comparative subserviency at Stamboul; and all whispered mysteriously of the change which had come over his nature. He was still urbane and courteous, with a gracious word and a ready smile for all; but the words came less freely, and the smiles were fainter, and even wore at times a tinge of bitterness.

It was about three weeks subsequent to the Imperial marriage that an Armenian jeweller completed one of the most costly brilliant ornaments which had ever been seen, even in the Bezesteins of Constantinople. A mass of immense diamonds were clustered together in its centre in the form of a taper, at whose extremity

a flame was burning brightly; and this device was surrounded by a wreath of ivy leaves, amid which a moth was nestled, mounted upon an elastic spring, that at the slightest motion threw the insect upon the flame.

This noble jewel was, immediately on its completion, carried to the palace of Mustapha Pasha, whence it was transported to the harem of the Princess by a trusty messenger. No written word accompanied the gift—it told its own tale—and four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed from the time in which the "mourning bride" clasped it in her turban, ere it was intimated to Mustapha Pasha that he had the permission of his Sublime Highness to return to his Pashalik with all convenient speed.

On the morrow he requested his parting audience of the Sultan, when Mahmoud, probably regretting, as he looked upon the noble-minded Mustapha, the wrong which he had been compelled to do him, prevented him as he was in the act of kissing his foot, and, extending towards him his Imperial hand, said blandly:—"Forget the past—it was not the will of Allah that my intention in your favour should be fulfilled; but bear with you my assurance that the esteem which I have long felt for you is undiminished. Your presence is required at Adrianople—I am perfectly content with your government—and two years hence I shall recall

you to Stamboul, to bestow on you the hand of my youngest daughter."

The Pasha relinquished his hold of the Imperial fingers: the blood mounted to his brow and settled there, and the tone was proud, even to haughtiness, with which he answered: "I obey the orders of your Highness: by to-morrow's dawn I shall be on my way to my Pashalik; while I have life I will do my duty to my Sultan and to my province; but I shall never again aspire to make the happiness of an Imperial Princess—were I ten times more worthy than I am, still should I be no meet husband for a Sultan's daughter. May the blessing of Allah rest on the representative of the Prophet; and may the hour not be far distant when Mustapha Pasha may lay down in the service of his sovereign a life which has now become valueless!"

The high-hearted noble departed from the court, bearing with him the memory of his passion and of his wrong. The Seraskier sought to console the disappointed bridegroom by heaping upon him the most munificent gifts; and the Princess, in the solitude of her harem, yet wastes her hours in tears, gazing upon the portrait of her lost lover, and imploring of the Prophet an early deliverance from the anguish of a breaking heart.

CHAPTER X.

Yenekeui—The Festival of Fire—Commemorative Observance—Fondness of the Orientals for Illumination—Frequency of Fires in Constantinople — Dangerous Customs — Fire Guard — The Seraskier's Tower—Disagreeable Alarum—Namik Pasha—The Festival Localized—Veronica—Bonfires — Therapia and Buyukdèrè— Singular Effect of Light—The Armenian Heroine—A Wild Dream.

Shortly after our return from Broussa, we took possession of a house which we had rented for the summer at Yenekeui, and we had only been established there a few days when we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the most ancient of the Greek commemorative usages,—the "Festival of Fire"—instituted in memory of the second capture of Constantinople by the Cæsars.

Some years ago the Greek quarter of the city was illuminated on this anniversary, as well as the villages occupied principally by their nation: but the Turks no longer permit this demonstration of rejoicing, as well from jealousy of its subject, as from the danger attendant on all such manifestations in a city where fires are so

frequent, and the nature of the buildings so unfortunately calculated to encourage the evil.

For my own part, after having passed a few nights in Constantinople, both in Turkish and Greek houses, I was only surprised that the frightful conflagrations which so frequently occur do not take place every week instead of ten or twelve times a-year. Like the husbandman who plants his vines, and sows his grain at the base of a volcano, apparently unconscious or careless that the next eruption may lay waste his lands, and negative his labour, the inhabitants of Stamboul appear never to reflect that fire is one of their deadliest enemies, but wander over their wooden dwellings with their lighted chibouks, or their unsnuffed candles; as heedlessly as though both were innoxious: while their attendants traverse carpeted and curtained apartments, carrying fragments of live coal between their iron pincers to supply the pipes.

Nor is this all. The Tandour is a fire-conductor of the first class: the wooden frame that covers the charcoal ashes is frequently very slight, and the silken draperies which veil it are generally lined with cotton, and not infrequently wadded with the same inflammable material. The effect of the Tandour is highly soporific; and it consequently occurs that persons who

fall asleep under its influence, by some sudden movement overturn the frame-work, when their own clothes as well as the coverings of the Tandour come in contact with the hidden fire: the chintz-covered sofas are ready to feed the flame, and the natural consequence ensues.

Still more dangerous is the system of drying linen during the winter, which is universal throughout the city. A frame, formed of wooden laths, about three feet high, and shaped like a bee-hive, is placed above a small brazier, filled with heated charcoal; and the linen is flung over this frame, one garment above another, where it gradually dries. But should the laundress omit to remove the lower portions of it directly that they are free from damp, they ignite, and the whole becomes one burning mass.

That in a country where fires are so frequent, such reckless usages should be persisted in by individuals, or permitted by the authorities, appears incredible; while they account if not satisfactorily, at least fully, for the constant recurrence of the evil. Nor can you, even should you desire to do so, remain in ignorance of the calamity whenever it occurs; for you are constantly awakened in the night by the heavy strokes of an iron-pointed pike upon the rough pavement of the streets, and you hear the deep voice of

the fire-guard announce the quarter where the flames have broken out.

As there is a regular sentinel, relieved every second hour, on the look-out for fires in the upper gallery of the Seraskier's Tower, which is like a glass lantern, having windows on all sides; every conflagration, however unimportant, is instantly announced by the patroles appointed to the different quarters of the city; and thus a week rarely passes in which you are not startled by the boding cry of the guard—"Fire at Scutari—a—" "Fire at Galata—a"—Up go all the windows of the neighbourhood; and, when the locality of the accident is ascertained, those who have property or connexions in the quarter hasten to the scene of action: while those who have no individual interest in the misfortune, close their casements, and creep back to bed, rejoicing that they have escaped for the present the dreaded catastrophe.

All the Pashas resident in the Capital or its immediate neighbourhood are obliged to attend every fire that occurs, and to assist in its extinction; so that they frequently have a very busy time of it; and Namik Pasha—the fêted and favoured Namik Pasha—probably from personal experience of the dangers attendant on the employment, has, since his return to Turkey, cited, as his two most admirable memories of England, her Pantomimes and her Fire-men!

The Greek "Festival of Fire" has now, in consequence of the prohibition to which I have alluded, become local in its celebration: and the villages of Buyukdèrè, Therapia, and Yenekeui, have the exclusive honour of commemorating the conquest of the Cæsars.

We embarked on board our caïque at dusk, and having with some difficulty made our way through the floating crowd that thronged the stream, we landed, and proceeded to the house of Veronica, the heroine of Mac Farlane's Novel of the "Armenians." From the windows, which commanded the little bay where the rejoicings were to take place, we had a full view of the whole ceremony, and a most extraordinary exhibition it was.

Two artificial islands had been formed in the bay, and heaped with dried wood, and other inflammable materials, and on that which was furthest from the shore, the pile was surmounted by a caïque: another line of fires was prepared for a considerable distance along the coast; and in every direction men were flitting about with paper lanterns, conducting the different parties of visiters from their boats to the residences of their friends. Therapia was concealed behind a point of land; but Buyukdèrè was visible in the distance, like a line of fire hemming in the glittering waters which reflected afar off the unusual brilliancy. The flames, as they rose

and fell, flashed and faded upon the casements of the houses that skirted the shore, with an effect quite magical: while the sombre coast of Asia, without one glimmering light to relieve its stately outline, cut in dusky magnificence along the cloudless sky.

At a sudden signal the fires were ignited: and the condemned caïque was soon one graceful mass of flame. But the most extraordinary portion of the spectacle was the crowd of men, dressed only in wide cotton drawers, their partially shaven heads bare, and their arms tossed high in the air, who were wading up to their necks in the sea, and feeding the fires with shrieks and yells worthy of a chorus of demons. At intervals, they all rushed out of the water, and sprang across the flames of the huge fires which were burning along the coast, looking like infernal spirits celebrating their unholy orgies; and then, plunging once more into the stream, they danced round the lesser island in a circle, to the wild chanting of the spectators on the shore.

The [illegible] of the whole scene was thrilling. The bright-barrelled firelock of the Turkish sentinel, who was posted at the battery above the village, flashed as he trod his beat, in the fierce light which fell upon it. The line of heights behind the houses was covered with spectators: the women seated on mats and cushions, and

the men standing in groups among them, all as distinctly visible as beneath a noon-day sun; while, in the opposite direction, the ripple of the Bosphorus ran shimmering along like liquid gold, and the caïques, wedged together as closely as though they had been one compact body, gleamed out gaily with their crimson rugs and gilded ornaments.

The same wild sports continued for two hours, gradually decreasing in violence, as the fatigue of the fierce and unremitted exertions of the actors made itself felt; when the Wallachian band, and an immense fire kindled beneath the windows of the house in which we were passing the evening, and which was formed of wicker baskets wedged one within the other, with a tall tree planted in the midst, that produced a very singular effect, gradually withdrew the crowd from the expiring glories of the coast; and as the last note of the Sultan's March died away, the throng dispersed, and we were left to the undisturbed society of our friends.

Veronica could never have been handsome; the expression of her countenance [redacted] and agreeable, but her features are neither regular nor fine; nor does she possess the low soft voice which is so great a charm in the Turkish women, and to which the coarse language of the Armenian nation does not lend itself. She is rather under the middle size, calm in her man-

ner, and graceful in her carriage; and her sable dress and melancholy history invest her with an interest that mere beauty would fail to excite. As I conversed with the widowed wife, and saw her shrink beneath the night air like a withered flower, and fold her furred pelisse closer about her with her thin wasted hand, I could have wept over her faded youth and blighted feelings. It is painfully evident that the memory of her error and of her wrongs sits heavily upon her, and that it is a poisoned chain whose fetters can be flung off only in the grave. Even Time, the great physician of all moral ills, has no power over a grief like her's.

Before we returned home, we rowed slowly towards Therapia; which, etched in fire, and loud with music, threw its bright shadow far along the waves. Caïques glided past us every instant with lights at their stern, whence the sounds of laughter or of song swept cheerily over the ripple; and more than once we narrowly escaped collision with a mirth-laden bark, whose conductors were pressing forward in all the heedless eagerness of hilarity.

It was near midnight ere we withdrew from the busy scene: and when I fell asleep, I dreamt that Veronica was the wife of one of the Cæsars; and that a young and dark-eyed Greek prince was leaping over the burning city of Constantinople, while a portly Armenian, who had been

of the evening party, was filling his unwieldy calpac with water, as he stood breast-high in the Bosphorus, and handing it to a set of wild Indians who were howling and dancing amid the flames.

Truly my sleeping visions produced a second "Festival of Fire."

CHAPTER XI.

A Chapter on Caïques—The Sultan's Barge—Princes and Pashas—The Pasha's Wife—The Admiralty Barge—The Fruit Caïque—The Embassy Barge—The Omnibus Caïque—Turkish Boatmen—The Caïque of Azmè Bey—Pleasant Memories—The Chevalier Hassuna de Ghies—Natural Politeness of the Turks—Turkey and Russia—Sultan Mahmoud—Confusion of Tongues—Arif Bey—Imperial Present—The Fruit of Constantinople—The Two Banners—The Harem—Azimè Hanoum.

SHOULD I ever have time, I murmured to myself as we darted down the Bosphorus in the caïque of Azmè Bey, with whom we were engaged to dine, and who had obligingly sent his boat and his Dragoman to facilitate our arrival at Dolma Batchè:—Should I ever have time, I will write a chapter on caïques.

A more graceful subject could scarcely be selected. From the gilded barges of the Sultan, to the common passage-boat that plies within the port, the caïques are all beauty; and, as they fly past you, their long and lofty prows dipping downward towards the current at every stroke of the oars, you are involuntarily reminded of some aquatic bird, moistening the plumage of its glistening breast in the clear ripple.

That bright mass of gilding and glitter which is flying over the water, shaped like a marine monster, and gleaming in the sunshine, is one of the Imperial barges. Mahmoud is returning from the mosque. Hark! to the booming of the loud cannon, which announces his departure from the coast of Europe, for his delicious summer-palace of Beglierbey; the most lovely (for that is the correct term)—the most lovely object on the Bosphorus—rising like the creation of a twilight dream beneath the shadow of an Asian mountain—a fanciful edifice, looking as though its model had been cut out of gold paper in an hour of luxurious indolence, and carried into execution during a fit of elegant caprice.

The long, dark, crescent-shaped caïque immediately in the wake of the Sultan, with its three gauze-clad rowers, and its flashing ornaments, carries a Pasha of the Imperial suite. He is hidden beneath the red umbrella which the attendant, who is squatted upon the raised stern of the boat, is holding carefully over him.

You may see a third bark, just creeping along under the land; a light, buoyant, glittering thing, with a crimson drapery fringed with gold hung over its side, and almost dipping into the water; a negress is seated behind her mistress, with a collection of yellow slippers strown about her; and at the bottom of the boat, reclining against a pile of cushions, and attended by two young

slaves, you may distinguish the closely-veiled Fatma or Leyla, whose dark eyes are seen flashing out beneath her pure white yashmac, and whose small, fair, delicately rounded, and gloveless hand draws yet closer together the heavy folds of her feridjhe as she remarks the approach of another caïque to her own. She is the wife of some Pasha—the favourite wife, it may be—musing as she darts along the water, with what new toy her next smile shall be bought. And now her light boat is lost to view, for it has shot beneath the arched entrance of the court of yonder stately harem; and you can only follow the fair Turk in thought to the cool, shady, spacious saloons of her prison-palace, where the envious yashmac is withdrawn in deference to the yet more jealous lattice; and where the heavy feridjhe is flung off to reveal the graceful antery, the gold-embroidered vest, and the hanging sleeves.

But what is this which is advancing towards us with a heavy plash, and flinging its long broad shadow far before it? It is the Admiralty Barge, manned with fourteen rowers, and freighted with His Excellency Achmet Pasha, bound on some mission to the fleet. The red caps and white jackets of the crew form a cheerful contrast from the dark mass at the stern of the barge, where the High Admiral, *pro tempore*, is seated, surrounded by a group of inferior

officers. His chibouk-bearer is screening him from the sun; while his secretary, with a sheet of paper resting upon his knee, is writing from the dictation of the Minister. There is a great deal of business transacted on the Bosphorus; the Turks never require a table on which to write, and they are consequently but little inconvenienced by locality, when a necessity exists for profiting by the passing hour.

And this slowly-moving bark, rather dropping down with the current, than impelled by the efforts of its two Greek rowers, and which looks so cool and so pretty with all that pile of green leaves heaped upon its stern, is one of the fruit caïques for the supply of the houses overhanging the Bosphorus. The wild shrill cry of the fruiterers announcing the nature of their merchandize, swells upon the air; and, as you pass close beside the boat, the wind sporting among the fresh branches that are strewn over the baskets, blows aside the leaves, and the tempting fruit is revealed to you in all its cool ripe beauty.

And yonder flies the Union Jack of England! It is the splendid barge of the British Embassy, which is darting along with its seven rowers: the Ambassador is engaged with a newspaper; you may know him by his purple *fèz*, as well as by an aristocracy of bearing and demeanour which distinguishes him from all the foreign

ministers at the Ottoman Court; and which the Turks both feel and appreciate.

Very different both in form and freight is the dark, slow, people-laden passage-caïque, just coming round the point, and which is one of several that ply between Constantinople and Buyukdèrè; and carry passengers the whole length of the Bosphorus at the moderate charge of thirty paras a head, a sum scarcely equivalent to two-pence English. These Omnibus-boats have their outside as well as their inside passengers: and the individuals who sit upon the gunwale, with their legs hanging over the side, and their feet resting upon the spar which is lashed on to it for their especial convenience, effect, by the occupation of this amphibious seat, the saving of ten paras upon a voyage of about four hours.

The Caïquejhes are, generally speaking, a very fine race of men. The Greeks are esteemed the best boatmen on the Bosphorus: but all the private caïques travel with a speed that it fatigues the eye to follow. Some of these men utter a disagreeable grunt as they ply their oars, which would induce a stranger to imagine that they suffered from the exertion; but the habit is induced by their having worked too hard in their youth, and thus injured their lungs; and it is considered so great an objection to them, that no individual who retains caïquejhes

in his pay will willingly hire a man labouring under this infirmity.

But enough—or I shall be betrayed into really writing the chapter of which I dreamed in my delicious idleness, as the handsome caïque of the Bey shot along, while the dragoman named to us the owner of each painted palace near which we passed. What a confusion of Pashas and Beys — of Excellencies and Effendis! It was impossible to remember one half of them; and I have already dwelt so frequently upon the sea-washed palaces of the Bosphorus, that, instead of repeating an admiration which rather grew upon me than became weakened by frequent indulgence; an admiration which it is impossible not to feel, and equally impossible to excite by mere description; I will e'en run the caïque beside the little pier near the Imperial residence of Dolma Batchè, and follow the steps of the dragoman to the hospitable home of his master.

Few things afforded us more gratification, during our residence in the East, than the manner in which Azmè Bey spoke of, and felt towards, England. Sincerity is decidedly not a national characteristic of the Turks; but there are nevertheless many individuals among them who may fairly lay claim to this great social virtue; and I unhesitatingly rank Azmè Bey as one of these. His gracious and grateful memories of those who professed a friendship for

him during his European sojourn; his eagerness to repay by every exertion in his power the attention which is shewn to him; and his frank, unostentatious politeness, lent a charm to his manner, and a value to his kindness, which enhanced them tenfold; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that did all such of his countrymen as have resided in England, feel and act towards the English as Azmè Bey has done since his return, the sentiments of the Turkish people would be greatly changed with regard to them, both individually and as a nation.

We found the Bey at the head of the stairs waiting to receive us; and the first person whom I remarked in the saloon of the Salemliek was M. Hassuna de Ghies, whom I had known in London, and with whom I was delighted to renew my acquaintance. This talented and amiable man is now the editor of the Constantinopolitan Journal; and his acquirements and knowledge are justly appreciated by his Imperial master; who, besides other marks of his favour, has, since his return from Europe, been pleased, as an especial token of his regard, to change his name, which he considered to be too difficult of pronunciation, into Hussein Madzhar Effendi;* an alteration by no means

* It is not without pain that I have, on passing my work through the press, to record the death of this amiable and gifted man. He perished by Plague a few weeks subsequently to our departure for England.

calculated to diminish its difficulty to European lips. He was seated on the divan, smoking his chibouk, which he relinquished on our entrance; and, ere long, he was busily engaged in conversing with my father in English; while I was undergoing the ceremony of presentation to a Greek lady, who, with a delicacy which did him honour, Azmè Bey had invited, in order to relieve me from the restraint and *désagrément* of finding myself the only female of the party.

I mention the circumstance in order to prove to those who are inclined to treat the Turks as barbarians, and to speak of them as such, that there are many among them who may be both wronged and wounded by such an opinion, and who are capable of convincing them by their actions that it is unfounded. The Turks require only time, example, and a perfect confidence in their European allies, to become a polished as well as a civilized nation; they possess all the elements of civilization, but they are flung back by events—they are blinded by subtlety—they are hoodwinked by deception. Were they suffered to act upon their own untrammelled impressions, they would not long remain even in their present state of partial inertness: but Turkey is now in the position of a child, to whom its nurse, in order to cajole it into quiet, presents a mirror, which, viewed in one direction, widens the object that it reflects; and it has been

taught that this magnified mass represents its own strength and beauty; and when it has been suffered to sate itself with the false image that has thus been placed before it, the glass is reversed by its wily Mentor, and the shrunken, wasted, and almost shapeless thing that succeeds is made object of wonder and of pity, as the narrow and despicable policy which would fain persuade the Turks that they have need of counsel and of help. The more enlightened among them do not believe this; they are even convinced to the contrary: but the argument produces its effect upon the mass, and the arm of power is weakened and paralyzed by the weight of public opinion.

Turkey is like a stately forest-tree which has been cankered at the core, but which has shot forth young and vigorous branches after it had been condemned as on the eve of perishing. A weighty pressure has fallen upon the fresh green shoots; but let it only be removed, and once more the branches will stretch broadly and boldly forth, and cast their long shadows far across the earth.

Sultan Mahmoud would fain be the regenerator of his country; but he cannot resist, single-handed, an enemy more powerful, and, above all, more subtle than himself. The Turks are bad politicians — they do not hold the keys of their own citadel; and their game is overlooked on all

sides. Had they sincere assistance, all Europe would soon be convinced of that to which she now appears blind — the great moral power of the Turkish people, and the incalculable advantages of their alliance.

I scarcely know how I have suffered myself to be deluded into this digression; and my only apology for its indulgence is the earnest interest which I have learnt to feel in the existence of a great and magnificent Empire, bowed beneath the smiling sophistries of its most dangerous enemy.

The shady saloon of Azmè Bey, with its many windows, all opening upon a delicious garden overhung with fruit trees, and forming a leafy screen amid which we caught here and there a blue bright glimpse of the Bosphorus, was half filled with guests, to whom we were presented with the ease and politeness of intuitive good breeding; and in a few minutes we were all engaged in an animated conversation, or rather set of conversations. The Greek lady was discussing the merits of the divan, in Italian, with a gentleman near her; M. de Ghies was still talking English with my father; and the Bey and myself were busy with Von Hammer's work on the East, and communicating our opinions in French: nor was this all — for a party of the guests were murmuring out their soft, harmonious Turkish at the other extremity of the

apartment; while the voices of the Arabs in the outer room came to us at intervals, as they passed and repassed the door of the saloon in which we sat.

The announcement of a new visitor at length summoned the Bey from the room; and he shortly afterwards returned, and presented to me Arif Bey, the Paymaster General of the Imperial Forces, who had done me the honour to desire my acquaintance; and, hearing that I was the guest of his friend, had taken this opportunity of making it. He was rather a heavy-looking young man, of about seven-and-twenty; with very small black eyes, as round and bright as jet beads, an extremely pale complexion, and who, as he did not speak a word of French, kept the dragoman in constant, and frequently very unprofitable employment, in translating nearly every sentence I uttered. He was very carefully dressed; and, in addition to the gold sword-belt about his waist, he wore white gloves and a black silk stock; articles of apparel which are generally dispensed with altogether by the Turks. He had just commenced studying French, under the auspices of Azmè Bey; and, meanwhile, he smoked with a perseverance which was perfectly amusing. The Sultan has lately done him the honour of selecting a wife for him; a boon which he, of course, received with all becoming gratitude at the Im-

perial hand; and he is now building a very handsome residence on the border of the Bosphorus, near the Palace of Beshik-tash.

The dinner was served in the European style, and the table was remarkably well appointed. French wines were in abundance, and champagne and Edinburgh ale were not wanting; but the dessert was the charm of the repast. The fruit of Constantinople has a perfume that I never met with elsewhere; and, did the natives suffer it to ripen fully, which from their excessive fondness for it they very rarely do, much of it would probably be unrivalled for the delicacy of its flavour. Pyramids of this delicious fruit occupied the angles of the table; the most delicate pastry was ranged beside it, and the centre was occupied by a castellated tower, formed of sweetmeats, and surmounted by the British and Ottoman banners linked together. From this dish alone the Bey declined to serve his guests, lest he should disturb the union of the two flags, even symbolically; and many gracious things were said on the subject both by himself and his friends; nor had he neglected to turn the Banner of the Crescent towards the head of the table, at which he had requested me to preside; while the Union Jack of England floated over his own plate.

When we withdrew from table, I went, accompanied by the Greek lady whom I have already

named, to pay a visit to the harem of the Bey. A door opened from the hall of the Salemlick into a second, or inner garden, to which we descended by a flight of steps; and after having traversed a covered walk, we found ourselves at the entrance of the harem, where a black slave, with extremely long hair, plaited in numerous braids which were looped about her shoulders, preceded us to the gallery opening into the women's apartments; but, ere we had ascended the whole stair, we were met by the young wife of the Bey, who, taking my hand with the sweetest smile in the world, led me forward to her cool, pretty, English-looking parlour, where I found myself in the midst of chairs, sofas, and tables; and opposite to one of the loveliest women whom I had seen in the country.

The Bey followed us in the space of a few moments, and I could not refrain from expressing to him my admiration of his wife. She scarcely looked like an oriental woman, for her large black eyes, in lieu of the sleepy, dream-like expression so general in the East, were full of brightness and intelligence; and her dark hair, instead of being concealed beneath the painted handkerchief, or cut straight across her forehead, hung in graceful curls about her fair young brow, which was as pure and smooth as marble.

She was just eighteen, and neither dye nor

paint had ever sullied the purity of her complexion; while the faint tinge of red that relieved the snowy whiteness of her cheek, looked as though it nestled there almost unconsciously; and at times, as she conversed, it deepened into a blush that heightened the effect of her glowing beauty. Her dress, although of Turkish form, was partly of European arrangement; her purple silk vest was folded closely about her waist, and met beneath her long and graceful throat; her figure was beautiful; and the little foot that peeped out from under the black satin pantaloon, was covered by a stocking of snowy white. Her antery was of English bombazine, sprinkled with coloured flowers; she wore no henna on her hands; and when she had fastened the carnations which I presented to her, among her rich, dark hair, she was the very creature who would have inspired the gifted pencil of Pickersgill — so fair, so young, so exquisitely graceful, and so beautifully oriental.

I learnt without surprise that she belonged to one of the first families of Constantinople, and that she had received (for a Turkish female) an excellent education. She looked it all; and the books that were strown about her apartment, and the little inkstand that stood upon the table beside the chair on which she sat, appeared by no means displaced, even although I saw them in a Turkish harem.

The party was shortly augmented by the entrance of the Bey's mother, who led by the hand a sweet little girl of ten or eleven years of age, his daughter by a former marriage, whose mother died previously to his residence in England; and they were followed by his aunt and his young sister, a child of about the same age as his own.

I lingered for upwards of two hours in the harem, where coffee was served by the fair wife of the Bey, with a smiling graciousness that convinced me of my welcome; and when, on my departure, she accompanied me to the foot of the stairs, and assured me, according to the oriental custom, that the house and all that it contained were at my disposal, she coupled the ceremony with a request that I would come and see her again; and so earnestly was it expressed, that I did not hesitate to assure her of the pleasure which I should derive from a repetition of my visit.

How I longed to take her by the hand, and lead her forth from her pretty prison, to "witch the world" with her young beauty—but alas! the door of the Salemliek closed behind me; and as the Bey came forward to conduct me into the saloon where my father was waiting for me to take our leave, I lost sight of the fair and graceful Azimè Hanoum.

CHAPTER XII.

The Bosphorus in Summer—The Tower of Galata—Mosque of Topphannè—Summer Palace of the Grand Vizier—Seraï of the Princess Salihè—Seraïs and Salemliks—Palace of Azmè Sultane—Turkish Music—Token Flowers—Palace of the Princess Mihirmàh—The Hill of the Thousand Nightingales—Turkish, Greek, and Armenian Houses—Cleanliness of the Orientals—The Armenians—Cemetery of Isari—The Castle of Europe—Mahomet and the Greeks—Village of Mirgheun—The Haunted Chapel of St. Nicholas—Palace of Prince Calimachi—Imperial Jealousy—Death of Calimachi—The Bosphorus by Moonlight—Love of the Orientals for Flowers—Depth of the Channel—An Imperial Brig—Turkish Justice—Fortunes of the Turkish Fleet—Sudden Transitions—Influence of Russian Sophistry—The Sultan's Physicians—Naval Appointments—Rigid Discipline—The Penalty of Disobedience—The Death-Banquet—Tahir Pasha—Radical Remedy—Vice of the Turkish System of Government—Unkiar Skelessi—A Mill and a Manufactory—Pic Nics—Arabian Encampment—Bedouin Beauty—Poetical Locality.

NOTHING can be richer nor more various than the shores of the Bosphorus on a sunshiny day in summer; and many a delightful hour have I spent, in company with my father, in the contemplation of the glorious succession of pictures which they offer to the lover of the beautiful in nature. One delicious morning, when not a flitting cloud marred the clear lustre of the sky, when a gentle breeze murmured over the ripple, and the song

THE SERAGLIO POINT, from the HEIGHT of PERA.

Henry Colburn, 13 Gt Marlborough St. 1837

of the birds swelled cheerily upon the wind, we resolved to enjoy them to their fullest extent; and, as our caïque darted along the European coast, a thousand interesting objects presented themselves.

The tower of Galata, rife with memories of the days when the dreaded Janissaries ruled the destinies of the Empire, crowned the height, which, clothed with houses and with verdure, swept downward to the port. The spiral minarets of the Imperial mosque of Topp-hannè were flaunting their golden glories in the light; the sounds of busy life were on the wind; and the port once past, the wide artillery-ground, and the stately barrack were succeeded by the summer palace of the Grand Vèzir, standing proudly against the current, as though, like the Emperor of old, it dared the wave to overwhelm it. The wide sweep of hilly country, gradually closing, and becoming more lofty in the rear of the buildings that fringe the stream, was clothed with trees of every tint; from among which the many-coloured houses peeped forth in the most picturesque irregularity. Here and there a gleaming minaret shot upwards into the clear Heaven from amid a cluster of plum-coloured Judas trees laden with blossom, or a clump of limes filling the air with perfume; and leaving the dark spiral cypresses far beneath it; as the spirit, soaring above the earth, out-

travels the gloom and care from which it frees itself.

What a line of palaces stretched along the coast! And what a wilderness of gardens, climbing the steeps behind them, made the background of the picture no inapt representation of fairy-land; while at intervals a little bay formed a delicious nook occupied by country-houses, and terraced-coffee-shops, where the luxurious Osmanli smoked his pipe, and inhaled his tiny cup of mocha, amid sights and sounds to which the world can probably produce no parallel.

The stately serail of the Princess Salihè, and the modest palace of her less high-born husband, which is attached like an excrescence to the far-spreading edifice occupied by the harem of his Imperial partner, stands upon a spot where the stream widens, as if to reflect more perfectly the golden shores that hem it in.

There is something amusing enough to a foreigner in the one-sided dwellings of the Sultan's sons-in-law. Without the palace as well as within, they are constantly reminded of the superiority of their Imperial spouses. As they glide along in their gilded caïques, they pass the harem, with its tall doors of bronze, and golden lattices; its far-stretching terraces, and guarded avenues; and they arrive before the small landing-place which gives ingress to their own diminutive salemliek, with its single en-

trance, and its window draperies of white cotton.

You cannot pass the Palace of Azmè Sultane, the elder sister of the Sultan, without being saluted by the sounds of music. The ladies of her harem are many of them consummate musicians, according to Turkish ideas of harmony; and the tinkle of the zebec, the long notes of the violin, the ringing rattle of the tambourine, and a chorus of female voices, are so constantly sweeping over the water through the closed lattices, that your boatmen universally slacken their pace as they reach the Seraïl. Oriental music requires distance to mellow it: and when it floats along the water, as though it rose from the ocean caves; and you suffer your imagination to dwell upon the white arms which are tossed in air as the silver wheels of the elastic tambourine ring out; and the delicate fingers that press the strings, and the rich red lips and large dark eyes that lend new grace to the wild and bounding melodies of the country—you are almost ready to fancy for the moment, that Apollo must have first swept his lyre in a Turkish harem.

While you look fixedly towards the lattices, as though to search for the embodiment of your romantic fancies, you may discover proofs that the community is not one vowed to the rosary, though it may wear the veil. Here it is an orange

attached by a lock of hair to the outer frame of the small centre window of the trellice-work; there it is a marigold suspended by a red ribbon; while, partially concealed, and twined amid the minute squares of the jealous screen, you may perhaps discover a small cluster of roses.

This is the very land of practical romance!

An arrow's flight beyond the Palace of the elder Sultana, stands that of the Imperial bride of Saïd Pasha; a long, irregular, rose-coloured pile, pleasantly situated at the mouth of a lovely bay, whose shores are bright with groves and many-tinted villas; while in the distance, where the channel again narrows, the castles of Europe and Asia may be seen looming out against the pure blue of the sky. We loitered at this sweet spot for a brief space, and then, darting once more forward, soon arrived under the "Hill of the Thousand Nightingales." Rightly is it named, for the mid-day air was vocal with their melody, and the dense foliage of the forest trees quivered with their song; while, as the melancholy music came to us along the water, its sadness was deepened by the aspect of a few scattered tombs gleaming out amid the rank underwood. The variety of timber which clothed the eminence formed such varying shades of green; from the bright soft tint of the water-willow, whose flexile branches swayed in the breeze like silken streamers, to the tall, dark,

silent cypresses, that it was a study for a landscape painter.

Beyond this lovely hill, the shore is edged with Greek, Armenian, and Turkish houses; and here commences the *moral* interest of the locality. The dwellings of the raïahs are, when of any extent, almost universally painted of two different colours on the outside, in order to give them the appearance of separate tenements, and thus deceive the passers-by; while those of the Turks themselves are perfectly illustrative of the momentary condition of their owners.

The Osmanli is the creature of the present; he never falls back upon the past; he has no glorious memories to wile him from himself; every page of his history is shadowed over by some gloomy recollection—nor dare he dwell upon the future, for he is the subject of a despotic government: the proud Pasha of to-day may be headless, or at best houseless to-morrow; and hence, the premature decay of three-fourths of the Turkish dwellings.

When an individual becomes possessed of power, he buys or builds a residence suited to his brightened fortunes: he lavishes his revenue —why should he hoard it? it can only excite the cupidity of the Sultan, and accelerate his disgrace; or awaken the jealousy of his rivals, and insure his ruin. He makes his house gay without, and convenient within; but all its ac-

cessories are ephemeral — the paint which he spreads over the surface remains fresh for a year, and that suffices him. Perchance it may outlast his favour; should it not do so, it is no unpleasant task to renew it; and if it should, he contents himself with the weather-stained walls of a more golden season. Once in disgrace, he repairs only just sufficiently to defy the weather, and troubles himself no further. And thus, after you have been a few months in the country, and have studied in some degree the nature and habits of the people, you may give a shrewd guess as you ride along, at the past and present position of the owner of every edifice that fringes the Bosphorus.

The courtier has raised a pile which looks as though it had been finished only yesterday; the walls are so bright, and the lattices are so perfect—the blue ripple chafes against the marble steps that lead to the columned portico; and the feathery acacias nestle among their blossoming boughs, gilded kiosks, and lordly terraces.

The slighted favourite has still servants lounging about his door, and a stately landing-place beside which his caïque dances on the wave; but a shade has past over the picture: the summer sun and the winter wind have deadened the bright blue or the soft olive of the edifice, and here and there a slender bar

is rent away from the discoloured lattices. The fair forest trees still wave along the covered terrace, but the steps are grass-grown, and the flower-vases are overthrown — they might be replaced; but it is better policy to let them suffer with their master.

The dwelling of the exile is still more distinguishable. The shutters are hanging loose and beating in the wind; the broken casements no longer exclude the weather; the lattices are wrenched away; the terrace-wall is falling inch by inch into the wave; the rank grass is forcing its way through the crevices of the marble floor; the garden kiosks are roofless; and the green fresh boughs are flaunting in the sunshine, mocking the desolation which they dominate.

Fathers do not, in Turkey, build, or plant, or purchase for their sons—their fathers did it not for them — it would entail the probable loss of both principle and interest.

The Armenian houses are peculiarly remarkable for their cleanliness. All the inhabitants of Constantinople in decent circumstances are scrupulously nice on this point, but the Armenians exceed all others: every respectable dwelling being scoured throughout once a week with soap and water. I have already, in speaking of this people, alluded to their utter deficiency in sentiment and ambition: their lives are

frittered away in inconsequent details; and hence the attention and interest are bestowed on comparatively insignificant objects, which render them remarkable to strangers.

Another striking object on the coast is the romantic and beautiful little cemetery of Isari, situated immediately beneath the Castle of Europe, by which it is dominated as by the eagle-eïrie of some feudal Baron. Rocks, rudely flung together, and in their perpendicular ascent impervious to vegetation, sustain the foundations of the fortress; while around and among them snatches of kindlier earth are covered with dense rich underwood, from amid which tall graceful trees spring up, and overshadow the gilded marble of many a columned gravestone.

The Castle of Europe, standing immediately opposite to the valley occupied by the castle on the other coast, is built after a singular fancy. Tradition tells that Mahomet, from his Asiatic mountains, contemplated with envy the lovely shores of Europe; and that, unable to restrain his desire of possessing at least a speck of the fair landscape, he entreated permission of the Greeks to be allowed to build a small fortress as a landing-place, on their territory. The favour was granted, the materials collected, and the present Castle of Europe completed in six days; the ground-plan forming the characters of the Prophet's name.

Near the edge of the channel, a small arched door is pointed out to the curious, whence the Janissaries who had become obnoxious to the reigning Sultan, and whose especial prison it was, were ejected from the fortress after they had been bow-strung, in order to be flung into the Bosphorus; while, at the instant that the waters closed over them, a gun was fired from one of the towers, to intimate to the Imperial despot that justice had been done on his enemies.

This Castle, like the Fortresses of the Dardanelles, has been suffered to fall into partial decay, but an order was lately issued for their simultaneous restoration, and workmen are now busily employed in repairing the united ravages of time and neglect.

The little village of Mirgheun, about a mile higher up the channel, is one of the prettiest things on the Bosphorus. A long street, terminating at the water's edge, stretches far into the distance, its centre being occupied by a Moorish fountain of white marble, overshadowed by limes and acacias, beneath which are coffee terraces; constantly thronged with Turks, sitting gravely in groups upon low stools not more than half a foot from the ground, and occupied with their chibouks and mocha.

A short distance beyond Mirgheun the channel widens into a little bay, one of whose extremities

is occupied by a ruined house, standing in the midst of a garden. This house, which was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, is now the property of a Turk, but is never inhabited in consequence of a superstition so wild, and withal so fully credited by both Greeks and Musselmauns, that I must not pass it by unnoticed.

The chapel was desecrated during the Greek revolution; and taken possession of, under the Imperial sanction, by a Turk, who, hurling the effigy of the saint from the niche above the altar, converted the holy shrine into a dwelling-place for himself and his family; but on the very night on which he removed thither he was destined to pay the price of his sacrilege, for he was found in the morning dead in his bed; an event which so appalled his relatives that they immediately disposed of the house to a neighbour, whose only child fell a victim, in the same mysterious manner, to the vengeance of the outraged saint—a third purchaser lost his wife by the like means; and the spot became from that day the dread and horror of every True Believer; while it is an extraordinary fact that its Infidel owner sent for a Greek Papas to exorcise the evil spirit, or to conciliate the saint; and that a solemn sprinkling of holy water and chanting of hymns took place; but it is impossible to say with what success, as no tenant has subsequently been

found for the dwelling, which is rapidly crumbling to decay.

As you approach Therapia, you come upon a long stretch of wall, pierced in one regular line with small square windows, and looking exactly like an ill-kept manufactory; while the fine stone terrace that runs along its whole façade, and the thickly-planted shrubberies which clothe the hill behind it, have something so lordly and imposing in their aspect, that your attention is irresistibly attracted, and your curiosity awakened. Should your caïquejhes be Greeks, they will scarcely answer your inquiry without muttering an imprecation through their clenched teeth. It is the sorry remain of the palace of Prince Calimachi, seized by the Sultan in a fit of despotic jealousy, and converted into a stable for the Imperial stud, but so entirely disproportioned to its new office as to be perfectly useless —the extent being immense, and the number of the Sultan's horses extremely limited; it has consequently been abandoned to premature decay, and a noble object is thus blotted from the landscape, and degraded into a deformity.

The son of the Prince was Dragoman to the Porte when the seizure was made; but being a Greek, his court interest availed him nothing; his ideas were too magnificent, and he paid the forfeit of his luxury.

But the misfortunes of Prince Calimachi did

not end here. Exiled to Broussa, he endeavoured in the bosom of his family to lose the memory of his departed splendour; when he was one day invited to the palace of the Pasha to encounter him at chess, of which game both were passionately fond. Calimachi accepted the defiance with alacrity, for he knew not how dearly he was to pay the gratification. While he was deliberating on a move, the Pasha waved his hand, and in an instant the fatal cord was about the throat of his victim. The bereaved wife was next summoned; and though the dark ring of extravasated blood betrayed the deed which had been done, she was told that the Prince had expired from an attack of paralysis; nor did she dare to gainsay the falsehood; and thus she bore away the body of her murdered husband in the silence of despair.

The Sultan has a kiosk on the one hand, and a summer palace on the other, of this melancholy memorial of despotic power; but I was in no mood to admire either with such an object before me.

To be seen in all its beauty, the Bosphorus should be looked upon by moonlight. Then it is that the occupants of the spacious mansions which are mirrored in its waters, enjoy to the fullest perfection the magnificence of the scene around them. The glare of noonday reveals too broadly the features of the locality; while the deep, blue, star-studded sky, the pure moonlight,

and the holy quiet of evening, lend to it, on the contrary, a mysterious indistinctness which doubles its attraction. The inhabitants of the capital are conscious of this fact; and during the summer months, when they occupy their marine mansions, one of their greatest recreations is to seat themselves upon the seaward terraces, to watch the sparkling of the ripple, and to listen to the evening hymn of the seamen on board the Greek and Italian vessels; amused at intervals by a huge shoal of porpoises rolling past, gambolling in the moonlight, and plunging amid the waves with a sound like thunder: while afar off are the dark mountains of Asia casting their long dusky shadows far across the water, and the quivering summits of the tall trees on the edge of the channel sparkling like silver, and lending the last touch of loveliness to a landscape perhaps unparalleled in the world.

Shakspeare must have had a vision of the Bosphorus, when he wrote the garden scene in Romeo and Juliet!

All the Orientals idolize flowers. Every good house upon the border of the channel has a parterre, terraced off from the sea, of which you obtain glimpses through the latticed windows; and where the rose trees are trained into a thousand shapes of beauty — sometimes a line of arches rises all bloom and freshness above a favourite walk — sometimes the plants are

stretched round vases of red clay of the most classical formation, of which they preserve the shape—ranges of carnations, clumps of acacias, and bosquets of seringa, are common ; and the effect of these fair flowers, half shielded from observation, and overhung with forest trees, which are in profusion in every garden, is extremely agreeable.

Another peculiarity of the Bosphorus is the great depth of the water to the very edges of the channel. The terraces that hem it in are frequently injured by their contact with the shipping which, in a sudden lull of wind, or by some inadvertence on the part of the helmsman, "run foul" (to use a nautical expression) of the shore ; nor is it the terraces alone that suffer, for the houses whose upper stories project over the stream, which is almost universally the case where they are of any extent, are constantly sustaining injury from the same cause.

We had occupied our summer residence only two days, when an Imperial Brig in the Turkish service, in attempting a tack, thrust its bowsprit through the centre window of the magnificent saloon of an Armenian banker, with whose family we were acquainted. The master of the house, exasperated at the evident carelessness in which the accident had originated, rushed out upon the terrace to remonstrate, but his remonstrances were unheeded; and he

had scarcely re-entered the house when the Turkish captain, who was intoxicated, landed, and without ceremony passed into the outer court, accompanied by some of his crew; and, seizing the brother of the gentleman, and several of his servants, gave them a severe beating, and then quietly returned on board. The vessel was extricated after a time, carrying away with it nearly the whole front of the saloon, and a large portion of the roof; after which, the gallant commander again entered the house, and insisted upon conveying its master to Constantinople, there to expiate the sin of insolence to a Turkish officer. The Saraf, however, having business in the city, had already departed, and consequently escaped the inconvenience and insult destined for him.

Were I the Admiral of a Fleet charged with the conquest of a channel like that of the Bosphorus, I would employ none but Turkish sailors, who are never so much at home as when aground, or hung on to some building; they would literally carry the thing by assault. Their mighty ships of war do as they like, for they are constantly "touching," when they are supposed to be cruizing; and "aground" when the authorities at home believe them to be at sea.

Where did you meet the Admiral's schooner as you came from Malta? On shore off Tenedos. Where did you speak the frigate on your way

here? Aground at Gallipoli? These were the answers to two questions put by myself; and had I ventured twenty more I should probably have received similar replies.

Englishmen will probably, at the first glance, wonder why it should be thus; but it would be greater subject for astonishment were it otherwise. When a Field Marshal, by kissing the Sublime Toe, is translated at once into a Lord High Admiral; and the Colonel of a Cavalry regiment becomes by an equally simple process a manufacturer of Macaroni; and when each is called upon to teach that which he never learnt, and to command ere he has been taught how to obey; the effects of the system may be readily foreseen. Nevertheless, were the Turks permitted to employ even subordinate European officers in their army and navy, much of the evil might be obviated. But Russia is opposed to a measure which would give them a correct idea of their own physical strength—by weakening the *morale*, she enervates the whole system; while, by her happy art of consopiation, and her finished tact at glossing over effects, and inventing causes, she has taught them to believe themselves independent of extraneous aid, Heaven-inspired, and all-sufficient.

It signifies not how irrelevant the duties of any situation may be to his previous habits and talent, no Turk would hesitate to accept it

on that account, should the occasion of self-aggrandizement present itself; and he has two satisfactory reasons for acting thus — he must at least be as capable of fulfilling them as his predecessor, who was equally ill-fitted for the trust — and, should he refuse one good offer, he would probably never have a second. Thus reason the Osmanlis, and upon this conviction they act. Nor is Sultan Mahmoud one whit more difficult or quick-sighted on this point than his subjects; or more scrupulous as to the efficiency of those to whom he gives important appointments, than they are in accepting them; and a ludicrous example of this uncalculating facility occurred very lately, so perfectly in point that I cannot forbear to mention it.

His Highness had a favourite physician, to whom he had entrusted the superintendence of a public establishment, and who died suddenly at Scutari. When informed of his death, the Sultan was visibly affected: and in the first moment of regret he inquired anxiously if the deceased had left any family. He was answered that he had an only son, a clerk in the Greek Chancellery, whose situation was far from a lucrative one; and he immediately desired that the youth, who had not yet attained his twentieth year, should be appointed on the instant to his father's vacancy, and receive the same salary which had been enjoyed by his parent. He was obeyed;

and the spruce clerk at once became metamorphosed into the solemn physician, or something as near like it as he could accomplish.

By an arrangement not altogether so satisfactory, surgeons are supplied to the ships of war. When a medical man is required on board some vessel of the line, individuals appointed for the purpose walk into the first chemist's shop they may happen to pass, seize the master, carry him off, hurry him first into a caïque, and thence to the ship; appoint him surgeon, enter him on the books, acquaint him with the amount of his pay; and, should he venture to remonstrate, give him a sound flogging.

Nor are "the powers that be" at all more particular in their bearing towards the officers of the ships, whom they flog (the captains inclusive) whenever they chance to consider the operation desirable. On a late occasion, two of the frigates ran foul of each other in the Channel, upon which Tahir Pasha, the High Admiral, bestowed the bastinado so unsparingly upon their commanders, that the blood penetrated their garments; and they were subsequently flung into some den in the hold, and there left during three days, not only without attendance, but literally without food!

It may be asked what punishment can be inflicted on the crews, if such unceremonious measures are pursued with the officers; and as

one fact is better than a score of assertions, I will reply by relating another very recent occurrence, described to me by a Greek gentleman who was present during the whole transaction. The Capitan Pasha had a party of friends to dine with him on board his ship, who were about to seat themselves at table, when it was reported to him that one of the crew, in defiance of the order which forbade any individual to go on shore, had surreptitiously left the vessel.

"Let me know when he returns on board;" was the cold and careless rejoinder of the High Admiral, who had scarcely uttered the words, when the re-appearance of the delinquent was announced, after an absence of about ten minutes. He was ordered below to account for his conduct to the Pasha, whose very name is a terror to the whole fleet, when he stated that the following day being Friday (the Turkish Sabbath), he had ventured on shore to procure some clean linen, fearing the anger of the Admiral should he appear dirty.

"And was it for this trifle that you disobeyed my orders?" asked the Pasha; "I must take measures to prevent any future instance of the same misconduct—" and grasping an iron bar that served to secure one of the cabin windows, and which stood near him — without the pause of a moment—surrounded by his guests—

standing beside a table spread for a banquet and with his victim crouching at his feet — he struck the quailing wretch upon the head, and murdered him with a blow. The body fell heavily on the earth in the death-spasm; and the Admiral, addressing himself to an attendant, quietly ordered that the corpse should be removed, and the dinner served: but several of the party declined remaining after what they had witnessed, declaring their inability to partake of food at such a moment; these were, of course, Turks; for the Greek guests, although equally disgusted and heart-sick, were not at liberty to withdraw without danger; and the dead man was borne away, and the living feasted, with his death-groan still ringing in their ears, and his last fierce agony yet grappling at their hearts!

Tahir Pasha is a perfect embodiment of the vulgar idea of Turkish character which was so lately prevalent in Europe. He is the slave of his passions, and apparently without human affections or human sympathies. He lost his only son by his own violence, having beaten him so severely for quitting the house without his permission, that the unhappy young man died a day or two subsequently, in consequence of the injuries which he had sustained; and, instead of profiting by this awful occurrence, he afterwards murdered a nephew in the same manner.

And yet I have heard men, carried away

by party-spirit, and hoodwinked by prejudice, maintain that this fiend in human shape was not cruel; and bolster their opinions with a sophistry that made me shudder.

I inquired of an *attaché* of the Porte whether the Sultan was aware of the waste of life in his fleet, where a week seldom passes in which some luckless wretch does not fall a victim to the wrath of the High Admiral; and the coolness of the answer was inimitable: "What has His Highness to do with it?" "How!" I rejoined in my turn, "are they not his subjects?" "Of course; but Tahir Pasha commands the fleet; and, while he does so, he has a right to enforce its discipline as he thinks best. Why should the Sultan interfere?" "But such wholesale cruelty is so revolting." "Perhaps so; yet how can it be remedied?" "Were I the Sultan," I answered unhesitatingly, "I would decapitate the High Admiral; it would be a saving of human blood." The Turk laughed at my earnestness as he replied; "Mashallah! you have hit upon a radical remedy. But how would you secure the fleet against a second Tahir Pasha?"

He was right. The evil exists rather in the system than in the individual; but it is, nevertheless, a blessing for Turkey, that the equal of her High Admiral, for ruthlessness and cruelty, is probably not to be found in the country. And yet, to look at him, you would imagine that no

thought of violence, no impulse of revenge, had ever stirred his spirit; he has the head of an anchorite, and the brow of a saint. I never beheld a more benevolent countenance—Lavater would have been at fault with him.

One of the most pleasant excursions that can be made to the opposite coast, is to Unkiar Skelessi, or the Sultan's Pier; a sweet valley, under the shadow of the Giant's Mountain, in which the famous treaty was signed with Russia. It is profusely shaded with majestic trees, the largest in the neighbourhood, and is entirely covered with rich grass. The spot on which the ceremony took place is overhung with maples, and washed by a running stream: behind it rises a range of hills; and on its left stands an extensive manufactory of cloth, and a paper-mill, erected at an immense expense, and furnished with their elaborate machinery by the present Sultan, who caused an elegant kiosk to be erected upon the height for his own use, when he went to superintend the works, which were, however, abandoned as soon as the novelty had worn off. They are now falling rapidly to ruin; and the noble run of water which was forced from its channel to turn the wheels of the mill, is wasting itself in an useless course across the valley, ere it is finally lost in the Bosphorus.

This lovely spot is much frequented on festival

days by all classes of the population, who form pic-nic parties, and spend hours under the shade of the tall trees, sipping their coffee and sherbet; or occupying the different terraces which overlook the Bosphorus, with regular pleasure-parties, whose servants come well provided with provisions, and who linger throughout the whole day, enjoying the cool breezes from the sea, and the long shadows of the boughs beneath which they sit.

Higher up the valley, you generally meet with an encampment of Bedouin Arabs, where you are almost certain to see two or three faces of dark flashing beauty, which repay you for the annoyance that you experience from the importunity of the troop of children who assail you directly you approach the tents; little, ragged, merry-looking, vociferous urchins, of whom you cannot rid yourself either by bribes or menaces. These dark, proud beauties—for they are proud-looking, even amid their tatters, with their large, wild, black eyes, and their long raven hair plaited in many braids, which fall upon their shoulders, and hang below their waists; their round, smooth arms bare to the elbow, whence the large, hanging sleeves fall back; and their well-turned little feet peeping out from beneath their ample trowsers; these dark, proud beauties greet you with a smile, and a "Mashallah!" that introduce you to teeth like pearls, and

voices like music; and as they sit, weaving their baskets for the market of Constantinople, they extend towards you their slender, henna-tipped fingers, and ask your piastres, without taking the trouble to rise, rather as a tribute to their loveliness, than as an offering to their necessities.

To escape from the importunities of the children, whom the sight of the tempting metal renders only more importunate, you have but to plunge deeper into the valley, and lose yourself among the majestic plane trees with which it abounds. The nightingale alone disturbs the deep silence of the solitude, save when at intervals the lowing of the cattle on the mountain sweeps along upon the wind.

It was here that De Lille wrote his "Pleasures of Imagination."—It was here that De la Martine improvised to the memory of his daughter; the soil is poetic.

CHAPTER XIII.

Facts and Fictions — Female Execution at Constantinople—Crime of the Condemned—Tale of the Merchant's Wife—The Call to Prayer—The Discovery — The Mother and Son — The Hiding-Place — The Capture—The Trial—A Night Scene in the Harem—The Morrow—Mercifulness of the Turks towards their Women.

A VAST deal of very romantic and affecting sentiment has been from time to time committed to paper, on the subject of the Turkish females drowned in the Bosphorus; and some tale-writers have even gone so far as to describe, in the character of witnesses, the extreme beauty and the heart-rending tears of the victims.

The subject is assuredly one which lends itself to florid phrases and highly wrought periods; but it is unfortunate that in this case, as in many others, the imagination far outruns the fact. I say unfortunate, because those readers who love to "sup full of horrors," when they have wept over the affecting image of beauty struggling against the grasp of the executioner, and dark eyes looking reproach upon their murderer from amid the deep waters which

are so soon to quench their light for ever, do not like to descend to the sober assurance that none of these things can be; and that the veracious chroniclers who have excited their sensibilities, and misled their reason, have only built up a pathetic sketch upon inference, and in reality know nothing at all about the matter.

There is no romance in one of these frightful executions—all is harsh unmitigated horror! The victim may, or may not, be young and beautiful; her executioners have no opportunity of judging. She may be the impersonation of grace, and they must remain equally ignorant of the fact; for she has neither power nor opportunity to excite sympathy, were she the loveliest houri who ever escaped from the paradise of Mahomet.

I have a friend, a man in place and power, who, during the time of the Janissaries, and but a few months previous to the annihilation of their body, had been detained in the Palace of one of the Ministers until three hours past midnight; and who, on passing across the deep bay near the Castle of Europe, was startled by perceiving two caïques bearing lights, lying upon their oars in the centre of the stream. His curiosity being excited, he desired his boatmen to pull towards them, when at the instant that he came alongside, he discovered that they were filled by police officers; and at the same

moment, a female closely shrouded in a yashmac, and with the mouth of a sack, into which her whole body had been thrust, tied about her throat, was lifted in the arms of two men from the bottom of the furthest caïque, and flung into the deep waters of the bay. As no weight had been appended to the sack, the miserable woman almost instantly re-appeared upon the surface, when she was beaten down by the oars of the boatmen; and this ruthless and revolting ceremony was repeated several times ere the body finally sank.

My friend, heartsick at the spectacle to which he had so unexpectedly become a witness, demanded of the principal officer, by whom he had been instantly recognized, the crime of the wretched victim who had just perished; and learnt that she was the wife of a Janissary whom the Sultan had caused to be strangled some weeks previously; and who, in her anguish at the fate of her husband, had since rashly permitted herself to speak in terms of hatred and disgust of the government by whose agency she had been widowed.

On that fatal morning she had paid the price of her indiscretion.

The ministers of death lingered yet awhile to convince themselves that the body would not reappear; and my friend lingered also from a feeling which he could not explain even to him-

self. The dawn was just breaking in the sky, and streaks of faint yellow were traced above the crests of the dark mountains of the Asian coast. One long ray of light touched the summits of the tall cypresses above the grave-yard of Isari, and revealed the castellated outline of the topmost tower of the Janissaries' prison: there was not a breath of wind to scatter the ripple; and all around looked so calm and peaceful, that he could scarcely persuade himself that he had just looked on death, when the deep voices of the men in the caïques beside him, as they once more plunged their oars into the stream, and prepared to depart, aroused him from his reverie; and, motioning to his boatmen to proceed, he found himself ere long on the terrace of his own palace.

While I am on the subject of executions, I may as well relate "an o'er true tale," communicated to me by the same individual. Nearly four years have elapsed since the occurrence took place, but it is so characteristic of Turkish manners, that it will not be misplaced here.

An eminent merchant of Stamboul, extremely wealthy, and considerably past the middle age, became the husband of a very young and lovely woman. As Turkish females never see the individuals whom they marry previously to the ceremony, but are chosen by some matronly relation of the person who finds it expedient to bestow

himself on a wife, and who, having seen and approved the lady, arranges all preliminaries with her parents; so it may well be imagined that the bride is frequently far from congratulating herself on her change of position; and such, as it would appear from the result, was the case with the young wife to whom I have just referred, and who was destined to become the heroine of a frightful tragedy.

Two years passed over Fatma Hanoum, and she became the mother of a son; but her heart was not with its father, and, unhappily for the weak victim of passion and disappointment, it had found a resting-place elsewhere.

The merchant's house was situated near a mosque, from the gallery of whose minaret all the windows of the harem were overlooked. The sun was setting on a glorious summer evening, when the Imaum ascended to this gallery, to utter the shrill cry of the muezzin which summons the faithful to prayer. Ere he commenced the invocation, he chanced to glance downwards, and he started as he beheld a man, clinging to a shawl which had been flung from above, and making his way into the harem of the merchant through an open window. Nor was this all, for the quick and jealous eye of the Imaum at once assured him that the delinquent was a Greek—that the wife of a Musselmaun had stooped to accept the love of a Christian—and he well

knew that, in such a case, there was no mercy for the culprit.

The Imaum was a stern man; for one moment only he wavered; and during that moment he raised the ample turban from his brow, and suffered the cool evening breeze to breathe lovingly upon his temples: in the next, he bent over the gallery and spat upon the earth, as he murmured to himself, "The dog of an Infidel,"—May his father's grave be defiled!—May his mother eat dirt!"—and having so testified his contempt and abhorrence of the ill-fated lover, he lifted his gaze to the clear sky, and the ringing cry pealed out:—

"La Allah, illa Allah! Muhammed Resoul Allah!"

His duty done, the Imaum descended the dark and narrow stair of the minaret, and left the mosque; and in another instant he had put off his slippers at the entrance of the salemlick, and stood before the sofa, at the upper end of which sat the merchant smoking his chibouk of jasmine wood, and attended by two slaves.

The Turks are not fond husbands, but they are jealous ones. They are watchful of their women, not because they love them, but because they are anxious for their own honour; and no instance can be adduced in which an Osmanli is wilfully blind to the errors of his wife.

Here "the offence was rank, it smelt to

Heaven." The young and beautiful Fatma Hanoum had wronged him with a Greek! The gray-bearded merchant, trembling between rage and grief, rose from his seat and rushed into the harem—The tale was true—for one moment the aged and outraged husband looked upon the young and handsome lover; and in the next the agile Greek had flung up the lattice, and sprung from the open window. Ere long the house was filled with the relatives of the wife, and its spacious apartments were loud with anguish and invective; but Fatma Hanoum answered neither to the sobbing of grief, nor to the reproach of scorn; she sat doubled up upon her cushions, with her eyes riveted on the casement by which her lover had escaped.

The merchant, stung to the heart by the stain that had been cast upon his honour; embittered in spirit by the knowledge that it was a Christian by whom he had been wronged; and not altogether forgetful, it may be, of the grace and beauty of the mother of his child, sat moodily apart; and all the reasonings and beseechings of his wife's anxious family only wrung from him the cold and unyielding answer that he would never see her more.

And the heretic lover, where was he?

Like an arrow shot by a strong arm, he had sped to the home of his widowed mother, and had hurriedly imparted to her the fearful jeo-

pardy in which he stood. There was not a moment to be lost; and, hastily snatching up some food that had been prepared for his evening meal, he flung himself upon the neck of his weeping parent; and then, disengaging himself from her clinging arms, rushed from the house, no one knew whither.

But the Imaum, meanwhile, was not idle. He had aroused the neighbourhood—he had raised the cry of sacrilege—he had bruited abroad the dishonour of the Moslem—and ere long a Turkish guard was on the track of the young Greek. But no trace of him could be discovered; and the fair and frail Hanoum was removed to the harem of one of her husband's relatives, where her every look and action were subjected to the most rigorous observance, before the faintest hope had been entertained of securing her miserable lover.

Three wretched days were past, and on the morning of the fourth the pangs of hunger became too mighty for the youth to support. He stole from his concealment, he looked around him, and he was alone! He ventured a few paces forward; rich fruits were pendent from the branches of the tall trees beneath which he moved, and he seized them with avidity; but, as he raised his hand a second time to the laden boughs, he heard near him the deep breathing of one who wept — He glared to-

wards the spot whence the sound came, and his heart melted within him—it was his mother —the guardian of his youth — the friend of his manhood—the mourner over his blighted hopes. He rushed towards her—he murmured her name —and for a moment the parent and the child forgot all save each other! It was the watchful love of the mother which first awoke to fear: and in a few seconds the secret of her son was confided to her, and she was comparatively happy. She could steal to his hiding-place at midnight; she could ensure him against hunger; she could hear his voice, and convince herself that he yet lived; and with this conviction she hurried from his side, and bade him wait patiently yet a few hours, when she would bring him food.

The young Greek stole back to his hiding-place, and slept—The sleep of the wretched is heavy—slow to come, and weighed down with wild and bitter dreams; and thus slumbered the criminal. The night was yet dark when he awoke, and heard footsteps, and then he doubted not that his watchful parent was indeed come to solace the moments of his trembling solitude. Had he paused an instant, and afforded time for the perfect waking of all his senses, he would have discovered at once that the sounds of many feet were on the earth; but he had already passed several days without cause of alarm, and his

past safety betrayed him into a false feeling of security.

The unhappy youth had not wandered beyond the spacious gardens of his home, which, rising the height behind the house, were divided into terraces, along whose whole extent had been placed avenues of orange and lemon trees, planted in immense vases of red clay. Several of these, in which the plants had failed or perished, had been reversed to protect them from the weather; and one of them, dragged in the first paroxysm of terror to the mouth of an exhausted well, had served to screen the culprit from the gaze of his pursuers. But on this night, when by some extraordinary fatality, he forgot for an instant the caution which had hitherto been his protection, he clambered to the mouth of the pit as he heard the coming footsteps, and, pushing aside the vase, sprang out upon the path.

The moonlight fell on him as he emerged from his concealment, pale, and haggard; his dark locks dank with the heavy atmosphere of his hiding-place, and his frame weakened by exhaustion. As he gained his feet and looked around him, his arms fell listlessly at his sides, and his head drooped upon his breast—He had no longer either strength or energy to wrestle with his fate; and he put his hands into the grasp of the armed men among whom he stood, and suffered himself to be led away from the

home of his boyhood, and the clasp of his shrieking mother, with the docility of a child.

The trial followed close upon the discovery of the lover. There was no hope for the wretched pair! Against them appeared the Imaum, stern, uncompromising, and circumstantial — the outraged husband, wrought to madness by the memory of his dishonour; and callous as marble — the faith which had been disgraced — society which had been scandalized. For them there were none to plead, save the grey-haired and widowed mother who wept and knelt to save her only son; but who asked his life in mercy, and not in justice. Did their youth sue for them? Did the soft loveliness of the guilty wife, or the manly beauty of the lover, raise them up advocates? Alas! these were their direst condemnation; and thus it only remained for them to die!

It was at this period that my friend, the ———, first became connected with the affair. The family of the condemned woman, knowing his influence with the government, flung themselves at his feet, and implored his interference. They expatiated on the beauty of the misguided Fatima — on the personal qualifications of him by whose love she had fallen — they left no theme untouched; and he became deeply interested in her fate, and resolved that while a hope remained he would not abandon her cause. But

he was fated to plead in vain; the crime had increased in the country; every Turkish breast heaved high with indignation; my friend urged, supplicated, and besought unheeded; and at length found himself unable to adduce another argument in her behalf.

When reluctantly convinced of the fact, he discovered that through his exertions to save her life, his feelings had become so deeply enthralled by the idea of the miserable woman, that he resolved to endeavour to see her ere she died; and he was startled by the ready acquiescence that followed his request, as well as by the terms in which it was couched. "We shall visit her at midnight, to acquaint her officially with the result of the trial;" was the answer; "and should you think proper you may accompany us; for you will have no future opportunity of indulging your curiosity."

Under these circumstances he did not hesitate; and a few minutes before midnight he was at the door of the harem in which she had resided since her removal from her husband's house. The officers of justice followed almost immediately: and it struck him as they passed the threshold, that they were in greater number than so simple an errand appeared to exact; but as he instantly remembered that others might feel the same curiosity as himself, and profit by the same means of gratifying it, he did not dwell upon the circumstance.

All was hushed in the harem; and the fall of their unslippered feet awoke no echo on the matted floors. One solitary slave awaited them at the head of the stairs, and he moved slowly before the party with a small lamp in his hand, to the apartment of the condemned woman.

She was sleeping when they entered —Her cheek was pillowed upon her arm; and a quantity of rich dark hair which had escaped from beneath the painted handkerchief that was twisted about her head, lay scattered over the pillow. She was deadly pale, but her eyebrows and the long silken lashes which fringed her closed eyes were intensely black, and relieved the pallor of her complexion; while her fine and delicate features completed as lovely a face as ever the gaze of man had lingered on. At times a shuddering spasm contracted for an instant the muscles of her countenance — the terrors of the day had tinged her midnight dreams: and at times she smiled a fleeting smile, which was succeeded by a sigh, as if, even in sleep, the memory of past happiness was clouded by a pang.

But her slumber was not destined to be of long continuance; for the principal individual of the party, suddenly bending over her, grasped her arm, and exclaimed, "Wake, Fatma, wake; we have tidings for you!"

The unhappy woman started, and looked up;

and then hurriedly concealing her face in the coverlets, she gasped out, "Mashallàh! What means this? What would you with me that you steal thus upon me in the night? Am I not a Turkish woman? And am I not uncovered?"

"Fear nothing, Hanoum;" pursued the official; "we have tidings for you which we would not delay."

"God is great!" shrieked the guilty one, raising herself upon her pillows. "You have pardoned him—"

But the generous, self-forgetting prophecy was false. In the energy of her sudden hope she had sprang into a sitting posture; and ere the words had left her lips, the fatal bowstring was about her throat.

It was the horror of a moment—Two of the executioners flung themselves upon her, and held her down — a couple more grasped her hands — a heavy knee pressed down her heaving chest — there was a low gurgling sound, hushed as soon as it was heard — a frightful spasm which almost hurled the strong men from above the convulsed frame — and all was over!

At day-dawn on the morrow, the young Greek was led from his prison. For several days he had refused food, and he was scarcely able to drag his fainting limbs along the uneven streets. Two men supported him, and at

length he reached the termination of his painful pilgrimage. For a moment he stood rooted to the earth; he gasped for breath—he tore away his turban—and clenched his hands until the blood sprang beneath the nails. She whom he had loved was before him—her once fair face was swollen and livid, and exposed to the profane gaze of a countless multitude. She was before him—and the handkerchief from which she was suspended, beside the spot marked out for himself, was one which he had given her in an hour of passion, when they looked not to perish thus!

I have pursued the tale until I am heart-sick, and can follow it up no further. Yet, revolting as it is, it nevertheless affords a proof of that which I have already adduced elsewhere; that even in their severity the Turks are merciful to their women; and carefully shield them from the shame, even when they cannot exempt them from the suffering, of their own vices.

CHAPTER XIV.

Political Position of the Turks—Religion of the Osmaulis—Absence of *Vice among the Lower Orders*—*Defect of Turkish Character*—European *Supineness*—*Policy of Russia*—England and France—A Turkish *Comment on England*—*The Government and the People*—Common Virtue—Great Men—Turks of the Provinces—European Misconceptions.

THE more I see of the Turks, the more I am led to regret their melancholy political position. Enabled, by the introductions which I had secured, to look more closely into their actual condition from the commencement of my sojourn among them, than falls to the lot of most travellers, I have been compelled from day to day to admit the justice of their indignation against those European powers, which, after deluding them with promises that they have failed to fulfil, and pledges that they have falsified, have reduced them to anchor their hopes, and to fasten their trust, upon a government whose interests can be served only by the ruin of the Ottoman Empire, and the subjugation of its liberties. Take them for all in all, there pro-

bably exist no people upon earth more worthy of national prosperity than the great mass of the Turkish population ; nor better qualified, alike by nature and by social feeling, to earn it for themselves.

The Osmanli is unostentatiously religious. He makes the great principles of his belief the rule of his conduct, and refers every thing to a higher power than that of man. I am aware that it is the fashion to decry the creed of the Turk, and to place it almost on a level with paganism : but surely this is an error unworthy of the nineteenth century, and of the liberality of Englishmen. The practice of a religion which enforces the necessity of prayer and charity—which is tolerant of all opposing modes of worship—and which enjoins universal brotherhood, can scarcely be contemptible. And while the Christian, enlightened on the great truths that are hidden from the Mahomeddan, is compelled to pity the darkness of a faith which admits not the light of the Gospel, he must nevertheless admire the votary who, acting according to his ideas of duty, follows up the injunctions of his religion with a devout zeal, and an unwearied observance that influence all his social relations ; and this is a merit which even their enemies have never, I believe, denied to the Turks.

From this great first principle emanates the philosophy both of feeling and action that dis-

tinguishes the Osmanli from the native of all other countries; and this philosophy renders him comparatively inaccessible to those petty, but myriad excitements of selfishness and political bigotry which keep the more active and ambitious spirit of European society for ever on the *qui vive*. I am by no means prepared to deny, that from this very quality arises the extreme intellectual and moral inertness which induces the Turks to rely more on extraneous assistance than on their own efforts, in all cases of emergency: I am merely endeavouring to prove that they possess within themselves the necessary elements of social order, and national prosperity.

The absence of all glaring vices, even among the lowest ranks of the community; save indeed such as they have inherited from their more civilized allies, and appropriated with the same awkwardness as they have done their costume, speaks volumes for the Turkish people. A Turk never games, never fights, never blasphemes; is guiltless of murder; is innocent of theft; and has yet to learn that poverty is a crime, or even a reproach; or that the rich man can shut his doors against the mendicant who asks to share his meal.

Were I desired to point out the most glaring defect of the Turkish character, I should unhesitatingly specify the want of sincerity and good

faith. I am obliged to concede that the Turk is habitually false—that he sacrifices his truth to fine phrases, and to set terms—that he is profuse of promises, and magnificent in words. But it is nevertheless certain that he himself looks upon all these splendid pledges as mere compliment; and scarcely appears to reflect that a Frank may be induced to lend to them a more weighty meaning. I had not been long in the country ere I learnt to estimate all this hyperbole at its just value; and once having done so, I found reason to feel grateful for many unexpected and unsought courtesies. Profit by the first kindly impulses of a Turk, and you will be his debtor; but trust nothing to his memory, for he will fail you.

Let not individual bad faith, however, be too harshly blamed in a people who have suffered so severely as the Turks from the same vice, in their best and dearest interests; on the part, not only of individuals, but of nations—of those civilized and enlightened nations, to which they looked alike for precept and example; and which they have found wanting.

Naturally haughty and self-centered, the Osmanli placed his honour and his liberty in the hands of his European allies. They were pledged to preserve both — and it was not until the Banner of the Crescent was trailing in the dust; and a half-barbarous power bearding the Sultan

in his very halls of state, that the unwelcome truth burst upon him that his trust had been misplaced. The discovery was made too late—made when he had no alternative—the supineness of the Turk was no match for the subtlety of the Russian; it was a combat unequal in all its bearings; and dangerous to the Osmanli in all its relations. The natural result followed: Turkey was bowed beneath a force too mighty for her to resist; the partial civilization of the North produced its effect on the comparative barbarism of the East; and the Turk, dazzled and deluded, bewildered by the speciousness of a policy that he could not fathom, and consequently did not suspect; abandoned by the European powers on whose assistance he had relied; and unable singly either to resist the covert threats, or to reject the proffered friendship of this voluntary ally, fell into the snare which had been laid for him, and betrayed his want of internal strength to his most dangerous enemy.

The policy of Russia has been as steady and consistent as it is ambitious. What a prophet was the Empress Catherine! How perfectly she foretold the fate of Turkey. While all the other nations have suffered their interest in the Ottoman Empire to evaporate in words, and have flaunted their oratory in the eye of day, Russia has never betrayed herself by studied phrases to the crowd; but like the giant in the fable,

she has drawn on her seven-league boots, and strode silently over land and sea to her object. She has set all her engines to work; and they have wrought well. She has spared neither gold nor flattery. She has enlisted in her favour all the social feelings of the Turks. And the little presents of the Empress to the children of certain popular Pashas; and the embroidery said to have been wrought by her own Imperial hand, and sent to the ladies of their harems, are as efficacious in their way as the diamonds, the horses, and the carriages presented to the Sultan; or the pensions paid to half a dozen influential individuals of the court.

Alas for Turkey! Her relative position with her specious ally resembles that of a huge animal in the coil of a Boa Constrictor, which must be smoothed down gently and gradually, ere it can be safely gorged. Its fate is but protracted; the moment of ingurgitation will come at last; and when the serpent-folds are uncoiled, and the sated monster lies luxuriously down to digest its prey, those who have looked on, and pledged themselves to the impossibility of the feat, will find too late that it is not only perfectly practicable, but actually accomplished.

And yet France has her countless soldiery — and England her unrivalled navy—both eager to earn new glory. England and France, on whom the Osmanlis leaned with a perfect faith, and

by both of whom they have been abandoned—Where is the chivalry of the one, and the philanthropy of the other?

A Turk of high rank and considerable abilities; who had an understanding to observe, and a heart to feel the position of his country, was one day conversing with me on her foreign political relations, when he exclaimed with a sudden burst of unaffected energy:—"France has failed us, it is true; but France has been at least comparatively honest in her supineness. She has never affected a wish to become the foster-mother of the world—But England—England, Madam, which has boasted of her universal philanthropy—which has knocked away the fetters of millions of the blacks—England, not contented while among her Nobles, in her House of Commons, and even at the very meetings of her lower classes, she was making a vaunt of her all-embracing love, and of her sympathy with the oppressed—not contented with seeing Poland weep tears of blood, and only cease to exist when the last nerves of her heart had been wrung asunder—Your own happy England; secure in her prosperity and in her power, is now standing tamely by, while the vast Ottoman Empire—the gorgeous East, which seems to have been made for glory and for greatness—is trampled by a power like Russia! She might have saved us—She might save us yet—Where

is her gallant navy? Where are her floating fortresses? But, above all, where is the heart which has so many hands to work its will?—Is it the expence of a war from which she shrinks? Surely her policy is not so shallow; for she cannot require to be told how deeply her commercial interests must be compromised by the success of Russia.—But I will not pursue so painful a subject.—As individuals we respect the English; but their political character is lost in the East—we have no longer faith in England."

These were not, at all events, the arguments of a "barbarian:" and the more closely and unprejudicedly that Europeans permit themselves to examine the Turkish character, the more they will find that justice has never yet been done to it; and that Turkey merits their support as fully by her moral attributes, as by her geographical position.

It is not by her Nobles, by her Ministers, nor by her Government, that she should be judged—Her court and her people are as distinct as though they were of two different nations. They have, however, one common virtue, which is carried to an extent that must be witnessed by the natives of the West, ere it can be understood. Every one who has visited Turkey will perceive at once that I allude to their unbounded hospitality. The table of the greatest man in Constantinople is open to the poorest, whenever he

chooses to avail himself of it. As he salutes the master of the house on entering, he is received with the simple word *Bouroum* — You are welcome,—and he takes his place without further ceremony. In the villages the same beautiful principle remains unaltered; and it signifies not how little an individual may have to give, he always gives it cheerfully, and as a matter of course; without appearing conscious that he is exercising a virtue, practised scantily and reservedly in more civilized countries.

If a Turk wishes to shew a courtesy to his guest, or to a stranger with whom he may have accidentally come in contact, he does so in a manner which revolts the more refined ideas of a Frank; but which is nevertheless induced by this same feeling of brotherhood and fellowship. His chibouk is his greatest luxury; and when he is not engaged in an employment that renders the indulgence difficult or impossible, it is for ever between his lips: and his first act of friendliness is to withdraw it thence, and offer it to his companion.—He estimates its enjoyment, and he immediately wishes to communicate it. These are perhaps slight traits — details that appear unimportant—but human character is composed of details—fine shades, which however faint in themselves, are nevertheless necessary to the perfect effect of the whole. It is easy to seize a prominent object. Glaring vices and striking

virtues force themselves upon the notice; and are consequently ever the ready subject of comment. And it is from this fact that the Turks have suffered in European estimation. They are singularly unobtrusive in their social relations: they do not seek to exhibit their moral attributes; and they practice daily those domestic virtues which grow out of the tolerance and kindliness of their nature without troubling themselves to consider whether they do so at moments when they may become subject of comment. Thus it is that they have never been supposed to feel, or feeling to encourage, those minute but multitudinous social courtesies, which, if each amount not in itself to a positive virtue, at least is part and parcel of one, and lends itself to the completion of an aggregate that well deserves the name.

Those who have only made an acquaintance with the Turkish character in the persons of the great men of the Capital, have not possessed the means of witnessing the daily practice of these endearing qualities. It is not among the haughty, the selfish, and the ambitious of any nation, that the bland and beautiful features of human nature can be contemplated. Nothing atrophises the heart like luxury—nothing deadens the feelings like the strife and struggle for power:—and in the East, where a man's fortune is ever built up upon the ruin of his neighbour, and where he

springs into his seat with his foot upon the neck of a worsted rival, it were worse than folly to expect that the social virtues can be encouraged and exhibited among the great. But the Turk of the provinces is a being of a different order: a creature of calm temperament, and philosophic content; who labours in his vocation with a placid brow and a quiet heart; who honours his mother, protects his wife, and idolizes his children; is just in his dealings, sober in his habits, and unpretendingly pious; and whose board and hearth are alike free to those who desire to share them.

Such, if I have read them aright, (and, above all, if I may rely on the judgment of unbiassed and impartial individuals, more competent than myself to form a correct estimate of their general character) are the great mass of the Turkish people. Their defective government is the incubus that weighs them down; while the luxurious habits of their nobles induce extortion which withers their exertions, and in a great degree negatives the benefit of their industry. But these are evils which are not beyond remedy; "the schoolmaster" who has been so long abroad in Europe, has already given hints of travelling to the far East; and there are now several individuals connected with the Ottoman Government who comprehend the vice of the system, and are anxious to eradicate the

mischief. The outcry of corruption and venality has been raised, and the correctness of the implication has been admitted; while few have discovered that attempts are already making to overcome the long-standing reproach; and all must acknowledge that this Sisyphus-like task will require time and patience, and moreover opportunity and encouragement, to secure its completion.

It is not, I repeat, by the members of a government, driven to unworthy acts on the one hand, and deceived by smiling sophistries on the other, that the people of Turkey should be estimated; and it is comparatively unfortunate for them as a nation, that it is precisely upon these persons that the attention is first fixed. The natural consequence ensues, that, where Europeans, rather glancing at the country than seeing it, possess neither time, opportunity, nor it may be even inclination, to look deeper; they carry away with them an erroneous impression of the mass, as unjust as it is unfortunate; an impression which they propagate at home, and in which they become strengthened by the very repetition of their own assertions; nor is it difficult to account in this way for the very erroneous, contradictory, and absurd notions, entertained in Europe on the subject of the Turks. Individuals have been cited as examples of a body, with which they probably possessed not

one common feature, save that of country; and the vices that were seared into the spirit of one degenerate Osmanli have, by the heedless chroniclers who may have suffered from his delinquencies, been branded on the brow of a whole nation; as though the stream which had polluted itself for an instant by its passage over some impure substance, had power to taint the source from whence it flowed.

CHAPTER XV.

Death in a Princely Harem—The Fair Georgian — Distinction of Circassian and Georgian Beauty — The Saloon — Sentiment of the Harem—Courteous Reception—Domestic Economy of the Establishment—The Young Circassian—Emin Bey—Singular Custom of the Turks—The Buyuk Hanoum—The Female Dwarf—*Naïveté* of the Turkish Ladies—The Forbidden Door—The Sultan's Chamber—The Female Renegade — Penalty of Apostacy — Musical Ceremony — Frank Ladies and True Believers—A Turkish Luncheon—Devlehäi Hanoum—Old Wives *versus* Young Ones—The Parting Gift—The Araba — The Public Walk—Fondness of the Orientals for Fine Scenery—The Oak Wood.

The illness and subsequent death of the Buyuk Hanoum had long delayed the visit which I had been requested to make to the harem of the Reiss Effendi, or Minister for Foreign Affairs; and it may be remembered that this was the lady to whom I alluded in a former portion of my work, as having failed to find favour in the eyes of the Sultan on the occasion of the Princess Salihè's marriage; and whom he had been graciously pleased to excuse from all further attendance at court, in favour of a fair Georgian, whom he had himself provided as her successor. The aged Minister had received with all proper gratitude the gift of his Imperial master; and had not failed to make the

lovely slave his wife with all possible speed. And the anticipation of seeing this far-famed beauty added no little to the desire which I felt to avail myself of the very kind and flattering invitation of the family.

Having, therefore, suffered a sufficient time to elapse after the death of the Buyuk Hanoum to testify my sympathy for her loss, I prepared for this long-promised visit, and made it in company with some Greek ladies, friends of my own, and well known in the harem of the Minister. On passing the Salemliek I was much disappointed by the discovery that the Reiss Effendi himself was from home; but on reaching the harem we were more fortunate, and having delivered our cloaks, veils, and shoes to a group of slaves who received us in the marble entrance-hall, we followed one who led the way up a noble flight of stairs to a vast saloon; and in the next instant I found myself standing beside Devlehäi Hanoum, the beautiful Georgian.

And she *was* beautiful—magnificent!—Tall, and dark, and queenly in her proud loveliness; with such a form as is not looked on above half a dozen times during a long life.

The character of Georgian beauty is perfectly dissimilar from that of Circassia; it is more stately and dazzling; the whole of its attributes are different. With the Circassian you find the clearest and fairest skin, the most delicately-

rounded limbs, the softest, sleepiest expression — the lowest voice — and the most indolently-graceful movements. There is no soul in a Circassian beauty; and as she pillows her pure, pale cheek upon her small dimpled hand, you feel no inclination to arouse her into exertion— you are contented to look upon her, and to contemplate her loveliness. But the Georgian is a creature of another stamp: with eyes like meteors, and teeth almost as dazzling as her eyes. Her mouth does not wear the sweet and unceasing smile of her less vivacious rival, but the proud expression that sits upon her finely arched lips accords so well with her stately form, and her high, calm brow, that you do not seek to change its character.

There is a revelation of intellect, an air of majesty, about the Georgian women, which seems so utterly at variance with their condition, that you involuntarily ask yourself if they can indeed ever be slaves; and you have some difficulty in admitting the fact, even to your own reason.

Nearly all the ladies of the Princess Azmè's household are Georgians: and I have already had occasion to remark that her harem is celebrated for the beauty of its fair inhabitants.

But Devlehäi Hanoum left every individual of the Imperial Seraï of Ortakeuÿ immeasurably behind her. And as she welcomed us without

rising from her sofa, I felt, woman though I was, as though I could have knelt in homage to such surpassing loveliness!

The sofa on which she was seated, occupied the deep bay of a window overlooking the Bosphorus, at the upper end of a saloon which terminated in a flight of steps leading upwards to a second apartment, that, in its turn, afforded similar access to a third: and this long perspective was bounded by the distant view of a vine-o'ercanopied kiosk, beneath which a fine fountain of white marble was flinging its cool waters on the air, from the midst of clustering vases, filled with rare and beautiful flowering plants.

Groups of slaves were standing about the sofa; and gilded cages, filled with birds, were arranged in its immediate vicinity. I was much amused by a superb parrot, evidently the favourite of the harem, which had become so imbued with its high-bred tranquillity, as to speak almost in a whisper: and which kept up a perpetual murmur of such phrases as the following: "My heart! — My life! — My Sultan, the light of my eyes! — Am I pretty? — Do you love to look upon me?" and similar sentimentalities.

Devlehäi Hanoum was dressed in an antery of white silk, embroidered all over with groups of flowers in pale green; her salva, or trowsers, were of satin of the Stuart tartan, and her jacket,

light blue; the gauze that composed her chemisette was almost impalpable, and the cachemire about her waist was of a rich crimson. Her hair, of which several tresses had been allowed to escape from beneath the embroidered handkerchief, was as black as the plumage of a raven; and her complexion was a clear, transparent brown. But the great charm of the beautiful Georgian was her figure. I never beheld any thing more lovely; to the smoothly-moulded graces of eighteen she joined the majesty and stateliness of middle life; and you forgot as you looked upon her, that she had ever been bought at a price, to remember only that she was the wife of one of the great officers of the Empire.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of her welcome, except, perhaps, its gracefulness; and the charming smile with which she told me how anxious were the Buyuk Hanoum, herself, and Conjefèm Hanoum, to testify by every means in their power, the delight they felt in having me for a guest. For a moment I was bewildered; I had made no inquiries relatively to the domestic economy of the harem previous to my visit, and had imagined that, as a matter of course, the lovely Georgian had become Buyuk Hanoum by the death of the children's mother. But this was far from being the case; the Pasha having married in early life a Constantinopolitan lady of high family,

who had retained her supremacy in the harem, although the affections of the Reiss Effendi had been transferred to the parent of his sons. The fair Georgian proving also childless, the fortunate mother had never forfeited her hold upon his heart, and had continued until the hour of her death to be the first object of his favour. But my astonishment did not end even here; for, when all this had been explained to me, another question yet remained to be answered: — Who was Conjefèm Hanoum?

Conjefèm Hanoum, who was in the bath when we arrived, was a beautiful young Circassian, who had been purchased twelve months previously by the Minister, in the excess of his disappointment that the Georgian did not make him a father; and whom, in the first rush of his delight on discovering that she was likely to become a mother, he had also married. Unfortunately for her, the child died in the hour of its birth, and once more the anxious husband found himself disappointed in his hopes.

These domestic details, which were given with a *sang froid* and composure evincing how little the heart of Devlehäi Hanoum was interested in the recital, were succeeded by coffee, which was served with great ceremony by about a dozen slaves; the salver being overlaid with gold tissue, as on occasions of state. A stroll in the garden followed, where we wandered up

and down the shady walks, among the flowers and fountains; and where we encountered the three sons of the Minister.

Emin Bey, the elder of the brothers, was barely eleven years of age; and had I not seen him, I should never have been able to picture to myself any thing at all like the object on which I then looked. So extraordinary and unwieldy a being as this unhappy boy I never before met with: and I am moderate in declaring that he must have measured at least two yards round the body. His jacket of Broussa silk striped with gold, lay in large folds about his shoulders and waist; his head appeared to have been attached to his chest without the intervention of a throat; his hands, his feet, all were proportionably bulky; and when I looked at the unfortunate child, I could not help thinking how much he was to be pitied, despite the rank and riches which surrounded him. The younger boys were fine, noble-looking youths, without the slightest tendency to corpulency; but Emin Bey is the favourite of the Minister, who gratifies his every whim; and from the extreme amiability of his disposition, he is generally popular in the harem.

The sons of Turkish families always inhabit the women's apartments until they marry; when, however young they may be, they are immediately shut out; but, by an extraordinary

and apparently inexplicable arrangement, they are not permitted, as soon as they have ceased to be children, to intrude themselves on the Buyuk Hanoum without her express permission, although they have free access to every other apartment in the harem. Thus Emin Bey, unless summoned by her express desire, could not visit the elder wife of his father, a venerable old person of at least seventy years of age, although he was constantly in the society of the two younger and lovelier ladies; while the other boys, yet mere children, came and went as they listed, unchidden and almost unnoticed.

As soon as the Buyuk Hanoum had left the bath, we were invited to her apartment; and as I looked from the withered and feeble woman who lay stretched on the sofa before me, propped with cushions, glittering with diamonds, and busied with her chibouk, to the stately and gorgeous Georgian in all the glow of her proud youth, I had difficulty in believing that they could indeed be the wives of one man!

When I had returned her salutation, and seated myself beside her, I had time to look round upon the arrangement of her apartment. On a cushion near her sofa crouched a frightful female dwarf, old, and wrinkled, and mis-shapen, with a Sycorax expression of face that made me shudder; and immediately beside her sat Devlehäi Hanoum, in a high-backed chair of crimson

velvet and gilding, looking like the haughty mother of Vathek with one of her attendant spirits grovelling at her feet. A line of female slaves extended from the sofa to the door, and several others were grouped at the lower end of the saloon, which was most magnificently fitted up.

The never-failing hospitality of the East prompted the first question of the venerable hostess. She inquired if I had been satisfied with my reception; and assured me of the gratification she derived from seeing me in the Palace of her husband: she then thanked me for the careful toilette which I had made to visit her, and in the most courtly manner admired every thing that I wore. The usual extraordinary queries ensued:—Was I married? Had I ever been affianced? Did I intend to marry? Could I embroider? How old was I? Which was the prettiest, Stamboul or London?—and many others of the like kind; but they were all put so good-humouredly, and so perfectly as a matter of course, that it was impossible not to be amused, although I had answered them a dozen times before.

There is a great charm in the graceful *naïveté* of a well-born Turkish lady. She tells you directly what she thinks of you, without harbouring an idea that even truth may sometimes prove unpalatable. If you do not please her,

you are never left in doubt upon the subject; while if, on the contrary, she considers you well-looking or agreeable, she lavishes on you the most endearing epithets, and always terminates her address by imploring you to love her. From the moment that you find yourself beneath her roof, you are as completely unfettered as though you were in your own house. Are you hungry? In five minutes, by merely desiring the first slave with whom you come in contact to bring you food, you may seat yourself at table. Are you weary? Select the sofa you prefer, surround yourself with cushions, and should you wish to remain undisturbed, close the door of the apartment; and when you are refreshed, you will be greeted on your re-appearance with a second smile of welcome. If you are restless, you may wander over the whole house; there is neither indiscretion nor impertinence in so doing. In short, from the first instant of your domestication in a Turkish family, it is your own fault if you are not as much at your ease as your hostess herself.

On quitting the apartment of the Buyuk Hanoum, which was oppressive from its closed windows and the extreme heat of the weather, we strolled all over the Palace, which is very extensive, and splendid in its arrangements. One room only was closed against us. It was that in which the mother of the Pasha's children

had breathed her last; and into which he had desired every article, however trifling, of her personal property, to be removed and locked up, until he causes them to be disposed of by public sale, and the proceeds secured to her sons.

Turning away from this forbidden door, we proceeded to an apartment in which the Sultan passed a night about three years ago, and which has only just been re-opened, at his express desire, for the use of the family. The Imperial bedstead yet remains, but the golden hangings have been removed, and have probably since figured in anterys and salvas on the fair forms of the ladies of the harem. The room is now appropriated to the master of the house; and on a sofa-cushion lay his watch, his handmirror, and a small agate box containing opium pills.

Having understood that there was a young Greek girl on the establishment, who had been induced, by the representations of interested and treacherous advisers, to embrace Mohamedanism, I expressed a wish to see her, when she was immediately summoned; but made her appearance with great reluctance, being evidently most heartily ashamed of her apostacy.

She told us that she was very unhappy; for, although she was treated with great kindness, she could not reconcile herself to the sin which

she had committed; and that, had she been left to her own free will, she never should have thought of taking such a step. A few weeks only had elapsed since she had become a Turk, but she already felt that, although no taunt was uttered by her companions, they never lost sight of the fact of her being a renegade; and, had she not known the penalty which must be paid, she declared that she should at once have uttered her second recantation.

Well might she pause as she remembered it; for that penalty is death! When once a Christian female has been induced to utter the simple prayer which is the only necessary ceremony—the few brief words which declare that "There is but ONE GOD, and Mahomet is the Prophet of GOD"—she is a Mahomeddan; and, should she afterwards repent her apostacy, and resolve on returning to the bosom of the Christian Church, and her determination become suspected before she has time or opportunity to escape from the power of the Turks, the waters of the Bosphorus terminate at once her project and her life.

Nor is a male renegade placed in a more secure position. The Mahomeddans tolerate no offfalling from their faith. They are bound by their law twice during their lives to *invite* a Christian to embrace the religion of the Prophet; but they never outrun the spirit of

their instructions: they simply suggest the conversion, and use no endeavour to enforce it; while, on the other hand, they permit no apostacy—death is the instant penalty for the bare idea. Few Missionaries, however talented, or however zealous, ever made a Turkish convert—and no renegade Christian, unless by some rare chance he succeeded in escaping at the critical moment ere his resolution became suspected, ever survived the intention.

As the Buyuk Hanoum had been particular in her injunctions that every attention should be paid to me; all the musical clocks and watches throughout the Palace (and they were not few,) were put into requisition, and the orchestra, completed by a very harsh barrel-organ, awoke into discord by the fair hands of Devlehäi Hanoum. This confusion of sweet sounds is one of the highest courtesies which can be exhibited in the Harem: and it was quite laughable to stroll through the long galleries, and to escape from the Sultan's March on the left hand, to find yourself in the midst of the Barcarole in Massaniello on the right; and, leaving both behind you, to catch a fine cadence of *Di Piacer*, as you were beginning to imagine that all was over.

Having at length reached a spacious saloon, whose cool-looking white sofas occupied recesses in each of which a window afforded the hope of a little air, I not only threw up the sash but the

jalousies also, to the great terror of a couple of slaves who were looking on. Seeing their alarm, I explained to them that they were not compelled to approach the forbidden opening, but they still continued in such a state of anxiety that I begged them to explain what troubled them: whereupon the elder of the two, a plain, clumsy-looking woman of five or six and thirty, and as unattractive a person as can well be imagined, told me that, as the Buyuk Hanoum loved me so much, she could not bear to see me commit so heinous a sin. I requested to know in what my transgression consisted, when she exclaimed with great energy: — "Suppose a Turk passing under the window should look up, and love you, would you become a Musselmaun, and marry him?"

"Certainly not."

"Imagine then the sin for which you will be accountable, if you continue seated in front of that open casement. Some unhappy True Believer will look upon you—he will desire to have you for his wife—and when you continue deaf to his passion, he will grow sick, keep his bed, and probably die; and how will you be able to appear in Paradise with such a sin upon your soul?"

I have related this little anecdote, because it proves two distinct facts; first, that the Turkish women thoroughly believe that a happy immortality awaits them, if they do not forfeit it,

by their own misdeeds; and that they are moreover tolerant enough to consider it sure that even the Giaours, who have no share in the mysteries of Mahomet, have nevertheless the same hope.

I put an end to the generous fears of the woman by telling her that such an occurrence could not take place with the Frank females, who did not possess sufficient attraction to peril the peace of a True Believer, and that this was the reason they walked about unveiled; while the great beauty of the fair Turks had rendered it incumbent on the Prophet to make them cover their faces, in order to prevent such misfortunes to his followers as that to which she had just alluded; and she was so well satisfied with my explanation that she suffered me to remain peacefully in my corner, breathed upon by the cool air which swept over the Bosphorus, only taking extreme care to remain at such a distance from the window herself, as to ensure the heart-ease of every worthy and susceptible Musselmaun who might chance to pass that way.

From this pleasant position we were summoned to an apartment in which refreshments had been provided for us; and as we had expressed no inclination to eat, these consisted only of fruits, conserves, and similar trifles. Pyramids of pears and grapes; saucers of olives and cream-cheese; vases of preserves; and dishes

of cucumber neatly arranged, and cut into minute portions, formed the staple of the repast; and were interspersed with goblets of rose-scented sherbet. To myself alone another luxury was added, in the shape of a small cake of extremely delicate bread, made for the exclusive use of the Minister.

The fair Georgian could by no means be persuaded to seat herself at table; and although the apartment was filled with attendants, she persisted in waiting upon me herself; and during a considerable time found amusement in decorating my hair with bunches of small pears, which had been gathered with great care, in order to preserve the leaves that grew about them.

While we were thus agreeably employed, Conjefèm Hanoum entered from the bath. She was a fair, languishing beauty of sixteen, exquisitely dressed, and extremely fascinating; with a slight expression of melancholy about her, that seemed as much the effect of a quiet coquetry as the result of her natural temperament.

When our primitive repast was concluded, the beautiful Georgian inquired of my friends whether they could suggest any thing likely to give me pleasure which it was in her power to offer. As the day was lovely, and the sun beginning to decline, we availed ourselves of

her politeness, and decided on a drive, when the carriage was immediately ordered, amid the regrets of the two younger ladies that they could not accompany us, which from their not having previously obtained the permission of the Pasha, it was impossible for them to do. Had the Buyuk Hanoum desired to be of the party, she would have been at perfect liberty to indulge the inclination, as from her advanced age no cause for jealousy could possibly exist on the part of the husband; but the other wives were too young and too pretty to be trusted to their own discretion by a worthy old gentleman of nearly four score; and they were consequently compelled, much to their annoyance, to see us depart alone.

When we had taken leave of the Buyuk Hanoum in her apartment, where she still lay pillowed upon her cushions; and that I had promised to avail myself of her earnest invitation that I would repeat my visit; we returned to the great centre saloon where the other ladies awaited us, surrounded by a crowd of slaves, one of whom carried upon a salver a pile of embroidered handkerchiefs, worked by the fair fingers of the two younger Hanoums, with gold thread and coloured silks. This gift, which had been prepared for me, was accompanied by a thousand kindly comments. I was desired to examine one piece of needlework, and to remark

that I carried away with me the heart of the donor—upon another I was told that I should find a bouquet of flowers, and discover that they had presented me with the portrait which they should retain of me in their own memories; and I at length bade them farewell, amid a thousand admonitions neither to forget nor to neglect the promise that I had made to renew my visit.

The araba awaited us in the court of the palace, and ere long we were all comfortably established in a roomy and commodious waggon, (for that is the correct name of the carriage) drawn by two oxen blazing with gilt foil and spangles; upon a mattress of crimson shag, embroidered and fringed with gold, amid cushions of similar material, and beneath a canopy of purple decorated in the same rich style. Two attendants, in the livery of the Minister, ran beside the carriage; and, although our progress, from the nature of the animals who drew us, was not so rapid as many travellers might desire, we nevertheless contrived to spend a couple of delicious hours in driving up and down a public walk, overshadowed with fine old oaks, beneath whose gnarled and far-spreading boughs parties of shade-loving individuals had spread their mats, and were smoking their pipes, or eating their pic-nic dinners, within reach of a fine fountain and a commodious coffee-kiosk; and in the full enjoyment of as glorious a view as ever taught

the eye of man to linger lovingly on the fair face of nature.

Assuredly no race of men ever enjoyed a beautiful country more thoroughly than the Orientals. Every pretty spot is sure to be discovered, and appropriated on each occasion of festival. Those who can possess themselves of commanding points, and who have the means of doing so, build kiosks, and plant vineyards about them, amid which they spend the long summer day; while the poorer classes carry their mats and their pipes to their favourite nooks; and enjoy, if not as exclusively, at least as heartily, as their more fortunate neighbours, the bright prospect and the balmy air.

The Turk, especially, finds his happiness in this most simple and most natural of all pleasures. Hour after hour he will sit with his chibouk between his lips, gazing about him unweariedly, and communing with his own thoughts in all the peacefulness and luxury engendered by the beauty of the locality; and the exterior appearance of his dwelling is never considered, if he can contrive an angle, or throw out a bay, which will enable him to command a striking feature in the landscape, or a longer stretch of the lake-like Bosphorus.

On the present occasion the oak-wood was dotted all over with little groups of holyday-makers. Children ran in and out among the

trees, making the breeze glad with laughter; the oxen which had been unyoked from the different carriages, were browsing on the young leaves; merry voices called to each other from amid the underwood; the fountain was surrounded by servants; the coffee-kiosk thronged with guests; and the scene was altogether so lively, so cool, and so delightful, that it was not without regret that we ultimately drove down to the shore, where our caïque awaited us, and found ourselves once more gliding smoothly and swiftly over the sunny waters of the channel.

CHAPTER XVI.

Military Festival — Turkish Ladies — Female Curiosity — Eastern Coquetry — A Few Words on the Turkish *Fèz*—The Imperial Horse-Guards — Disaffection of the Imperial Guard — False Alarms—The Procession—The Troops at Pera — Imitative Talent of the Turks — Disappointment.

HAVING accidentally rowed down to Pera in order to visit some friends, a week or two after the presentation of the Sultan's portrait to the Imperial Guard at Scutari, we were startled on arriving at Dolma Batchè to see the shore lined with the caïques and barges of the Pashas, and the principal Officers of the Fleet; and the heights covered with military. Such being the case, we landed at the pier below the palace, and I addressed myself to a group of Turkish ladies who had established themselves very comfortably under the shade of a fine plane tree, to ascertain the cause of so much unusual parade.

Women assuredly have some freemasonry by which they contrive to be intelligible to each other, for it is certain that, with barely half a dozen sentences of the language, I have fre-

quently kept up something that bordered upon a conversation; and on the present occasion, by a judicious use of my very limited knowledge, and considerable gesticulation, I made the persons to whom I put the question perfectly comprehend its import. The reply commenced by an invitation to avail myself of part of their carpet, which, as it was easy to see both by their appearance and attendance, that they were highly respectable, I did not hesitate to do; and they then informed me that the Sultan was to pass in an hour, in state, to present his portrait to the Artillery, at their barracks in the Great Cemetery.

In five minutes my new acquaintance had confided to me that they were sisters, and that a sweet little girl who sat between them was the only child of the younger one, and would be immensely rich; and had, in turn, inquired my country, and my relationship to my father, who stood aloof, lest he should annoy them; but whom they forthwith invited into the shade by the usual title given to all Franks: — "Gel, Capitan, Gel—Come, Captain, come"—while the daughter of the eldest lady, a pale, slight, dark-eyed houri, who was perfectly conscious of her extreme beauty, played off a thousand little coquettish airs to attract his attention. First she let the lower portion of her yashmac fall, to discover the prettiest mouth in the world; with,

what is very unusual among the Turkish females, a fine set of teeth, which she displayed in a laugh of affected embarrassment at her awkwardness; and then, in her great haste to remedy the misfortune, she contrived to throw back her feridjhe, and disclose a throat and arms as dazzling as mountain snow; and a pair of delicate little hands, of which the nails were deeply stained with henna. I had seen several yashmacs adjusted in the harem, but I had never yet met with one which required so much arranging as this; and the young Hanoum was so persevering, and kept up such a soft little murmur of Turkish ejaculations, that I had time to take an excellent lesson in the difficult art of veiling.

And all this within ten paces of one of the sentinels, who stood leaning cross-legged against the stock of his musket, according to the most approved system of Turkish discipline; and who did not interfere to remove the Frank strangers from the vicinity of the women, although a couple of years ago it would have perhaps subjected my father to temporary imprisonment, and certainly to insult.

As we had already had sufficient experience of the slight attention which His Sublime Highness ever paid to time on public occasions, we felt no inclination to spend half the morning under a tree on the edge of a dusty road; and, having ascertained by the line of sentinels, that

the procession would pass the Military College; we accordingly made a parting salutation to our new friends, and plunged once more into the hot sunshine.

As we ascended the hill we came upon a squadron of the Imperial Guard, who were to form a portion of the shew, and who were lying comfortably in the dust, some asleep, and others nearly so; while the horses were huddled together in groups in the centre of the road? This was a portion of the corps which I mentioned in my account of the marriage festivities of the Princess Mihirmâh, and they certainly were considerably more like soldiers at a distance, than when seen thus on our very path.

Nothing requires more management than a *fèz*. It may be so arranged as to form even a becoming head-dress; but wo betide the unlucky wight who pulls it on until he is *fèzed* over head and ears! As worn by the Turkish soldiers, it were impossible to conceive any thing more hideous; generally nearly black, and always more or less greasy; some fling it down into their necks, where it forms a deep fold, others drag it over their eye-brows, and others again bury their whole heads in it, till it takes the form of the skull, and looks like a red clay basin. I need not expatiate on the appearance of their white overalls, even on such an occasion as the present, because I have already stated that

the wearers were lying about in the dust; and it were equally supererogatory to do more than allude to the effect of a lancer jacket of coarse cloth, braided with yellow cord, nine times out of ten a misfit.

The horses were in excellent keeping with their riders, and presented a beautiful independence of accoutrement. Some had blue saddle-cloths, and some had brown ones; some scarlet, and some white; some had European saddles, and some Tartar—some had holsters, (many of them, by the by, to my great amusement, charged with cucumbers, of which the Turks are extremely fond) and some were without. Their lances looked as though they had dropped down among them by mistake, their points were so glittering, and their crimson pennons so fresh and bright, for a Turkish soldier is always careful of his arms. They do not carry these graceful weapons like our own Lancers, although they are similarly provided with slings, but grasp the pole in the Russian fashion.

We were curious to witness the bearing of the Sultan on this occasion, as on the presentation of his portrait at Scutari, a portion of the Imperial Guard had murmured openly against so glaring an infringement of their law, which forbids literally the likeness of any human being to be taken; whereas this had, moreover, been carried with great pomp, and saluted after the same fashion as would have been the august

personage whom it represented. "We are be coming Giaours—Infidels,"—was the complaint — "The Franks are turning the head of the Sultan, and he will soon be as they are."

The first intimation of this disaffection on the part of the troops which reached the inhabitants of the capital, was the appearance of bodies floating in the Bosphorus; and the fact that a Greek captain, who had moored his vessel in the current, found it clogged in an incomprehensible manner; and, on employing half a dozen men to remove the evil, discovered that it was choaked with corpses!

After so decided a manifestation of the sentiments of the soldiery, it was a courageous act of the Sultan to venture thus immediately on a repetition of the offence; and the rather that a portion of the troops are composed of the sons of the Janissaries, who cannot be supposed to entertain the most favourable feelings towards the destroyer of their fathers; and who would naturally embrace so favourable an opportunity of spreading their own hate, as that which permitted them to enforce their expressions of disgust with the name of the Prophet, and the authority of their religion.

As it was uncertain whether His Highness might not descend at the College, as he had done on a previous occasion, three temporary steps covered with scarlet cloth had been pre-

pared for him to descend from his horse; and a carpet laid down from thence to the apartment of Azmè Bey, where a handsomely-embroidered, and elaborately-cushioned sofa had been arranged for his reception. In this room we took up our position, near a window that commanded the long stretch of road, by which the procession was to advance; and we had calculated justly on the procrastination of the Sultan, for we waited nearly four hours ere the *cortège* was actually in motion. "The cry was still 'they come!'" and during all that time they came not. There were two or three false alarms. The drums beat off at the Palace, and were answered by those on the heights, and at the College; the gallant cavalry gathered themselves up out of the dust, and mounted their horses: the Bey turned out his guard, and all in vain. There was a mistake somewhere; and consequently the cavalry dismounted, and lay down again to finish their sleep; and the young Colonel turned in the guard; and we drank another glass of sherbet, and tried to think that we were not at all out of patience; in which attempt, I, at least, was very unsuccessful.

At length the moment came, and the distant sounds of a military band announced the approach of the procession. The unfortunate Guardsmen sprang to their saddles for the fourth time, and formed in double file; in which order

they moved forward at a foot's pace. They were succeeded by the Military Staff of the Army, and the Field Officers of the different regiments; the Majors rode first, and were followed by the superior ranks in regular succession, until the gorgeous train of Pashas brought up the rear. The Pashas were succeeded by about thirty musicians: and then followed a detachment of Infantry marching in double files, between whose ranks moved the open carriage of the Sultan, drawn by four fine grey horses, each led by a groom; and bearing the portrait of His Highness carefully enveloped in green baize. Saïd Pasha, the Sultan's son-in-law, preceded the carriage, dressed in a Hussar uniform, and mounted on a noble Arabian; and it was followed by the Seraskier and Halil Pasha riding abreast; succeeded by a squadron of cavalry.

But where, then, was the Sultan?

Alas! for our high-flown expectations — He had reviewed five thousand men in the course of the morning on the heights above the Palace, after which he had started off for the Valley of Kahaitchana, in an open carriage and four; leaving his portrait to the care of the Pashas.

We reached Pera amid the firing of cannon, the pealing of musketry, and the beating of drums; and just in time to see the whole of the troops march through to their respective barracks; which they did six deep, and in very

tolerable style— a circumstance rendered the more astonishing by the fact that many of them had their shoes literally tied upon their feet!

It was impossible not to be struck by a conviction of the perseverance and adoptive powers of the Turks, on seeing this body of men; who, although labouring under all the disadvantages of slovenly dress and defective instruction, had, nevertheless, in a few years succeeded in presenting an appearance of European discipline. Self-taught—for the Turks have been deterred from exerting that which their own good sense led them to feel would be the most efficient mean of speedily attaining the perfection at which they aimed; that is, of profiting by the instructions of foreigners; they have, amid all the difficulties of their position, succeeded in proving that their imitative talents are very considerable; and the jealous policy of Russia has only tended to demonstrate to those who have had an opportunity of comparing the present state of the Turkish army with that in which it was but three years ago, that the Osmanlis have every inclination to avail themselves of the opportunities that are afforded to them of studying the institutions of other nations; where their efforts are not frustrated by political considerations.

Recent events have, in some degree, weakened the Muscovite influence at the Sublime

Porte; and European Officers have lately arrived in Constantinople who, should they be permitted to act, will probably soon convert the "material" of the Turkish Army into available troops, calculated to do honour alike to their country, to their instructors, and to their Emperor. The docility of the Turkish soldier is admirable; and his desire of improvement so unwearying that it is a common occurrence for him to spend his hours of relaxation in perfecting himself, as far as his own knowledge enables him to do so, in the management of his firelock; while the care and time which he bestows upon the arm itself, is visible at once from the lustre of its bright barrel, and the cleanliness of its whole appearance.

But to return to the troops at Pera. The officers were only distinguishable by their arms, being as heavily laden as the men, with a knapsack, a mess tin, a cloak, and a prayer-carpet; and the different corps were attended by numerous water-carriers, with small leathern cisterns under their arms, and clay drinking-bowls suspended from a strap about their waists.

After traversing Pera, the several regiments filed off in different directions; and the faubourg resumed its accustomed tranquillity. The interest of the pageant had however been greatly lessened by the absence of the Sultan, who should have been its "head and front;" and I only

reconciled myself to the disappointment by engaging to join a party who were to spend the following Friday at the Asiatic Sweet Waters, where preparations were making to receive the Sovereign of one of the most gorgeous Empires of the earth — the Monarch of a million designations!

CHAPTER XVII.

Turkish Ladies "At Home" — The Asiatic Sweet Waters — Holy Ground—The Glen of the Valley—Hand Mirrors—Holyday Groups — Courtesy of the Oriental Females to Strangers — The Beautiful Devotee—The Pasha's Wife—A Guard of Honour—Change of Scene —The Fortress of Mahomet—Amiability of the Turkish Character.

THE traveller who desires to see the Turkish women really "at home," should visit the beautiful valley of Guiuk-Suy, the Sweet Waters of Asia, on a Friday during the hot months. This lovely spot, shut in on three sides by lofty hills covered with vegetation, is open to the Bosphorus immediately opposite to the Castle of Europe, the prison of the Janissaries, where the branch-embowered river which gives its name to the locality, (literally "chest-water") runs rippling into the sunlighted channel.

The transition is delicious, as, shooting round an abrupt point of land, gay with its painted palace and leafy garden, you glide into the

deep shadows of the little river, whose fringe of trees throws a twilight softness over the water, and mirrors itself in the calm ripple. Beneath the boughs rise, as is usual on every spot of peace and beauty, the columned headstones of many a departed Mussulmaun; while the birds, screened from the noonday heats, are ever pouring forth their glad song in all the gushing joyousness of conscious security.

Your boatmen, refreshed by the grateful coolness of the locality, speedily bring you to an open bridge; which, spanning the river at its narrowest point, unites the secluded valley, in which the holyday-keeping crowd are wont to assemble during the noon-tide sunshine, with the more open space on which they congregate towards the evening, to profit by the waters of a superb fountain of white marble, richly adorned with arabesques; and to inhale the fresh breeze that sweeps over the Bosphorus.

The stretch of turf on which the ladies spread their carpets, drive their arabas, and spend the long summer morning, is screened from the river by a small space thickly wooded, and appropriated to the men; who smoke their chibouks, and enjoy their sherbet and water-melons, far from the gossipry of their more voluble helpmeets. Passing through this "holy ground," you come at once upon the lovely nook, which, surrounded on all sides by trees, and thronged

with company, affords one of the prettiest *coup-d'œils* in the world.

PART OF THE VALLEY OF GUIUK-SUY.

Here the Sultanas move slowly along over the smooth turf, the vizors of their oxen flashing with foil and plate glass, and the deep golden edges of their araba-awnings glittering in the sunshine; while they lean on their silken cushions, with their yashmacs less carefully arranged than on ordinary occasions. Here the gilded carriage of the Pasha's Harem, with its gaily tasselled draperies, and its gaudily caparisoned horses, rolls rapidly over the yielding verdure; while the veiled beauty within screens her pure, pale loveliness with a fan of feathers, which serves at once to amuse her idleness, and to display the fairy-like hand that grasps its ivory handle, with the priceless gems which glitter on

the slender fingers, and the taper wrist. Here, the wives of the Bey, the Effendi, and the Emir spread their Persian carpets, and their crimson rugs; and, while the elder ladies remove the fold of muslin which veils the lower portion of their faces, and indulge themselves in the luxury of the *kadeun-chibouk*, or woman's pipe; the younger of the party find amusement no less engrossing, in the re-arrangement of their head-dresses with the assistance of a hand-mirror, (the constant travelling companion of a Turkish female), which is held by a slave who kneels at the edge of the carpet.

These hand-mirrors are the prettiest toys imaginable; and the taste displayed in their decoration, as well as the expensive materials of which they are frequently composed, prove their great importance in the eyes of an Oriental beauty. One of these indispensable playthings is constantly beside her in the harem; every latticed araba has four of them panelled into the gilding of its interior, in which she may see her charms reflected during her drive; and no Turkish lady would ever undertake the three hours' voyage from Buyukdèrè to Stamboul, without carrying along with her the beloved *ainali*.

Some of these mirrors, which are universally of a circular form, and generally provided with a handle of the same material as the setting,

and similarly ornamented; are mounted in a frame of richly chased gold or silver, studded with precious stones; but these, as I need scarcely remark, are to be seen only in the Imperial Seraïs, or in the palaces of the most wealthy among the nobles. Others are of coloured velvets, wrought with seed-pearls in the most delicate patterns, or worked with gold, which the Turks do to perfection. Nor are the meaner classes without their *ainalis*, framed in wood, gaudily painted, and frequently most minute in size.

The Valley of Guiuk-Suy, thronged as I have attempted to describe it, presents a scene essentially Oriental in its character. The crimson-covered carriages moving along beneath the trees — the white-veiled groups scattered over the fresh turf — the constant motion of the attendant slaves — the quaintly-dressed venders of *mohalibè* and *sèkèl* (or sweetmeats) moving rapidly from point to point with their plateaux upon their heads, furnished with a raised shelf, on which the crystal or china plates destined to serve for the one, and the pink and yellow glories of the other, are temptingly displayed — the *yahourt*-merchant, with his yoke upon his shoulder, and his swinging trays covered with little brown clay basins, showing forth the creamy whiteness of his merchandize—the vagrant exhibitors of dancing bears and grinning monkeys

— the sunburnt Greek, with his large, flapping hat of Leghorn straw, and Frank costume, hurrying along from group to group with his pails of ice; and recommending his delicate and perishable luxury in as many languages as he is likely to earn piastres — the never-failing water-carrier, with his large turban, his graceful jar of red earth, and his crystal goblet — the negroes of the higher harems, laden with carpets, chibouks, and refreshments for their mistresses — the fruit-vènders, with their ruddy peaches, their clusters of purple grapes from Smyrna, their pyramidically piled filberts, and their rich plums, clothed in bloom, and gathered with their fresh leaves about them — the melon merchants sitting among their upheaped riches; the *pasteks* with their emerald-coloured rinds, and the musk-melons, looking like golden balls, and scenting the breeze as it sweeps over them; the variety of costume exhibited by the natives, always most striking on the Asiatic shore — the ringing rattle of the tambourine, and the sharp wiry sound of the Turkish Zebec, accompanied by the shrill voices of half a dozen Greeks, seated in a semicircle in front of a beauty-laden araba—all combine to complete a picture so perfect of its kind, that, were an European to be transported to Guiuk-Suy, without any intermediate preparation, he would believe himself to be under the spell of an En-

chanter, and beholding the realization of what he had hitherto considered as the mere extravagance of some Eastern story-teller.

The Valley, or at least that portion of it which I am now describing, is further embellished by a magnificent beech, called the Sultan's Tree, beneath which the Imperial carpet is spread for His Highness when he visits Guiuk-Suy. And a little beyond this rises a platform shaded with willows, and occupied at one of its extremities by a handsome head-stone. I could not learn what favoured dust had been deposited on this sweet spot.

When we had selected a pleasant nook, and had spread our carpet, arranged our cushions, and provided ourselves with fruit, one of the party started on a shooting expedition among the hills; and my friend Madame S—— and myself strolled round the magic circle, which became each moment more thronged. We received many a gracious salutation as we moved along, in return for our glances of involuntary admiration; and at length were fairly stopped by a smiling entreaty that we would inform a party of ladies, who had been too aristocratic in their ideas, or too indolent in their habits, to descend from their araba, who we were, whence we came, and to answer a score more of those simple questions, which make a claim only upon your patience. Not one among them was pretty,

but they were all polite and good-natured; and, if they did ask us many things which concerned them not in any possible way, they at least communicated to us, in their turn, a variety of circumstances relating to themselves, which regarded us quite as little.

Nothing can exceed the courtesy of the Turkish ladies to strangers. They always appear delighted to converse with an European female who seems disposed to meet them half way; and they do so with a frankness and ease which at once destroy every feeling of *gène* on the part of the stranger. In five minutes every thing they have is at your service; the fruit of which they are partaking, and the scented sherbet that they have prepared with their own hands. To make acquaintance with them, you require only to be cheerful, willing to indulge their harmless curiosity, and ready to return their civility in as far as you are enabled to do so. There is none of that withering indifference, or that supercilious scrutiny which obtains so much in Europe, to be dreaded from a Turkish gentlewoman; but there is, on the contrary, an earnest urbanity about her which is delightful, and which emanates from the intuitive politeness so universal among the natives; coupled with a simplicity of feeling, and a sincerity of good-nature that lend a double charm to the courtesies of life. Nor is the eye less satisfied than

the heart, in these moments of agreeable, although brief, communion; for the graceful bearing of an Oriental female greatly enhances the charm of her ready kindness; and her self-possession, and dignity of manner, render her superior to the paltry affectation of assumed coldness; while they convince you that she would be as prompt to resent impertinence, as she had been ready to proffer courtesy.

When we bowed our adieu to the party in the araba, and prepared to continue our stroll, the elder lady presented to us four large cucumbers, a vegetable highly relished by the Orientals, and eaten by them in the same manner as fruit. Of course we accepted the offering in the spirit in which it was made, although we declined indulging in the unwholesome luxury; and I merely mention the circumstance, trivial as it is, to prove the truth of my position. The ladies had been regaling themselves with this primitive fare when we joined them, and shared it with us from precisely the same feeling of courtesy, as an English gentlewoman would have tendered to a stranger the sandwich and champaign of her carriage luncheon.

A short distance beyond the araba, we came upon a beautiful young female, who had alighted from her carriage, and was kneeling upon a costly Persian prayer-carpet, on whose eastern edge was placed a vase of wrought silver. Three

slaves stood, with folded arms, immediately behind her; and she was so completely absorbed in her devotions, that not even the apparition of a couple of European females, always objects of curiosity to a Turkish lady, caused her to lift her eyes. She was strikingly handsome, and her attitude was most graceful, as, with her small hands clasped together, she bowed her head to the earth in the deep, voiceless, prayer, which is the heart's offering, and requires not to shape itself into words. Had she been otherwise engaged, I could have lingered for an hour, for the mere pleasure of looking upon one of the loveliest faces in the world; but I felt that it would be indelicate to intrude upon her devotions, and once more I moved forward.

No occupation, whether of business or pleasure, is permitted to interfere with the religious duties of a Turkish female, however distinguished her rank; nor has locality or circumstance any influence in deterring her from their observance. It is a common occurrence to see the sister of the Sultan alight from her araba at Kahaitchana, or any other public place in which she may chance to find herself when her accustomed hour of prayer arrives; and, when her slaves have spread her prayer-carpet, kneel down within sight and sound of the crowds that throng the walk, as calmly and collectedly as though she were shut within one of the gilded chambers of

her own Seraï. It were idle to comment upon such a fact.

What a glad scene it was as we wandered on under the leafy branches of the tall trees, over the fresh turf, breathed upon by the cool breeze that swept down into the valley from the encircling hills, giving and receiving a thousand salutations! The Sultan was momentarily expected; and many a dark eye was turned at intervals towards the entrance of the glen, and the noble beech tree to which I have already made allusion; but they were turned thither in vain, for, greatly to our disappointment, he did not appear.

During our progress we came upon an araba which instantly attracted our attention. The painted oxen* had been withdrawn, and were grazing a few paces off; a line of female slaves, reaching the whole length of the carriage, were ranged side by side; and two negroes were stationed immediately in front. All these indications of rank induced us to slacken our pace as we approached, and to glance with more than ordinary attention towards the occupants of the vehicle. They were two in number; a serious-looking elderly person, earnestly engaged with her chibouk; and a fair young creature, so

* Some of the more distinguished harems have their arabas drawn by oxen of so pale a colour as to be almost white: and their sleek skins are painted all over in patches of orange colour, which give them a most extraordinary appearance.

buried among her richly embroidered cushions, that she was scarcely visible.

I have called her *fair*, but that is not the correct expression, for, as she raised herself at our approach, and removed from before her face a hand mirror, curiously set in a frame composed of ostrich feathers, I never beheld any thing living with such a complexion. She was so deadly white, that no difference was perceptible between the folds of her yashmac, and the brow on which they rested! She looked as though she had been the partial prey of a vampyre; who, sated with some previous victim, had left his unholy repast only half completed—But such eyes! so dark—so sad—veiled by lashes as black as night, resting upon the pallid cheek like sable fringes—I never saw such eyes, save in a dream! —Her nose was thin, and finely-shaped; and the perfect oval of her face, was revealed by the tightly-adjusted yashmac — It was the most spectral beauty I ever beheld, but beauty of a most rare description. She was pillowed on satin, and her hands and brow were bright with gems, but I am sure she was unhappy — there was a languid hopelessness in the expression of her pale face, and a listlessness in her manner, that told of a bursting heart. I would have given much to have learnt her history.

There must have been some tell-tale indication of my involuntary conviction, in the long and

earnest gaze that I turned upon her; for ere I removed my eyes, she smiled a sad, sweet smile, and pressed her hand upon her heart as though she thanked me for the melancholy feeling with which I had looked upon her beauty. The elder dame, meanwhile, smoked on in silence, as calmly as if she had been seated beside a more light-hearted companion; and the silver fringes of the costly araba glittered in the sunshine; and the embroidered cushions looked like a parterre of flowers; and all within that gorgeous vehicle was gay and gladsome save its drooping mistress. I made a thousand inquiries, but failed to ascertain who she was. One individual alone was able to assure me that she was the favourite wife of a Pasha; but the name of the said Pasha had escaped the memory of my informant, and I was fain to content myself with this very unsatisfactory fragment of intelligence.

Having completed our tour of the glen, we took possession of our cushions, and regaled ourselves with the delicious water-melons that we had provided to refresh us after our walk; and a small party of Turkish ladies shortly afterwards followed, and established themselves under the shade of the same tree, whom we initiated into the mysteries of *papillotes*, a secret science which has just become highly interesting to them from their adoption of ringlets. We

amused ourselves with these follies for half an hour very pleasantly; and, having shared our fruit and sweetmeats with our new acquaintance, and perceiving that the company were rapidly departing for the sea-side, I established myself under a fine beech-tree to take a sketch of the locality. But although comparatively few persons remained in the glen, I soon discovered that enough yet lingered to form a dense crowd about me, which effectually prevènted my obtaining a view of any object more picturesque than a yashmac or a feridjhe; and I was about to give up the attempt in despair, when a Turkish Officer approached, and requested me to favour him with a sight of my sketch-book.

I complied at once, and was rewarded for my ready acquiescence in the most agreeable way in the world; for, perceiving by its contents that it was not persons but places which I was transferring to my little volume, he explained to the ladies who had gathered about me, that I was prevented from prosecuting my design by the fact of their having entirely shut out the view I was most anxious to secure; and at the first hint they moved aside to the right and left with all the good humour imaginable; one succeeding the other in leaning over me, to examine my work; and all rewarding my forbearance with exclamations of "*Mashallàh*," and "*Pek Guzel*."

At length the little sketch was completed; and, putting up my pencils, I thanked the Officer who had remained on guard over me and my undertaking, very sincerely for his politeness; and we followed the crowd along a lovely green lane on the opposite side of the bridge, to the shore of the Bosphorus.

It was indeed a change of scene. The Castle of Europe, cold, and white, and bare, cut sharply against the blue sky on the opposite coast; and, as the channel is unusually narrow at this point, I was enabled to trace more accurately than I ha dever done hitherto, the architectural cypher of the Prophet.

CASTLE OF MAHOMET.

Within the walls are clustered about a dozen houses; and their inhabitants are bound by an

ancient law not to suffer their descendants to marry without the precincts of the fortress; they are consequently all closely related, and no instance has ever been known of their having slighted the injunction.

Immediately before me, on the seaward edge of the fine stretch of turf in which the lane terminated, all the throng of company that had crowded the glen of the Valley during the earlier part of the day, were now collected together under the long shadow of a double avenue of fine trees fringing the border of the channel, and terminating at the elegant fountain to which I have already made allusion. On one side rose the painted kiosk of the Sultan; and near it stood the little mosque, with its slender minaret shooting heavenward, and almost hidden by the leafy branches of the surrounding trees. On the other a cluster of arabas, with their crimson and purple awnings, and fringes of gold and silver — while, in the midst, groups of women were dotted over the greensward, and gaily-dressed children gambolled in their young gracefulness, making the elastic air buoyant with mirth.

It was a heart-inspiring spectacle! and it was beautiful to remark the kindness and good feeling which pervaded the whole assemblage. I cannot understand how any European who has once contemplated a scene of this description, can carry away with him an unfavourable im-

pression of the Turkish character. I have remarked elsewhere on the happy freedom from *morgue* which pervades the wealthier classes of the capital. Neither superciliousness nor assumption on the part of their more fortunate neighbours, withers the enjoyment of the humble and the laborious; the day of rest and recreation levels all ranks, and suspends all distinctions; and thus each is secure to find the pleasure which he seeks; for that pleasure is in itself of so natural and simple a description that it requires no combination of causes to produce it—a bright sky—a balmy atmosphere—a lovely landscape—are all that is necesssary to its enjoyment; and they are ever within the reach of the humblest during the long summer season—And when to these are superadded the kindly smile and the ready greeting which are never withheld in Turkey from those who seek them, it must at once be acknowledged that the Osmanlis have made a wise selection, in preferring to the strife and struggle for precedence, and the uncertainty of ultimate success, which clog the more refined and "exclusive" pleasures of Europe, the simple, kindly, and ever-enduring enjoyment of nature and universal good-will.

But I am committing an error in thus applying the word "refined."—Are not such pleasures as those of Turkey infinitely more refined than the

elaborated dissipations of the West? Is not the holiness of nature a loftier contemplation than the gilded saloons of the great?—The power to feel and to appreciate the noble gifts of the Creator, eminently more glorious than the talent to discover the finite perfections of the creature? Is not the breeze which sweeps over the heathy hill, or through the blossom-scented valley, more redolent of real sweetness than the perfume-laden halls of luxury?

If these be "barbarous" pleasures, then are the Turks the most barbarous people upon earth, for in these consist their highest enjoyments—In them the Minister finds his ready solace for the cares of office, and the labourer for the toils of weary days—But if they be indeed those which should be the best calculated to impart their charm to cultivated minds and unsullied hearts; then, as I have already ventured to suggest, the Turks have "chosen the better part," and are authorised to smile, as they ever do, in quiet pity at the coil and care with which we of "civilized" Europe, cheat ourselves into the belief that we have far outstripped them in enjoyment, as well as science; and toil throughout a long life in pursuit of a phantom which flits before us like a beckoning spirit, but is ever beyond our grasp.

I was never more struck with this truth than at Guiuk-Suy. I never saw the women of

Turkey under a more favourable aspect.—Every heart appeared to be holding holyday; and when, as evening closed, we returned to our caïque, and bade adieu to the valley of the Asian Sweet Waters, I felt that I knew them better—that I understood more correctly their social character, than I had hitherto done; and it is an important fact, and one which is well worthy of remark, that the more an European, resolved to cast aside prejudice, and to study the national habits and impulses, comes in contact with the inhabitants of the East, the more he is led to admire the consistency of thought, feeling, and action which influence them; and the high-minded generosity with which they tolerate the jarring and discordant habits and prejudices of their foreign visitors.

I am obliged to concede that no assemblage of European gentlewomen would have welcomed among them two female strangers, as the Turkish ladies, during the day which we spent at Guiuk-Suy, received my friend and myself. The wandering Giaours were every where greeted with smiles, urged to linger, invited to partake of every rural collation: treated, in short, as friends, rather than persons seen for the first, and, probably, the only time. And such a welcome as this might be secured by every Frank lady, did she consider it worth her while to conciliate the Turkish females; who are always sufficiently re-

warded for their courtesy and kindness, by a gay smile and a ready acceptance of their proffered civility; and yet it is a singular fact, that the European ladies resident in Constantinople are scarcely acquainted with one Osmanli family, and I have been asked more than once if I was not frightened of the Turkish women!

It were needless to comment either on the illiberality of the prejudice, or the effects which it is so unfortunately calculated to produce—Effects which are painfully visible; and whose cause is anything but creditable to European generosity or penetration.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Reiss Effendi—Devlehäi Hanoum—The Fair Circassian—The Pasha—Ceremonious Observances of the Harem—An Interview—Namik Pasha *versus* Nourri Effendi — Imperial Decorations — The Diploma—Turkish Gallantry—The Chibouks—The Salemliek—The Garden—Holy Horror—The Kiosk—The Breakfast—A Party in the Harem—Nèsibè Hanoum—The Yashmac—The Masquerade—Turkish Compliments — The Slave and the Fruit Merchant — Departure from the Palace.

As I was contemplating a second visit to the Palace of the Reiss Effendi, an invitation reached me from the Minister himself, who requested me to meet him at six o'clock the following morning in his harem, previously to his departure for the Sublime Porte. I started accordingly, accompanied by a young Greek lady who officiated as my interpreter; and at the hour appointed we landed on the marble terrace, and were instantly admitted.

I have elsewhere remarked on the early habits of the Turkish ladies, and on the present occasion they were already astir, and the slaves hurrying in every direction with sweetmeats and coffee. Devlehäi Hanoum was shut into her chamber at prayers, and the door was guarded

by a little slave not more than six years of age; one of seven children recently purchased from a slave-ship, so meagre and miserable, that the poor little innocents had evidently been half-starved on their passage from Circassia. One of them had been stolen from the very bosom of its mother, and on its arrival in the harem was immediately provided with a nurse.

On the conclusion of her prayer, the beautiful Georgian entered the saloon in which we were awaiting her; and welcomed us most cordially. Early as it was, the Minister was already, she told us, engaged with an Ambassadorial Dragoman; and meanwhile sweetmeats, water, and coffee were offered to me, of all which I gladly partook, and afterwards strolled into the garden among the sweet-scented lemon trees, to await my summons to the Pasha.

I had taken but two turns in the orangery, when the soft-eyed Conjefèm Hanoum advanced smilingly towards me; and taking me by the hand (a great mark of distinction from a Turkish lady) led me up stairs to the apartment to which I have already alluded as having been honoured by the temporary occupation of the Sultan. When we reached the door, she released my hand, and fell back a few paces, in order that I should approach the Minister alone.

As the room was very spacious, I had an excellent opportunity of obtaining a good view of

His Excellency, previously to our entering into conversation; and the first glimpse which I had of him prepossessed me in his favour. He occupied the upper end of the sofa, and was almost buried amid piles of cushions, near an open window looking upon the garden of the harem, whose myriad blossoms filled the apartment with perfume.

Had I not known to the contrary, I never should have supposed him to have been more than sixty years of age; his eye is still so bright, and his brow so smooth. He wore the *fèz* rather flung back; and his robe was of flesh-coloured silk, lined with ermine.

When I entered, he was busily engaged with his chibouk, which was of the most costly description, the large amber mouth-piece being of the faintest yellow, and divided at mid-depth by a band of turquoise studded with brilliants. He suffered me to advance nearly to the centre of the apartment before he looked up; but he did so at length with a smile of such kindness that I at once forgave him for his etiquettical punctiliousness.

Devlehäi Hanoum was standing about twenty paces from the sofa with her arms folded before her; and the fair Circassian, having, in obedience to a signal from the Minister, placed an arm-chair for me close to his own seat, immediately took up her position beside her. The Greek

lady by whom I was accompanied was not, to my great annoyance, included in the courtesy extended to me; and during the two hours that I spent with the Pasha, she consequently remained standing, or leaning on the back of my seat.

After thanking me for the favour I had done him, and assuring me that he had long wished to make my acquaintance, he desired to know if I would smoke a chibouk; and was much amused when I told him that if he desired I should return to my own country, to prove my gratitude to the Turks for all the kindness and courtesy which they had shewn to me, he must exempt me from the peril of such an encounter with "the scented weed." He accepted the apology at once, assuring me that he was desirous only to give me pleasure; although, as I was the first Frank lady to whom he had ever spoken, he might probably not succeed in proving his sincerity. Sweetmeats were then handed to me by a slave; and subsequently coffee by the fair hands of Conjefêm Hanoum, but my poor young friend was still excluded from the courtesy. Water is never offered in the presence of a great personage.

I had not been half an hour with the Minister ere I was convinced that he was rather a good than a great man. There was a gentleness and benevolence about him that were delightful; and

as he stroked down his white beard, and looked towards me with a smile of mingled amusement and curiosity, I thought that I had never seen a more "green old age;" but although he touched on a variety of subjects, and asked a variety of questions, they were of the most common-place description; and he appeared infinitely more gratified by the admiration which I expressed of the magnificent marriage festivities of the Princess, than by the compliments that I paid to the rapid progress of civilization and improvement among the people.

The only subject in which he took a marked interest, was the degree of popularity enjoyed by the present Turkish Ambassador in London.

He asked if I had known Nourri Effendi, and I answered affirmatively: upon which he immediately inquired if he were popular in London.

I replied candidly that since he did me the honour to ask my opinion, I should say, judging from what had fallen under my own observation, decidedly not. That I believed Nourri Effendi to be a very good man; but that he was extremely ill-calculated to make his way in England; or to give so favourable an impression of the nation which he represented, as, since I had resided among the Turkish people, I felt anxious should be produced on the minds of my own countrymen. That he could not speak any European language, had forbidding manners, and

made no attempt to identify himself with the feelings and habits of the people among whom he resided.

He next mentioned Namik Pasha, and said laughingly: "I know that the ladies of England preferred him; and I have heard that the ladies are very influential in your country—Yes, yes—the Pasha was young, well-looking, and gallant; and spoke French fluently. Nourri Effendi will never make his way among you as his predecessor did, but he is, nevertheless, a good man; and perhaps they were not aware in England that he was Secretary to the Porte."

I observed that Namik Pasha lent himself willingly to European customs, and made himself acceptable to every society into which he entered; and that, in so far, he was consequently infinitely better fitted than his successor for the post of Ambassador at a foreign Court. The Minister looked steadily at me for a moment, and then said playfully; "You are half a diplomatist yourself. I had heard as much before—this is the first time in my life that I ever conversed with a Frank female; and since we have fallen upon this subject, I should like to ask you one more question before we abandon it. You have now been many months in the country; and were you at liberty to select the next Turkish Ambassador to England, tell me frankly whom should you choose?"

I could not forbear smiling in my turn: but I replied without hesitation; "Reschid Bey—the present Minister at Paris.—It is such individuals as Reschid Bey who prove to Europe what the Turks already are, and what they are capable of becoming—Men of fine mind and gentleman-like manners, as well as of sound judgment and high character. — Had the Sublime Porte sent Reschid Bey to London, a year or two ago, the English would have had a more exalted opinion of its diplomacy than they now have."

Little did I imagine when I thus undisguisedly gave my opinion of the Turkish Minister to Youssouf Pasha, that the Firman would be so soon despatched which contained his transfer to the Court of England; and I was not a little amused when I was told some time afterwards that the Reiss Effendi, in giving the information of Reschid Bey's arrival in London to a friend of mine, added with a quiet smile: "You may as well tell your Frank friend that the new *Ilchí* is in England before her. She will perhaps be glad to hear that he is the individual whom she would have herself selected."

From the Turkish Ambassador he digressed to the King of England, and assured me that there was no European Monarch for whom the Grand Seignior entertained a more affectionate regard. Indeed, he talked so long and so fondly, not only of our good Sovereign, but of his

people also, that had I not previously known him to be deeply in the Russian interest, I should have believed him to be as sincere an Anglo-Turk as any individual throughout the Sultan's dominions.

An apology for having received me in his morning dress, rather than keep me waiting, led us to the subject of costume generally; for I could not offer a better reply to his politeness than by expressing my admiration of that which he wore, and declaring how much I considered it preferable to the European frock-coat. He appeared gratified by the assurance, and took this opportunity of desiring Conjefèm Hanoum to bring out his decorations, in order that I might judge of the taste and magnificence of the Sultan; and truly I never beheld anything more costly.

The first, which had been delivered to him with his diploma of Vèzir, was an elaborately mounted medal of gold, inscribed with the cipher of the Sultan, and the rank of the wearer, splendidly framed with brilliants. But the diploma itself interested me much more; it was enclosed in a wrapper of white satin, fastened with a cord and tassels of gold, and occupied an immense sheet of stout paper; the name of Allah stood at the head of the page, and immediately beneath it, but in much larger characters, figured the cipher of the Sultan; these were written in gold, as were also the name of the Vèzir him-

self which occurred in the body of the document, and the word Stamboul at the foot of the page on the left hand. The remainder of the contents were simply traced in ink, but the characters were beautifully formed; and at the back of the sheet were the signatures of Nourri Effendi who had drawn up the document, as a voucher for its accuracy, and that of the Pasha himself, as an acknowledgment of the duties to which it pledged him.

Having replaced the diploma, the Minister next put into my hands a miniature portrait of the Sultan, surrounded by a wreath, of which the flowers were diamonds, and the leaves wrought in enamel; enclosed within a second frame-work of the same precious gems, formed into emblematical devices, and dazzlingly brilliant. This magnificent decoration was appended to a chain of fine gold, and secured by a diamond clasp.

When I had sufficiently admired it, the gallant old man begged me to wear it for an instant in order that it might acquire an additional value in his eyes; and the gentle Conjefèm Hanoum flung it over my head, and entangled the chain in my ringlets, to the great delight of the Vèzir, who watched the progress of its release with genuine enjoyment, and told me that he had never before seen his decoration to so much advantage.

The only drawback to these costly ornaments exists in the fact that they are insecure possessions; as in case of death, or dismission from office, they are returned to the Sultan. It was consequently with even more pride, that the Minister exhibited to me a smaller, and perhaps more elegant order, bestowed upon him by his Sovereign as an acknowledgment of his faithful services to the Porte; accompanied by an intimation that on his decease it was to be transferred to his eldest son, in order that it might serve to record the regard and gratitude of his master for the exemplary manner in which he had ever done his duty to his country.

I was not a little amused at the epicurean manner in which the Vèzir smoked. Every ten minutes his chibouk was changed by one or other of his wives, by which means he merely imbibed the aroma of the tobacco, while he had an opportunity of displaying the variety and costliness of his pipes, without being guilty of any apparent ostentation; but, handsome as several of them undoubtedly were, that of which he was making use when I entered was infinitely the most beautiful.

When I rose to take my leave, my courteous entertainer begged that I would remain as long as I found any amusement in the Palace, assuring me that every effort should be made to render my visit agreeable; and that the Salemliek should

be as free for me as the harem, if I desired to see it. Of course I accepted the offer; and, on leaving the Pasha, I found Emin Bey and a negro waiting to conduct my friend and myself through the mysterious passages which connect the two portions of the establishment. In the Salemliek itself there was nothing remarkable. It was a handsome house, well fitted up, and exquisitely clean; the greatest charm to me existed in its open windows, which, after the closely-latticed and stifling apartments of the women, were truly agreeable; nor was the feeling of enjoyment lessened by the sight of a crowd of birds, that, entering through the wide casements, with the sunshine glittering on their wings, and the song of liberty gushing from their throats, sailed to and fro the vast apartments, as though they could appreciate their magnificent comfort.

But the garden was a little paradise, with its fountains of white marble, its avenues of orange trees, its beds of roses, and verbena, and geraniums, formed into a thousand fanciful devices! And before I could make up my mind to leave it, the young Bey had so loaded me with the fairest flowers he could select, that I breathed nothing but perfume.

We were greatly amused, on passing one of the marble bridges which are flung over the street to connect the grounds, at the astonish-

ment of a party of worthy Musselmauns who chanced to look up as we were crossing, attracted by the unwonted sounds of female voices; and the "Mashallàhs!" with which they greeted our apparition. "Who can they be?" asked one: "And how came they there?" "She with the fair hair is a Frank as well as a Giaour;" was the reply of a second: "I would swear it on the Prophet's beard.—The infidels are making way among us indeed when their women are thus at liberty to shew their unveiled faces in the Salemliek of one of our great Pashas — but it is no affair of mine — Mashallàh — I trust in God!"

The Kiosk of the Reiss Effendi was by far the most beautiful that I had yet seen — A painted dome, representing the shores of the channel, occupied the centre of the roof; and beneath it a graceful *jet d'eau* threw up its sparkling waters, which fell back into a capacious bason. The walls were washed by the Bosphorus on the one side, and covered with parasites on the other; and it was floored with marble of the most dazzling whiteness. Here were collected the younger sons of the Minister, and three or four other children, amusing themselves by running barefooted round the basin, and suffering the glittering dew of the fountain to fall upon them in its descent; while each was laughing out in his young joyousness as he marked the dripping

condition of his companions, and forgot that he was himself in the same predicament.

On our return to the harem we found the breakfast served; and sat down, attended by Conjefèm Hanoum and ten female slaves, to partake of a repast, of which the dishes had been sent from the table of the Minister, who was also about to make his morning meal. Confectionary, pillauf, and stewed meats, were succeeded by some delicious fruits; and when these had been removed, and I had emptied a goblet of sherbet the colour of amber, we joined the party in the great saloon.

And a numerous party it was! About a dozen Hanoums, all splendidly dressed, and with their turbans sparkling with diamonds, were squatted in a group upon the sofa; and in an instant I took my place in the very midst of them, with my feet doubled under me, to watch the departure of the Pasha, whose barge, manned by ten rowers, and covered with Persian carpets, was waiting to convey him to the Sublime Porte.

Away he went at last in fine style, attended by his secretary, his chiboukjhe, three officers of his household, and two soldiers; and as soon as he was fairly out of sight, the curiosity of all the party centered upon me. They ran their hands along the satin of my pelisse, asked me if the brooch that confined my collar was gold,

whether I made my own gloves, and if I would teach them to curl their hair. Having satisfied them on all these points, I looked round the circle in my turn, and made an acquaintance with the young and bright-eyed Nèsibè Hanoum, the sister-in-law of the Minister, and her lovely infant.

As the supreme high breeding of the harem is no longer its perpetual idleness, several of the ladies were engaged in needlework, principally in embroidering handkerchiefs, and knitting a coarse kind of lace for trimming the bosoms of their chemisettes; and when each had settled herself to her employment, Conjefèm Hanoum proposed giving me a lesson in the art of arranging a yashmac, an achievement sufficiently difficult.

A slave was accordingly despatched into her chamber in search of the long scarf of muslin necessary to the operation; and in five minutes I had undergone so perfect a metamorphose that I could scarcely recognize myself when I glanced into the mirror. The delight of the whole party was unbounded; and nothing would satisfy them but my adding a feridjhe to my veil, and presenting myself to the Buyuk Hanoum. The voluminous cloak of dark cloth was accordingly thrown over me, and with considerable difficulty I was taught to manage it with some degree of grace; after which the

laughing girl dragged me towards the apartment of the venerable lady; and entering before me, announced that a *mussafir*, or guest, desired to be admitted.

On the invitation of its occupant, I advanced, making the *temina** with all the ceremony necessary to continue the deceit; and it was not until I had kissed the hand of the Buyuk Hanoum, and stood upright before her, that she detected the masquerade; but when she did so, I was overwhelmed with exclamations and intreaties—I was beautiful — resistless — I should turn the head of every True Believer in Stamboul—Why did I desire to return to England, when there was not a Pasha in Constantinople who would not consider me 'the Light of the Harem' — Would I become a Turk?—and a thousand other ejaculations of like import.

When the sensation had partially subsided, I returned to the saloon; and as the yashmac had previously been arranged in the manner in which it is worn by the ladies of the Seraï, I took a second lesson, to enable me to put it on in the more general fashion; and I then amused myself for five minutes in watching the manœuvres of a slave who was purchasing some water-melons from a fruit-caïque. Nothing could be more ludicrous: the great gate of the harem was ajar, and one of the caïquejhes stood on

* The Eastern salutation.

the terrace, and took the fruit from his companion; after which he advanced towards the entrance, and rolled it through the open space on to the marble floor beyond: the slave running after each as it appeared, and grasping it with both hands, as she held it to her ear, to ascertain if it would give out the splashing sound without which it is of no value—laying aside those that she approved, and rolling back the others with a velocity that gave her the appearance of being engaged at a game of bowls with the Greeks on the terrace; talking, moreover, all the time with an earnestness worthy of the occasion.

I loitered away another hour with my amiable hostesses, and then, looking at my watch, I urged a previous engagement, in order to overcome their kindly entreaties that I would spend the remainder of the day with them; and having bade adieu to the Buyuk Hanoum and her numerous guests, and promised to pay her another visit before I left Constantinople, I once more quitted the hospitable hålls of the Reiss Effendi; carrying away with me the liveliest feeling of gratitude for all the attentions which I had experienced from every member of his family.

CHAPTER XIX.

Imperial Gratitude—The Freed Woman—A Female Cœlebs—Hussein the Watchmaker—Golden Dreams—Arabas and Arabajhes—Maternal Regrets — A Matrimonial Excursion —Difficult Position— The *Sèkèljhes* — A Young Husband - - The Emir — The Officer of the Guard —The Emir's Daughter — First Love — Ballad Singing—A Salutation—Moonlight—Rejected Addresses—Ruse de Guerre—The Arrest—A Lover's Defence—Munificence of the Seraskier Pasha.

THE Sultan occasionally recompenses the faithful services of the slaves of the Imperial Seraï by giving them their liberty, accompanied by a donation sufficiently liberal to enable them to establish themselves in an eligible manner. On a late occasion, he emancipated an elderly woman, who had secured his favour by her unremitted attentions to one of his wives during a protracted illness; and, being light of heart at the moment, and perhaps curious to learn how she would act on such an emergency, he desired her to put on her yashmac, and to take a boat to Stamboul, where she was to hire an araba, and drive slowly about the city, until she saw an individual whom she desired for a husband; when, if he could be identified, she should be his wife within the week.

His Imperial Highness was obeyed on the instant. One of the Palace caïques rowed to the door of the harem; and the freed slave, accompanied by an aged companion, stepped in, and was rapidly conveyed to Stamboul. On landing at "the Gate of the Garden," she walked into the house of Hussein the watchmaker, with whose wife she was acquainted; and while the stripling son of the worthy Musselmaun was despatched for an araba, she took her place upon the sofa, and partook of the grape-jelly and coffee which were handed to her by her officious hostess. These were succeeded by the *kadeun-chibouk*, or woman's pipe; and she had not flung out half a dozen volumes of smoke from her nostrils, ere all the harem of Hussein the watchmaker knew that she was free, and about to chuse a helpmeet from among the tradesmen of the city.

At every "Mashallàh!" uttered by her auditors, the self-gratulation of the visitor increased; and she, who a day previously had not wasted a thought on matrimony, smoked on in silence, absorbed in dreams of tenderness and ambition.

The araba was, of course, a full hour ere it appeared, for the arabajhe had to smoke his *narghilè*, or water-pipe; and the arabajhe's assistant had to repair the damages which the last day's journey had done to the harness, and to wash away the mud that yet clung about the wheels; and after that there were comments to

be made upon the horses, as they were slowly attached to the vehicle; and on the unusual circumstance of a Turkish woman hiring a carriage, without previously bargaining with the owner for the sum to be paid.

But Yusuf, the son of Hussein, who found more amusement in watching the slow motions of the arabajhe than in keeping guard over his father's chronometers, put an end to the astonishment of the party by informing them that the person who had engaged the vehicle was a slave of the Imperial Seraï; a piece of information which tended considerably to expedite the preparations of the coachman, and to excite the curiosity of his companions.

The female Cœlebs, meanwhile, had emptied three chibouks; and as the ashes of each was deposited in the little brass dish that rested on the carpet, brighter and fairer visions rose before her; and on each occasion that she drew from amid the folds of the shawl which bound her waist, the cachemire purse that contained her tobacco, and replenished her pipe, she indulged in a more flattering augury of her day's speculation.

To render the circumstance more intelligible to the European reader, it may be as well to state that there are few tradesmen in Stamboul who would hesitate to marry an Imperial slave, whatever might be her age or personal infirmi-

ties, as she is sure to bring with her a golden apology for all her defects: and thus it was not astonishing that the wife of Hussein sighed as she remembered that her son Yusuf was yet a child, and that, consequently, she could not offer his hand to her visiter; and the more sincerely that the worthy watchmaker did not stand high in the favour of fortune; the "accursed Giaours," as the angry Hanoum did not hesitate to declare, selling for the same price demanded by the Turkish artisan for his inferior ware, watches that were as true as the muezzin, and as enduring as the Koràn.

At length the araba drew up beneath the latticed windows; and the two friends, resuming their slippers, shuffled across the matted floor of the harem, followed by the compliments and *teminas* of their hostess; mattresses and cushions were arranged in the vehicle by the hands of Hussein himself; and their yashmacs having been re-arranged, they were ere long jolting over the rough pavement of the city of Constantine.

They first bent their course to the Charshees; and the confidant pointed out many a grave-looking, middle-aged Mussulmaun to the admiration of her companion; but the freed-woman only shrugged her shoulders, uttered a contemptuous "Mashallàh!" and turned away her eyes.

The stream of life flowed on beside their path. Turbans of green, of white, and of yellow passed along; but none of the wearers found favour in the sight of the husband-seeking fair one. Hours were wasted in vain; she was as far removed from a decision as when she stepped into the caïque at Beglier-bey; and the patience of her companion was worn threadbare; she became silent, sullen, and sleepy — and still the araba groaned and drawled along the narrow streets —Human nature could endure no more; and after having been jolted out of a quiet slumber three several times, the confidant digressed from weariness to expostulation.

"May the Prophet receive me into paradise! Is there not a True Believer in Stamboul worthy to become the husband of a woman whose hair is gray; and who has long ceased to pour out the scented sherbet in the garden of roses? Had it been my *kismet** to come hunting through the thoroughfares of the city on the same errand, I should have chosen long ago."

The freed-woman only replied by desiring the arabajhe to drive to the quarter inhabited by the *sèkèljhes*, or sweetmeat-makers; the finest race of men in Constantinople. When they entered it, she began to look about her with more earnestness than she had hitherto exhibited; but even here she was in no haste to come

* Fate.

to a decision; and although she passed many a stately Musselmaun whom she would not have refused in the brightest days of her youth, she "made no sign" until she arrived opposite to the shop of a manufacturer of *alva*, a sweet composition much esteemed in the East; where half a dozen youths, bare-legged, and with their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, were employed in kneading the paste, previously to its being put into the oven.

"*Inshallàh*—I trust in God! He is here—" said the lady, as she stopped the carriage; "See you not that tall stripling, with arms like the blossom of the seringa, and eyes as black as the dye of Khorasan?"

"He who is looking towards us?" exclaimed her companion in astonishment; "The Prophet have pity on him! Why, he is young enough to be your son."

The answer of the freed-woman was an angry pull at her yashmac, as she drew more closely together the folds of her feridjhe. The young and handsome sèkèljhe was summoned to the side of the araba, and found to improve upon acquaintance; upon which he was informed of the happiness that awaited him, and received the tidings with true Turkish philosophy; and in a few days the bride removed into a comfortable harem, of which the ground-floor was a handsome shop, fitted up with a select stock of sweet-

meats at the expence of the Sultan; and those who desire to see one of the principal actors in this little comedy, need only enter the gaily-painted establishment at the left-hand corner of the principal street leading into the Atmeidan, to form an acquaintance with Suleiman the sèkèljhe.

Another occurrence, equally authentic, and still more recent, is deserving of record, as being peculiarly characteristic of the rapid progress of enlightenment and liberality. An Emir of the city, celebrated for his sanctity and rigid observance of all the laws of Mahomet, had a fair daughter who sometimes indulged, in the solitude of the harem, in softer dreams than those of her austere father. Unfortunately for the stately priest, a guard-house, tenanted by a dozen armed men, under the command of an officer whose personal merits exceeded his years, was established not a hundred yards from his house; and, as the youthful commander paced slowly to and fro the street to dispel his ennui, it so chanced that he generally terminated his walk beneath the windows of the Emir's harem.

The first time that the pretty Yasumi * Hanoum peeped through her lattice at the handsome soldier, the blood rushed to her brow, and her heart beat quick, though she knew not wherefore. The young beauty led a lonely life,

* Jasmin.

for she was motherless, and her father was a stern man, who had no sympathy with womanly tastes; and, satisfied with providing for her daily necessities, never troubled himself further. It was by no means extraordinary, therefore, that she amused her idleness with watching the motions of the stranger; nor that, by dint of observing him, she ere long discovered that he was rapidly becoming an object of interest to her heart.

Then followed all the manœuvres of an Eastern beauty, who has no means of communication with the other sex, save those which her woman-wit enables her to invent. A shower of lavender buds, flung from the narrow opening of the lattice upon his head, first attracted the attention of the gallant Moslem to the Emir's harem; nor was it diminished by a glimpse of one of the whitest little hands in the world, which, ere it closed the aperture, waved a graceful salutation that could be meant only for himself.

But the youth knew that he was playing a dangerous game, and he consequently moved away without making any answering gesture; and resolved to stroll in the other direction, rather than encourage the advances which had been made to him. Once or twice, he accordingly walked as far as the slipper-stall of a Jew merchant; but this uninteresting individual

squinted hideously, and smoked tobacco of so odious a quality that it half suffocated the more fastidious Osmanli. Of course there was no persevering in such an encounter, and he was consequently compelled to resume his original line of march; being the more readily induced to do so by importunate memories of the little white hand which had showered down upon him the sweet-scented lavender buds; although he did not suffer himself to suspect that such was the case; and lest he should be addressed from the dangerous lattice, and thus become more deeply involved in the adventure, he amused himself by singing one of Sultan Mahmoud's ballads in his best style.

But, unfortunately for the success of this laudable intention, the Imperial poet has written none but love-ditties; and the young soldier chanced inadvertently to fix upon one in which an anxious suitor calls upon his mistress to reveal to him the beauty that he has hitherto beheld only in his dreams—he invokes the moon from behind the clouds that veil it—the hidden leaf from the heart of the rose where it is folded—and loses himself in hyperbole on the subject of the concealed loveliness on which he longs to look.

No wonder that the imprisoned Yasumi Hanoum listened until she believed that the Prophet's paradise was opening about her—No

wonder that on the morrow a lock of hair as black as midnight fell at the feet of the minstrel, as he paced his accustomed beat; — and still less wonder that the white hand and the dark tress began to trouble the dreams of the gallant Moslem, and to bewilder his imagination.

He was smoking his evening chibouk seated on a low wicker stool at the door of the guard-room, when chancing to look up, he perceived a female rapidly approaching from the direction of the Emir's house. There was nothing remarkable in such a circumstance, for the street was a great thoroughfare, and many women had traversed it during the day; and yet his attention was irresistibly attracted to the stranger; and as she reached his side, their eyes met:— "*Shekiur Allah!*— Praise be to God! I may speak to you at last;" murmured a low soft voice; "Perhaps I should not tell you that I love you, but who can war against fate?"

The deep dark eyes were averted—the light figure moved away—He had looked upon the Emir's Daughter!

Prudence was at an end; and many a midnight hour did the young soldier spend beneath the latticed casement of the enamoured beauty. At length her adventurous hand raised the envious jalousie; and as the moonlight fell bright upon her, the lover looked upon the fair face which was destined never more to be forgotten; and

from that moment he vowed that death alone should make him relinquish his suit.

But, alas! what hope could be indulged that a saintly Emir would bestow his daughter upon a soldier—upon an individual doubly obnoxious both from his profession, and from the fact that it had grown to power upon the ruin of the Janissaries? The youth asked, supplicated, and was answered with contempt and loathing.

But the tears of the fair girl when she learnt from his own lips the failure of his suit, only strengthened him in his determination of success; and having confided his adventure to a friend who was devoted to his interests, he resolved either to compel the consent of the Emir, or to incur the penalty of exile, rather than exist near the woman whom he loved without a hope that she could be his. Accordingly, having summoned half a dozen of his men, he informed them that he had a quarrel with the Emir which he was determined to decide; and instructed them to loiter about the house of the Priest, and should they hear any disturbance, to enter as if by accident; and, in the event of the Emir desiring them to seize their officer, and carry them before the Seraskier, to obey without hesitation.

This arrangement made, the lover once more intruded on the seclusion of the Priest, and with

all the eloquence inspired by sincere affection, besought him to revoke his resolution, and to give him his daughter. But the haughty Emir only added insult to refusal; and the enraged suitor, casting back the injuries which were addressed to him, sprang towards the door that communicated with the harem, and vowed that he would force his way, and carry off his bride despite every Priest in Stamboul. The affrighted father, shrieking forth sacrilege and murder, clapped his hands, and a couple of stout slaves entered, to whom he issued orders to seize the madman, and put him forth; but the suitor was young and vigorous, and he had already beaten down one of his antagonists, when the soldiers, perceiving from the clamour that was going on above, that the critical moment had arrived, rushed up stairs, and demanded the occasion of the outcry.

The Emir, breathless with terror, and trembling with rage, only pointed to the lover, as he exclaimed; "To the Seraskier! To the Seraskier! *Inshallàh!* I will have justice."

He was instantly obeyed. The soldiers surrounded their commander, and hurried him off, followed by the panting Priest; and in ten minutes more the whole party stood before the Seraskier.

The fateful moment had arrived; and the heart of the young man beat high with a thou-

sand conflicting feelings as the Emir told his tale, and implored vengeance on the miscreant who had dared to beard him beneath his own roof, and to attempt a violation of his harem; but he was re-assured by the tone of the Pasha, as he turned towards him, when the angry father had ceased speaking, and bade him explain his motives for such unheard-of violence.

"Noble Pasha," said the lover, "may your days be many!—I will hide nothing from you. I love this old man's daughter; and I have asked her of him for a wife. I have won her heart, no matter where nor how; but may my hours be numbered if I pollute your ears with falsehood. He has spurned me with insult because I am a soldier—He has declared the uniform of the glorious Sultan (May his shadow ever lie long upon the earth!) to be the brand of obloquy and disgrace; and had I not loved the girl more than perhaps it is altogether seemly for a True Believer to love a woman, I should have given him back scorn for scorn. But I could not do this without regret; and it is through my own agency that I now stand before your Excellency, to plead my cause, and to teach this hoary Priest that the soldier of the Sultan is not to be taunted to his teeth, even by a white-turbaned Emir. I could not force myself into your presence, noble Pasha, to talk to you of a

woman; and thus I played the part of a madman in order that I might be dragged hither as a culprit, and learn from your own lips whether the crescent upon my breast is to make me an outcast from society."

"Did he indeed demand your daughter for his wife?" asked the Seraskier, as he removed the chibouk from his lips, and glanced towards the Priest. He was answered doggedly in the affirmative.

"Take heed, then, Emir"—pursued the Pasha, "This looks like disaffection to his Highness: (May his end be glorious!) See that the girl become the wife of this young man ere many days roll over your head, or the holy turban that you wear shall not protect you. What? is it for you, and such as you, to sow divisions among the subjects of the most gracious Sultan? Look to this ere it be too late."

And as the baffled Emir turned away, the Seraskier bade one of his officers take steps to secure to the victorious suitor the rank of Captain; and to pay to him five thousand piastres from his (the Pasha's) own purse, as a marriage present.

The step was a bold one, for it was the first instance in which an Emir's daughter had ever been permitted to become the wife of a soldier. A thousand long-existing prejudices had hitherto rendered such an alliance impos-

sible; and it was a great stroke of policy to break down the strong barrier of habit and fanaticism, and to create a bond of union between two jarring and jealous portions of the population.

CHAPTER XX.

Turkish Madhouses — Surveillance of Sultan Mahmoud — Self-Elected Saints—Lunatic Establishment of Solimanië—The Mad Father—The Apostate—The Sultan's Juggler — The Slave Market—Charshee.

No traveller who can string his nerves to the trial; or rather who will not suffer himself to be scared by the idea of a Turkish madhouse, should fail while at Constantinople, to visit the Timerhazè, or Lunatic Establishment, dependent on the mosque of Solimanië. He will encounter nothing to disgust, and comparatively little to distress him; for all is cleanly, quiet, and almost cheerful. For myself, morbidly sensitive on such occasions, I shrank from the task which I was nevertheless resolved to achieve, until the eleventh hour; and my only feeling when I looked around me

> "Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
> Nor words a language, nor even men mankind,"

in the Madhouse of Solimanië, was one of intense relief, on finding that my own diseased fancy had so far outrun the reality.

It is, however, to the universal surveillance of Sultan Mahmoud that the unfortunates who

tenant the building are indebted for the only comforts which they are still capable of enjoying; for but a few years ago they were unapproachable to the stranger, from the filthy and neglected state of both their cells and their persons. By an Imperial order, cleanliness and care have been secured to them; and the calm, and in many instances, affectionate manner, in which they conversed with their keepers, was a convincing proof that they were kindly treated. The Turks have, moreover, a superstitious reverence for the insane. They believe that the spirit has been recalled by its God, and the hallucinated being is regarded as almost saintly; a beatification, however, of which filth appears to be almost a concomitant part in the East; for whenever you encounter in the streets a wild-looking wretch, half Dervish, and half mendicant; so wretchedly filthy, that you dare not suffer him to come in contact with you as you pass him—with a beard matted with dirt, and elf-locks hanging about his shoulders, of which the colour is undistinguishable; ragged, swarming with vermin, and apparently half stupified with opium; should you, amid your disgust, make any inquiry as to his identity, you are told that he is a saint!

This extraordinary race of men (for there are numbers of them about the streets of Constantinople) are self-elected in their holiness; and

take up the trade as less ambitious individuals establish themselves in commerce. They affect absence of thought, concentration of mind, and having progressed gradually to a certain point, they finish with partial aberration of intellect; and this last may, in truth, be often real, for the years of unwashed and uncombed misery to which they condemn themselves are enough to produce madness. Ragged and wretched as I have described them, these miserable men are, nevertheless, objects of great veneration to the mass of the people; and the poorest *calmac*, or porter, will seldom refuse his *para* to one of these saintly mendicants.

The Lunatic Establishment of Solimanièh occupies an inner court of the mosque, whose centre is overshadowed by several magnificent plane trees, planted round a spacious fountain. Three sides of the court are furnished with arches, through which the apartments of the lunatics are entered, while each is ventilated by a couple or more of large grated windows; the number of patients in each cell never exceeding that of the windows. The most painful object connected with the scene, was the heavy chain and collar of iron worn by each of the lunatics, which kept up a perpetual clanking as the unfortunate moved in his restlessness from place to place within his narrow limits. The bedding was cleanly, comfortable, and pro-

fuse; and many of the tenants of the cells were eating melons, or smoking their chibouks, as tranquilly and as methodically as though they had been under a very different roof.

Among the whole number there was not one furiously mad, as is so frequently the case in Europe; and I was assured that such patients were extremely rare. Melancholy appeared to be the prevailing symptom of the disease among these hallucinated Osmanlis; a deep, but by no means sullen, melancholy; for very few of them refused to reply to an expression of interest or commiseration; and the feeling of social courtesy, so strong among the Turks, had in no one instance been destroyed, even by the total aberration of intellect which had prostrated every other bond of union between them and their fellow-men.

I have mentioned elsewhere the surpassing love of the Turks for their children; and I never saw a more beautiful illustration of parental affection than was exhibited by the first unfortunate before whose cell we paused. Several Greek ladies accompanied us; and the madman, whose head was pillowed upon his knees as we approached him, turned his dim, stony eyes upon each with a cold unconsciousness that was thrilling, until he met the soft, tearful gaze of a pale, delicate girl who was leaning upon my arm. When he caught sight of her he started

from his recumbent posture, and almost shrieked out his gladness as he exclaimed — "My child! my child! they told me that you had abandoned me, but I let them say on without a murmur, for I knew that you only tarried; and you are come at last — Why do you weep? I see you, and I am happy. I have not been alone — look here—" and he thrust his hand into his breast, and drew forth a dove which was nestling there; "I have held this upon my heart, and, as I slept, I dreamt that it was you."

After a moment's silence he resumed: "I would give you this trembling bird, for you are my child, and I love you; but it will not abandon me. It is my friend, my playfellow, my child when you are away. It will not leave me, though I am mad—And yet, why do they tell you that I am mad? It is not so — Do I not know you? Am I not your father? Is it because I am sorrowful that they have told you this?" And again the pale face was bowed down; and one heavy sob which seemed to rise from the very depths of a crushed spirit terminated the sentence. We hurried on—it was profanation to make a spectacle of such an agony—mindless though it was.

Nor was the next individual with whom we came in contact less painfully interesting. Strikingly handsome, and not above five-and-thirty, he had already passed four miserable years in

the Madhouse of Solimanié. An Armenian by birth, and a Catholic by faith, he had been induced to embrace Mahomeddanism, but he had paid with his reason the price of his apostacy; and this one memory haunted him in his wretched lunacy. As we paused before the grating of his cell, he bowed his head upon his breast, and murmured out; "*In Nomine Patri, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus, Amen.*"

His look was fastened upon my father, and some faint and long-effaced image seemed to rise before him, for he smiled sadly, and extended towards him his white and wasted hand; nor could any other of the party succeed in diverting his attention. Twice, thrice, the same words were uttered, and always in an accent of the most thrilling anguish. Surely his sin will be expiated on earth, and forgiven at the last day!

Some were merry, and exhausted themselves in song and jest; and some, with a latent leaven of worldliness, asked alms, and laughed out their soulless joy as the coins which we flung to them rang on the stone-work of the window. The Juggler of Sultan Selim—He who had taught the great ones of the land to believe him gifted with a power more than human — He who had raised the laughter of amusement, and the exclamation of wonder—whose very presence had awakened mirth and merriment—He, too, was

here — caged, and chained — the mad prisoner of three-and-thirty weary years!—the palest, the saddest, and the most silent of the whole miserable company. His beard fell to his girdle — his matted locks half concealed his haggard countenance—his hands were clasped upon his breast — and he did not turn his head as we approached him.

From the madhouse we proceeded to the slave-market; a square court, three of whose sides are built round with low stone rooms, or cells, beyond which projects a wooden peristyle. There is always a painful association connected with the idea of slavery, and an insurmountable disgust excited by the spectacle of money given in exchange for human beings; but, beyond this, (and assuredly this is enough!) there is nothing either to distress or to disgust in the slave-market of Constantinople. No wanton cruelty, no idle insult is permitted: the slaves, in many instances, select their own purchaser from among the bidders; and they know that when once received into a Turkish family they become members of it in every sense of the word, and are almost universally sure to rise in the world if they conduct themselves worthily. The Negroes only remain in the open court, where they are squatted in groups, until summoned to shew themselves to a purchaser; while the Circassians and Georgians, generally brought there

by their parents at their own request, occupy the closed apartments, in order that they may not be exposed to the gaze of the idlers who throng the court. The utmost order, decency, and quiet prevail; and a military guard is stationed at the entrance to enforce them, should the necessity for interference occur, which is, however, very rarely the case.

I expected to have had much to write on the subject of the slave-market, but I left it only with an increased conviction of the great moral beauty of the Turkish character. I am aware that this declaration will startle many of my readers; but I make it from a principle of justice. I knew that the establishment existed—I never thought of it without a shudder, nor shall I ever remember it without a pang; but I am, nevertheless, compelled to declare that I did not witness there any of the horrors for which I had prepared myself. The Turks never make either a sport or a jest of human suffering, or human degradation. Not a word, not a glance escaped them, calculated to wound the wretched beings who were crouching on the ground under the hot sunshine—They made their odious bargain seriously and quietly; and left the market, followed by the slaves whom they had purchased, without one act of wanton cruelty, or unnecessary interference.

I felt glad when, escaping from this painful

scene, bitter and revolting even under the most favourable aspect, we found ourselves in the Charshee, surrounded by all the glittering temptations of the East, and deep in the mysteries of tissues and trinkets. The morning had been a trying one, and I rejoiced to be enabled to divert my thoughts from the scenes through which we had passed. A thousand brilliant baubles were spread out before us—a thousand harangues replete with hyperbole were exhausted on us—all was bustle and excitement; and I forgot for a while the weeping father and the spirit-stricken apostate of Solimanié.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Castle of Europe—The Traitor's Gate—The Officer of the Guard —Military Scruples—The State Prison—The Tower of Blood—The Janissaries' Tower—*Cachots Forcés*—Guard-room—The Bow-string — Frightful Death — The Signal Gun — The Grand Armoury — Flourishing State of the Establishment—A Dialogue — The Barracks of the Imperial Guard—The Persian Kiosk—Courts and Cloisters—The Kitchen—The Regimental School—A Coming Storm—The Tempest — Dangerous Passage — Turkish Terror — Kind-hearted Caïquejhe—Fortunate Escape.

HAVING obtained an order of admission from one of the Ministers, my father and myself started early one morning to visit the Fortress of Mahomet, commonly called by the Franks the Castle of Europe.

I have already stated elsewhere that this was the first *pied-à-terre* of the Prophet on the European coast; and that the entire pile, forming the characters of his name, was erected in six days. The strength of the fortress is much greater than its peculiar construction would lead you to believe when seen from the sea; and it is altogether an object of extreme interest.

When our caïque touched the landing-place opposite the Traitor's Gate, our dragoman landed to obtain the authority of the officer on

guard, who was sitting on his low wicker stool at the door of the guard-house, which is built upon the shore of the Bosphorus at the foot of the exterior wall of the fortress; and his surprise on ascertaining our errand was so great, that he scarcely removed the chibouk from his lips, as he declared the impossibility of his admitting us into a stronghold, within which no Frank had hitherto set his foot—The first European Fortress of the Prophet—The prison of the Janissaries — The —— I know not what else he might have added, for, in the midst of his harangue, he suddenly remembered that one of the two applicants for admission on the present occasion was not only a Frank, but, worse still, a woman; and he was just beginning to reason upon the fact, when our dragoman stepped in with the announcement of our order.

His scruples were silenced at once, and he immediately very civilly sent a corporal and a soldier of the garrison to point out to us the different localities; and two most intelligent men they proved to be, who, having been two years on the castle guard, were perfectly competent to do the melancholy honours of the place.

The Traitor's Gate is the only seaward entrance to the fortress; and, when we had stooped to pass its low, wide arch, we found ourselves in a large court, having on our right hand one of the four principal towers; and precisely

that which has hitherto served as a state prison for persons of distinction.

In the lower cell of this tower, which contains several ranges of dungeons, (none of them, however, subterranean), is a stone tunnel, descending deep into the sea; and beside its mouth is placed a block of marble, against which the victim knelt to receive the fatal stroke; when the severed head, and the gory stream that accompanied it, fell into the tunnel, and were carried by the current far beyond the walls of the fortress; the body, thus rendered irrecognisable, being afterwards thrown into the channel. A deep ditch passes near the entrance of this tower, which opens into an inner court; and, as we ascended a steep acclivity, and passed beside a ruined mosque, we traced the moat to the foundation of a second and lower tower, square in form, and castellated on the summit; distinguished by the fearful appellation of the "Tower of Blood!" The ditch opens immediately beneath a low archway, excavated in the foundation of the tower; and its use is similar to that of the tunnel in the lower prison, being intended to convey away to the sea all, save the bodies of the criminals executed within its walls, who were invariably the Aghas, or chiefs of the Janissaries, whom it would not have been safe to have dishonoured in the eyes of that formidable body, as it was customary to insult the

remains of the less distinguished of their comrades.

In this ditch one of the soldiers informed us that near four hundred cases of ammunition had been discovered buried beneath the soil, for the private use of the Janissaries, in the event of their requiring such an auxiliary during any popular commotion; and it was singular enough that the deposit was revealed by the very individual who informed us of it, and who pointed out the spot where his pickaxe struck against the cover of one of the chests, when employed with a fatigue party to cleanse the moat from its accumulated filth.

Hence we ascended to the Janissaries' Tower, the principal object of our curiosity. Built on the highest point of land within the walls, even from the base of this tower you command one of the noblest views in the world; having on one hand the whole stretch of the channel, to the opening of the Sea of Marmora; and on the other, the entrance to the Black Sea; the most sublime coup d'œil in the Bosphorus.

Here two additional attendants with lights were added to the party; and, having first visited a recess, or cell, in the masonry of the tower, which we entered by a low, narrow archway, that had been lately discovered, we stood within the secret magazine of the Janissaries, where they had built in upwards of six hundred cases

of powder: and we then commenced our survey of the dungeons.

Throughout the whole Tower, which is of great height, and contains seven ranges of cells, all of them tolerably lofty, there were but two *cachots forcés*, or dark dungeons; every apartment being furnished with a narrow, grated aperture for the admission of air and light, and a small marble cistern for containing water. I wished to explore one of the two, but was withheld by the soldiers, who assured me that, since the destruction of the Janissaries, no one had ventured to enter them, and that they might be, and probably were, *oubliettes*, where one false step would plunge me headlong to destruction.

Thus warned, I desisted reluctantly from my purpose; and, sooth to say, we were sufficiently surrounded by horrors, to be enabled to dispense with one more or less. Our next point was the guard-room; an extensive apartment, with a floor boarded transversely with narrow planks, forming a lattice-work, through which the guard could both see and hear the prisoner beneath; and roofed in the same manner. Having traced the tower nearly to its summit, we descended, and passing onward a few paces at its base, we found ourselves in a compartment of the covered way that connects the towers throughout the fortress; and which was furnished with large

arched doorways on either side. Here, within a recess, hung an old Roman bow of such strength that no modern arm can bend it; and to this, as we were informed, the cord was attached used in strangling the condemned Janissaries. I confess that I thrilled less at the sight of this instrument of torture, than at the idea of the refinement of cruelty, which, in a locality replete with gloom, had selected such a spot for the work of death.

Hither was the victim dragged from his twilight cell. Here, where the fresh breeze of Heaven came lovingly to his forehead, quivering among the broad leaves of the wild fig-trees; and dancing on the sunlighted waters. Hither, where the bright day-beam shed over the world a light which to him was mockery! What had he to do with the fresh breeze and the genial beam? His knee was upon the earth, and the cord was about his neck. One gaze, one long, wild, withering gaze, while his executioners were busied with the fatal noôse; one sigh, the deep concentrated inspiration of despair; a shriek, a struggle; the last grappling of the strong man with his murderers, and all was over; the cord was transferred from the throat to the feet of the victim; and they who were lately his comrades and his friends, seized the extremity of the fatal rope, and, dragging after them the yet quivering body, it was thus hurried ignominiously

down the rough and steep stone stair which traverses the fortress, ere it arrived at the Traitor's Gate.

But I will pursue the revolting image no further. As the mangled body was hurled into the sea, the long gun which occupies an embrasure near the entrance of the fortress was fired, to announce to the authorities at Constantinople that justice had been done upon the guilty.

Early morning and noon were the periods usually selected for these executions; and few are the individuals who have been long resident in Turkey, who can fail to remember the dismal report of the solitary gun as it came booming over the Bosphorus!

The few houses built within the walls of the fortress are surrounded by cheerful gardens, and are kept in tolerable repair. As we left the castle, we were politely accosted by the officer on guard, who inquired whether we desired to visit the fortress on the opposite coast, which was formerly used as a prison for the Bostangis, or Imperial Body Guard; the order with which we were furnished sufficing for both. But I had become so heart-sick among the dungeons of the Janissaries, that I prevailed on my father to decline the proposal; and we accordingly re-embarked, and proceeded to the Grand Armoury at Dolma Batchè.

Here again we were obliged to avail ourselves

of our order, no female ever having been hitherto admitted within the gates of the establishment; but it was merely the delay of a moment, and, having passed the entrance, we stood within a spacious court forming the centre of the quadrangle, surrounded by the entrances of the several workshops, and furnished with an immense marble reservoir containing water for the supply of the artificers.

The greatest activity and order prevails throughout the whole establishment. Fifteen hundred men are constantly employed within the walls; and their wages vary from one to two shillings a day, according to the difficulty of the work, and their ability to execute it creditably. No distinction either of creed or nation operates against the reception of an artificer; Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Jews are alike eligible, if capable of performing their allotted duties; but the most difficult and finished branches of the different departments are almost universally confided to Armenian workmen, who are the best artificers of the East.

The nominal head of the establishment is a Turk, but he does not interfere beyond making a weekly survey to ascertain that all is progressing satisfactorily; while his deputy, who is an Armenian, enters into the detail of the labour, makes the contracts for timber and metal, pays

the workmen, and performs every other responsible duty. The number of firelocks completed daily, and sent across each evening to the Armoury within the walls of the Seraï Bournou, was stated to us to average seventy; but this was probably an exaggeration.

The musket-barrels are at present bored by hand-machinery, and between forty and fifty men are constantly employed at this labour alone; but a substantial and handsome stone edifice is now constructing in the immediate neighbourhood, under the superintendence, and according to the design, of an English architect, to which this branch of the establishment is to be transferred, and where the work is to be done by steam; by which means a great ultimate saving will be effected.

One of the muskets furnished with a spring bayonet was shown to us, which, although not equal in finish, and more heavy in form than those of Europe, was, nevertheless, very creditable to an establishment, that is yet comparatively in its infancy. I was much amused by the astonishment of a respectable old Turk who was superintendent of the finishing department, when he saw me engaged with my father in examining this musket. "What pleasure can a Frank woman find in looking at fire-arms?" he asked the Dragoman; "One of our females would be afraid to touch such a thing. Where does she

come from? and how came they to let her in here?" The reply of the interpreter surprised him still more.

"Mashallàh!" he exclaimed, approaching me with a look of comic earnestness. "Did the Pasha send her? Why, she is but a girl. How should she know how to write books better than our women who never do so?"

"Because your women are shut up"—replied the Dragoman.

The Turk nodded assent; "True enough, true enough; they cannot learn of the walls. The Franks see and hear, and travel over land and sea; and that is why they know more than we who remain at home, and ask no questions."

I give this little dialogue, because it strikes me as being very characteristic. How often have I been reminded by the Turkish women that if I had learnt many things of which they were ignorant, I had taken a great deal of trouble to acquire them, while they had remained comfortably at home without care or fatigue.

From the Armoury we crossed over to the barracks of the Imperial Guard at Scutari, where my appearance created as much astonishment among the troops as though I had come to take the command of the garrison; and once more I was stopped by the officer on guard; but, as Achmet Pacha had prepared the Commandant for our visit, he was immediately sum-

moned by the Dragoman, and received us with the greatest politeness.

This magnificent barrack is nearly quadrangular, the centre of the fourth side being occupied by low workshops, and a noble gateway opening upon an exercise ground, at whose extremity on the edge of the rock overhanging the sea stands the Persian Kiosk of the Sultan. Nothing can be conceived more grand than the view from this graceful summer pavilion whence you command the port, the channel, the city of Constantinople, Pera, Galata, and every object of interest and beauty in the neighbourhood of the capital; the picturesque Seraï Bournou; and far, far away, the Sea of Marmora, and the dark mountains of Asia. The prevalence of northerly winds had prevented any vessel from entering the Golden Horn during the three preceding weeks, and a little fleet of about thirty merchant-men were lying at anchor under the very windows of the Kiosk, giving the last touch of loveliness to the scene spread out before us.

The whole interior extent of the barrack is furnished with arched cloisters along each story of the building; by which means a sufficient space is ensured for the purposes of drill and exercise during inclement weather. The cleanliness of the rooms was beautiful; and here, as elsewhere, we had occasion to remark the extremely orderly conduct of the troops.

We were standing in the yard of a barrack containing five thousand men, and there was not sufficient noise to have annoyed an invalid. The barrack was constructed to accommodate fifteen thousand, but it is at present garrisoned only by four regiments, and a brigade of artillery, whose stabling is situated under the lower range of cloisters. The kitchen is fitted up with steam; and the steam-tables are of white marble, with which material the vegetable store is entirely lined. Meat and pillauf are furnished daily to the troops in ample quantities; and all their clothing is supplied by the government, while the sum allowed as pay, for the purchase of coffee, fruit, and similar luxuries, is greater than that given to Russian soldiers, who are moreover obliged to furnish themselves with several articles of clothing. The workshops were thronged; that of the shoemakers contained a hundred and sixty individuals, who were making shoes of every description, from the coarse slipper of the private, to the neatly-finished boot of the Pasha. Every member of the Imperial Guard is furnished from these workshops, and five hundred men are instructed in each trade, who relieve one another in the event of duty or sickness.

'The Regimental School was a model of neatness and order, and the number of pupils very considerable; all the children of the Imperial Guard being expected to attend it, whatever

may be the rank of their fathers. Many of the sergeants and corporals were studying geography; and on a table in the centre of a second and smaller apartment, stood a handsome set of Newton's globes. Of the imitative talent of the Turks I have already spoken; and on this occasion we were shown a map of Iceland, etched by a corporal of the guard, in as good style as any pen and ink drawing that I ever saw from the college at Sandhurst.

The arms, as I have already remarked to be universal with the Turkish troops, were in the most admirable order, and the stores containing clothing were well filled, and very neatly arranged. We declined visiting the Hospital, as three recent cases of Plague had occurred there; added to which we discovered certain threatenings in the sky which denoted a coming storm; and, as the passage from Scutari to Topp-hannè is, though comparatively short, extremely dangerous in the event of a sudden tempest, we spent half an hour with the Commandant in his apartment, where we partook of some exquisite sherbet, made from the juice of the green lemon; and hurried thence to the pier, laden with a basket of the delicious grapes and melons of Asia. But we had already lingered too long: the wind was blowing briskly from the Black Sea; and the distant shores were veiled in dense and heavy vapour.

We had just reached the Maiden's Tower when the gust caught us. Of all the environs of the Bosphorus this is the most dangerous, for the current runs madly out into the Sea of Marmora; and the wind, released from the Asian mountains which hem it in to the point of Scutari, is suddenly set free in all its violence. Hence it arises that, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Maiden's Tower, more caïques are wrecked during the year than in the whole of the channel; and there we were, every wave dashing angrily against the side of the frail boat, and pouring over us its foaming waters; the wind driving us down the current, and the Turkish boatmen scarcely able to ejaculate their "Mashallàhs!" and "Inshallàhs!" from the terror which made their teeth chatter in their heads.

It was a frightful moment. At one instant we made way; at the next we were carried back by the force of the current; we could not guess how the affair would terminate; but meanwhile the venerable old caïquejhe who pulled the after-oars, amid all his alarm sought to comfort me: "Tell her," he said perpetually to the dragoman, "tell her that there is no danger; she is a woman, and the fear may kill her. My heart is sick and I can scarcely pull, for my hand trembles, and my breath fails; but console her—tell her that we shall soon be across the channel

—that I will put her ashore somewhere—anywhere — tell her what you will, for she is a woman, and I pity her."

But, grateful as I was for his consideration, I did not require comfort; I had already escaped from so many dangers at sea, that I never for a moment contemplated drowning on the present occasion; and I took some credit to myself for upholding the honour of my sex for courage in the eyes of the kind-hearted old Turkish caïque-jhe. With considerable difficulty we at length made the pier at Topp-hanné, and, a voyage homeward being perfectly out of the question, we ascended the steep hill to Pera, wet and weary as we were; and passed the night under the roof of a worthy and hospitable Greek friend, listening to the wild gusts which swept down the channel, and congratulating ourselves on our escape from a danger as unexpected as it was imminent.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Plague—Spread of the Pestilence—The Greek Victim—Self-Devotion—Death of the Plague Smitten—The Widow's Walk—Plague Encampments—The Infected Family—The Greek Girl and her Lover—Non-Conductors—Plague—Perpetuators—Vultures—Melancholy Concomitants of the Pestilence—Carelessness of the Turks—The Pasha of Broussa—Rashness of the Poorer Classes—Universality of the Disease in the Capital.

EVERY one who has even heard of Constantinople is aware that it is a city of Plague and Fires. Of the latter I have already spoken, although slightly; for it is a singular fact that, although several extensive conflagrations occurred during our residence in the East, not only in the Capital but in its environs, it never was our fortune to witness one.

Of the still more frightful visitation of the Plague, I could not perhaps make mention at a more fitting moment than the present (the commencement of September) when, contrary to the prognostics of the *soi-disant* conversant in such matters, it has broken out with renewed violence in every direction. The Imperial Palace of Beglier-bey is deserted in consequence of its having been visited by the Pestilence—The

"Seven Towers" have become a Plague-Hospital for the Greeks. We presented ourselves with an order for admittance at the celebrated Seraglio at the Point, and found that here the scourge had preceded us, and that the gates were closed—Even Therapia, seated on the edge of the shore, and open to the healthful breezes from the Black Sea, is adding daily to the list of victims; and we were received by a friend at the extreme opposite end of the sofa on our return thence, (and even that reluctantly,) from a dread that we might prove to be Plague-conductors, and infect her family.

To the honour of our common nature it may be stated that even this direful visitation tends at times to bring out some of the noblest qualities of which frail humanity is susceptible. If man may be pardoned a feeling of absorbing selfishness, it is surely in the hour when he has before him the prospect of one of the most frightful of all deaths; but, even in the short month which has elapsed since the disease deepened, examples have not been wanting of that utter absence of selfishness—that self-sacrifice for the security of others—which gives to the fate of the victim almost the character of martyrdom.

Only a day or two since, a poor Greek inhabitant of Therapia was suddenly attacked with sickness, and, thinking that he recognised the symptoms of the malady, he immediately pro-

ceeded to his cottage; and, stopping ere he touched the threshold, called to his wife, who, astonished on seeing him at so unwonted an hour, and struck by the change in his appearance, was about to approach him, when he desired her to stand back; and then, calmly telling her that he was unwell, though he knew not from what cause, and that he was unwilling during a time of Plague to run the risk of infecting his family, or of compromising his house, he desired her to throw him his furred pelisse. "If it be a mere passing sickness," he added, as he prepared to depart, "it will only cost me a night in the open air—If it be the Plague, you will at least save our few articles of clothing, and the few comforts of the cottage—Recommend me to the Virgin and St. Roch."

And thus he left his home; and wandered, weak and heart-sick, to the mountains. He felt that the brand was on him; and he went to die alone, he knew not how—whether as a wild and frantic maniac, gathering strength from the fever which would turn his blood to fire, and howling out his anguish to the winds of midnight, without one kind voice to comfort, or one fond hand to guide him, until at length he dropped down to die upon the damp earth—or, as a shivering and palsied wretch, fainting from thirst, and quivering with sickness, to gaze hour after hour from his bed of withered leaves, or

parched-up turf, upon the blue bright sky, and the myriad stars, until they went out one by one as his sight failed, and his pulse ebbed——

On the morrow the wife hastened to the mountains with food, in search of her husband. She had not taught herself to believe that the Plague had touched him, and she feared that he might suffer from hunger. She led one of her children by the hand—his favourite child—and they were long before they found him—for although the young clear voice of the boy shouting out his name was borne far away upon the elastic air of the mountain, there was no answer to the call — alas! there could be none — the father lay cold and stiff in a gully of the rock, —the Plague-smitten had ceased to suffer!

The anguish of the unfortunate woman may be conceived—In her first agony she sprang towards the body, but the shriek of her child recalled her to a sense of her peril, and the fate that she would entail upon her little ones. The struggle was long and bitter; and at length she turned away with the weeping boy, and returned into the village to proclaim her widowhood.

I have already mentioned the fact of my having on one occasion inadvertently ridden into the midst of a Plague-encampment. Such occurrences are, however, rare; as, in the event of several families being compromised and sent to the mountains, there is generally a military guard

stationed at every avenue leading to their temporary dwellings, to prevent the approach of strangers, and to form their medium of subsistence.

A melancholy tale was related to me by a lady at Therapia, who had watched from day to day the proceedings of one of these little mountain colonies through a telescope. It consisted of a miserable family; the father gray-haired and feeble, and the mother bent and palsied — The children died first, one by one, for the disease drank their young blood more eagerly than the chill stream which moved sluggishly through the veins of the aged parents; and at length the old couple were left alone.

They used to sit side by side for hours under a tree facing their village — the birth-place of their dead ones, whom they had put into the earth with their own hands—but within a week the childless mother sickened in her turn and the gray old man dragged a wretched mattress to the foot of the tree from beneath which his stricken wife had no longer power to move; and he held the water to her lips, and he put the bread into her grasp; but all his care availed her nothing—and with his lean and trembling hands he scratched her a grave under the shadows of the tree that she had loved in life; and, when the earth had hidden her from his sight, he lay down across the narrow mound to die in his turn. His worldly toils were ended!

Scarcely less affecting was the devotion of a young Greek girl, whose lover, smitten with plague, was conveyed to the temporary hospital at the Seven Towers. No sooner had she ascertained whither they had carried him, than without saying a word to her parents, who would, as she well knew, have opposed her design, she left her home, and presented herself at the portal of the infected fortress as the nurse of the young Greek caïquejhe who had been received there on the previous day. In vain did the governor, imagining from her youth, and the calm and collected manner in which she offered herself up an almost certain victim to the pestilence, that she was not aware of her danger, endeavour to dissuade her from her project. She was immoveable; and was ultimately permitted to approach the bedside of the dying sufferer.

Not a tear, not a murmur escaped her, as she took her place beside his pillow, and entered upon her desperate office. In the paroxysms of his madness, as the poison was feeding upon his strength, and grappling at his brain, he spoke of her fondly—he talked to her—he stretched forth his arms to clasp her—and then he thrust her from him as he yelled out his agony, and his limbs writhed beneath the torture of the passing spasm.

And she bore it all unshrinkingly; and even amid her misery she felt a thrill of joy as she

discovered that pain and madness had alike failed to blot her image from his memory. But there were moments less cruel than these, in which reason resumed her temporary sway, and the devoted girl was pressed to the fevered bosom of her fated lover; and in these, brief as they were, she felt that she was over-paid for all.

But the struggle even of youth and strength against the most baneful of all diseases could not last for ever—The patient expired in the arms of his devoted mistress; and as he breathed his last, bequeathed to her at once his dying smile, and the foul poison which was coursing through his veins. She saw him laid in his narrow grave; and then she turned away with the conviction that she, too, was plague-smitten!

She did not return to her home: but she stood a few paces from one of the companions of her youth, and bade her bear to her aged parents her blessing and her prayers: and this done she fled to the mountains, and sought out a solitary spot wherein to die—None knew how long she lingered, for she was never seen again in life; but her body was found a few days afterwards beneath a ledge of earth, in a doubled-up position, as though the last spasm had been a bitter one.

She who had sacrificed herself to smooth the last hours of him whom she had loved, perished alone, miserably, in the wild solitude of the Asian hills; and her almost Roman virtue has

met with no other record than the brief one in which I have here attempted to perpetuate the memory of her devotion and her fate.

It seems as though men apprehended contagion in the very name of the plague, for they have adopted terms that render its repetition needless. Should you inquire for a family which has become compromised, you are told that "they are gone to the mountains," and you understand at once that they are infected; and when numbers are daily dying about you, in reply to your desire to learn the amount of the evil, you are answered that there are so many, or so many "accidents."

Every respectable house, and every public establishment, has in its court, or its outer hall, a small wooden erection, precisely like a sentry box raised on rollers, into which you are obliged to enter during a period of plague, before you are admitted into the interior of the building; and where you stand upon a latticed flooring, while aromatic herbs are burnt beneath, whose dense and heavy vapour soon envelops you in a thick smoke, which is said to prevent contagion.

Every competent authority declares the disease to be propagated by contact; and it is singular to see the care with which every individual passing along the public streets avoids all collision with his fellow-passengers. The lower order of Turks are the greatest sufferers

from the plague, in consequence of the filthy personal habits of the men employed as street-porters and labourers; their law only requiring them to wash their hands and feet before entering their mosques, or repeating their prayers; while I have good authority for stating that this class of individuals purchase an inner garment of dark and coarse material, which they retain day and night without removing it, until it falls to pieces.

If filth be a plague-conductor, it is not, consequently, surprising, that great numbers of these persons are invariably carried off during the year; and the same cause doubtlessly accounts for the excessive mortality among the Jews; who frequently increase the spread of the evil by possessing themselves of the garments of the plague-victims, which they buy secretly from the relatives; reckless, in the event of a good bargain, of the fatal consequences which may ensue alike to themselves and to others.

This may appear to be an excess of madness almost incredible; but it is, nevertheless, an incontrovertible fact.

I know not whether it be a common occurrence for vultures to haunt the environs of the city during the prevalence of plague, but it is certain that we never saw one until its commencement; and that before we left they were to be met with in numbers, in the very centre

of the shipping, preying upon the offal that had been flung into the port, or winging their heavy flight along the mountains, as though scenting their revolting banquet.

There is, to me, something frightful in the terror with which, in a season of virulent pestilence, each individual avoids all human contact, and looks upon his best friends as vehicles of destruction.—In the shrinking of relatives from each other, and the unwonted selfishness of usually free and generous spirits. Nor is the sensation a comfortable one, with which you remember that you are yourself considered as infected, and treated with distrust accordingly; and in moments of depression find yourself speculating in your own mind the probability of the fear being well-grounded. Does your head ache?—It is a symptom of plague—Are you sick and faint from heat?—It is even thus that the pestilence frequently declares itself in the first instance—If you take cold upon the Bosphorus, you have laid the corner-stone of the malady—and over-fatigue may induce the exhaustion which lends strength to the incipient evil. It is impossible to describe the effect of this continual necessity for caution: but even this is trifling beside the constant dread of contact with infection. It is vain to affect a mad courage leading you to set at defiance these accumulated dangers; there are mo-

ments when an unconquerable dread will creep over the heart, and sicken the spirit.

There are many who do not fear death; but they are habituated to associate it in their minds with an accustomed home, and watching friends, and anxious tenderness; all accessories tending to soften the pang of disease, and to smooth the path of dissolution—Few are they who could contemplate calmly the death-hour of the plague-smitten—the hunted from his home—haunting the hills in his polluted solitude; and contaminating the pure air of Heaven by the fetid breathings of pestilence—shrieking out his madness to the mocking moon,—and dying in his despair on the bare earth; a loathsome thing, to which even a grave is sometimes denied!

And yet, terrible as is the picture which I have drawn almost despite myself, it is surprising how little caution is observed by the Turks to escape from so direful a visitation. They have an absurd superstition that all True Believers who die, either by the hand of the Sultan, or by the visitation of the plague, go straight to Paradise, and to the arms of the Houri, without the intervention of any purgatorial quarantaine; and they account very satisfactorily for the infrequency of plague-cases among the Franks, by declaring that Allah does not love them sufficiently to grant them so desirable a privilege; without troubling them-

selves to remark the precautions taken by Europeans to prevent the spread of the disease, all of which are utterly neglected by the natives of the country. It is indeed astonishing how blindly the Orientals run the greatest risks, in the most unnecessary and apparently wilful manner.

The Pasha of Broussa was informed by his family physician that his *Chiboukjhe*, or pipe-bearer, who had been in his service from his boyhood, and to whom he was much attached, had discovered symptoms of plague, which would render it necessary for his Excellency to take such precautions as might tend to ensure the safety of the other members of his family; and accordingly he gave immediate orders for the removal of the harem to a village in the mountains; and ordered all the linen of the inmates of the salemlick to be washed, and their woollen clothing carefully aired and fumigated, ere it was transported thither, together with the male members of his establishment.

The Chiboukjhe, hearing of the intended removal of the household, begged to see his master once more ere he left the city; and the Pasha complied with his request without scruple, as a couple of yards intervening between the plague-patient and his visitor are sufficient to prevent contagion. But the kind-hearted Pasha had not calculated upon his own powers of resistance; and, when the favourite domestic up-

braided him with his cruelty in leaving him to die alone, and recalled to his memory a score of circumstances in which he had proved his attachment and devotedness to the welfare of his master; the Pasha, with a recklessness perfectly incomprehensible, ordered that fresh linen should be put upon the patient: that his own garments should be destroyed and replaced by new ones; and that he should be forthwith comfortably placed in an araba, and conveyed to the village whither all the rest of the establishment had been previously removed.

The order was obeyed; and the infected man arrived on the evening of the second day at the mountain-retreat, bringing with him the deadly disease which was rapidly sapping his life-blood. Four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed when the favourite wife of the Pasha, a beautiful girl of sixteen, expired, in a fit of raging madness, upon her cushions: the pestilence had wrought so rapidly in her young and delicate frame that no time had been afforded for precaution or help; the weak blindness of the Pasha had sacrificed his wife, compromised his house, and endangered the whole family. He rushed from one apartment to another like a maniac, but the bolt had fallen; and at midnight his youngest child lay a corpse on its dead mother's bosom.

They were buried hurriedly beneath the tall trees of the garden; and the earth was but

newly scattered over their graves when another of the Pasha's wives breathed her last—Suffice it that in the space of ten days, out of a harem consisting of nineteen persons, there remained only an aged negress and two infant children; while the salemliek had also suffered severely, although not in the same proportion.

I could pile anecdote on anecdote upon the same melancholy theme, but my heart sickens as I record them; and that which I have just narrated will sufficiently demonstrate the improbability of this terrific scourge ever being expelled the country by the precautionary measures of the natives. On the subject of the plague the Turks appear to possess neither prudence nor judgment. Their belief in predestination deepens their natural want of energy; and thus the malady is suffered to run its deadly course almost unchecked, and to sweep off its thousands yearly, amid pangs at which humanity shudders.

Another circumstance which must tend to perpetuate the pestilence in the East, exists in the fact that, when the local authorities have ascertained the existence of plague in a dwelling, the house becomes what is termed "compromised;" and after the family of the smitten has been ejected, and sent to the mountains, it is painted throughout its whole interior, cleansed, and fumigated; a process which, owing to the risk

incurred by the individuals employed in the work, and the species of quarantaine to which they are subjected during its continuance, is sufficiently expensive to deter the poorer portions of the population from declaring the presence of the disease in their families; as, combined with their forty days of exile in the mountains, during which time they are, of course, unable to earn any thing for the future support of the survivors, it subjects them to want and misery, which they seek to evade by running a greater, but, as they fondly hope, less certain risk. They trust to their *felech*, or constellation, that the infection will not spread, and are undoubtedly, in many cases, the more readily induced to do this, that they have at least the melancholy satisfaction of closing the eyes of their dead, and of seeing them expire amid their "household gods;" instead of knowing that their last hour was one of despairing abandonment, as well as of acute agony; and having to search for their bodies in the desolate spots to which their wretchedness might have driven them.

It has been ascertained that atmospherical changes have no influence on the plague. It rages amid the snow-storm as virulently as beneath the scorching suns of summer. Diet does not affect it—The street-porter, living upon black bread, and fruit frequently immature, and

the Effendi, whose tray is spread with culinary delicacies, are alike liable to be smitten.

Its origin and its cure are both unknown—It is the hair-suspended sword ever ready to do its work of death; and none can foretell the moment in which the blow may come.—It chases the haughty Sultan from his Palace; and the labourer from his hut—It is in the close and thickly-peopled streets of the city, and on board the majestic vessels that ride the blue waves of the Bosphorus—And there is not a sojourner in the East who can forget the first occasion on which, when he asked the meaning of the gloom that hung upon men's brows, and the mysterious murmur that ran through the crowd on a new outbreak of the malady, he was answered by some passer-by,—"IT IS THE PLAGUE!"

There can be no doubt that at the present time,* the pestilence has spread farther and faster than it might otherwise have done from the extreme scarcity, indeed, I may almost say, want of water in the Capital. The poorer classes, whose means render them unable to purchase this necessary of life at an exorbitant price from the individuals who established an extemporaneous trade, by freighting their caïques with water at the European villages on the Channel, and vending it in the city, being necessitated to make use of foul and stagnant pools for the purpose

* The September of 1836.

of preparing their food; and to dispense almost entirely with a beverage generally taken to excess by both sexes.

As the wells and tanks of the nearest hamlets failed, the water-sellers extended their voyages even to Therapia; and their demands became comparatively extravagant. Men watched the clouds in vain—the sun set in a blaze of gold and purple; and morning broke in blushes from behind the Asian mountains—the noonday sky was blue and bright—not a vapour passed across its beauty—and no rain fell. Women crowded about the fountains in the vain hope that each moment the exhausted spring might well out afresh—Children wept, and asked vainly for their accustomed draught; the marble basins of the city remained empty, and the bright sunbeams played upon the smooth surface of the glittering stone.

On the Asian shore, the waters had not yet failed; and the famous fountain of Scutari, fed by a mighty volume descending from the dusky mountain of Bulgurlhu, still poured forth its flashing stream; but, from some superstition, whose nature I was unable to ascertain, the authorities did not permit the transfer of water from the Asiatic to the European shore; and this noble fountain, which would have supplied all the wants of the city, was suffered to flow on, and waste its stream in the channel.

I shall not easily forget the constant succession of busy human beings, who, from day-dawn to dusk, thronged the mouth of a well not a hundred paces from our residence at Yenikeuÿ. Every cistern in the lower quarter of the village had become exhausted; but this solitary well, fed from a mountain source, still held out; and it was only by the necessity of lengthening the ropes to which the buckets were affixed, and the consequent increase of labour required to raise them, that any diminution of the water could be perceived.

Children of ten or twelve years of age could no longer, as heretofore, accomplish this portion of the household toil: nor would they, even had their strength sufficed to the effort, have been able to make it: for as the demand for water increased on all sides, the battle was truly to the strong at the village well. Men who met as friends, and greeted each other kindly as they approached it, strove and struggled for precedence, until they at length parted in wrath, and frequently with blows; while the owners of the neighbouring cottages, to whose exclusive use this spring had hitherto been considered sacred, murmured in vain at the intrusion on their privileges, and were fain to strive and struggle like the strangers.

The reason adduced by the Greeks for the abundance of water in this well, was the sanc-

tity conferred on it by the priesthood at the close of the previous vintage; when they had made a solemn procession to its mouth, and flung in a handful of small silver coins, contributed for the purpose by the poorer inhabitants of the village, a small vase of holy water, and a pinch of consecrated salt!

While the drought was at its height, a community of Turning Dervishes made a pilgrimage to the Sweet Waters; where the Barbyses, always a very inconsiderable stream, had shrunk to half its accustomed volume; and there, having previously prostrated themselves in prayer, they performed their evolutions round the principal cistern of the valley; and at a certain point of the ceremony flung into the air small vessels of red clay, fresh from the potter's hands, while, as they fell back, they besought that every empty tank might overflow, and every goblet be filled.

The spectacle was a very striking one; and it was followed by the observance of another yet more touching. At dusk the village children, walking two and two, and each carrying a bunch of wild flowers, drew near the cistern in their turn; and sang, to one of the thrilling melodies of the country, a hymn of supplication; while at the conclusion of each stanza, they scattered a portion of the blossoms over the shattered fragments of the vases flung into the basin by the Dervishes.

Nothing could be more affecting! Man, shrinking under a consciousness of his unworthiness, put his prayer into the mouth of innocent infancy; as though he trusted to the supplication uttered by pure lips and guileless hearts, when he dared not hope for mercy through his own agency. Every evening during the drought, that "linked chain" of childhood repaired to the same spot, and raised the same song of entreaty to an all-powerful Creator; and the echoes of the Valley flung back the infant voices of the choir as they swelled upon the wind of evening with a pathos which affected me to tears. It was only on the day preceding that of our departure from Constantinople that the prayer was answered; and, as the light vapoury rain fell upon the parched and yawning earth, my thought instantly reverted to the infant choristers of the Sweet Waters; whose artless hymn may be freely translated as follows :—

HYMN OF THE TURKISH CHILDREN.

Allah! Father! hear us;
Our souls are faint and weak:
A cloud is on our mother's brow,
And a tear upon her cheek.
We fain would chase that cloud away,
And dry that sadd'ning tear;
For this it is to-night we pray—
Allah! Father! hear.

We seek the cooling fountain,
Alas ! we seek in vain ;
The cloud that crowns the mountain
Melts not away in rain.
The stream is shrunk which through our plain
Once glided bright and clear ;
Oh ! ope the secret springs again—
Allah ! Father ! hear.

We bring thee flowers, sweet flowers,
All withered in their prime ;
No moisture glistens on their leaves,
They sickened ere their time.
And we like them shall pass away
Ere wintry days are near ;
Shouldst thou not hearken as we pray—
Allah ! Father ! hear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Greek Marriage—The Day before the Bridal — The Wedding Garments—Cachemires—Ceremony of Reception—The Golden Tresses — Early Hours of the Greek Church — Love of the Greek Women for Finery— The Bridal Procession — The Marriage — The Nuptial Crowns—Greek Funerals.

THERE are few ceremonies more amusing (for that is really the correct term) than a Greek marriage. All is glitter and gossipry; and so many ancient and classical usages are still retained, that it is a curious as well as an interesting sight to a stranger.

Having received an invitation to the wedding of a fair neighbour, I joined a party of friends who were about to visit her, according to custom, on the previous day; to offer their congratulations, and to give their opinions with regard to the bridal gear, as well as to assist in weaving the golden tresses by which a Greek bride is always distinguishable.

We found one of the daughters of the family waiting to receive us on the terrace; and, as she stood smiling and blushing in reply to our salutations, her bright black eyes dancing with joy,

under the shadow of an overhanging vine, whose clusters of rich purple grapes fell temptingly through the open trellises, she formed as pretty a picture of young, gay, light-hearted beauty, as the eye ever lingered on. When we had exchanged compliments, she led us through the centre saloon to an inner apartment, where we found the bride elect; a fair, dove-eyed girl, who was sitting upon the sofa with her hand clasped in that of one of her young companions.

On one side of the room were displayed the bridal dresses; and on the other were collected all the smaller articles of her toilette. It was a confusion of blonde, and gauze, and flowers, and diamonds; satin slippers, embroidered handkerchiefs, and cachemire shawls; and I really pitied the owner of all this finery when I remarked how much she was harassed and oppressed by the commotion which surrounded her, and the crowd of company that came and went in one endless stream.

Sweetmeats and coffee having been served, every article of the bridal costume was exhibited separately to the guests, commented on, and replaced. The shawls and jewels were examined with the most earnest attention, for these gauds are the glory of the Greek women, who, in speaking of a married acquaintance, seldom tell you that she is happy from being the wife of a man of amiability and high principle; but in-

variably reply to your inquiry by the assurance that she is a most fortunate person, to whom her husband has given six or seven cachemires; or that she is, poor thing! very much to be pitied, having been thrown away upon an individual who can only afford to allow her a couple of shawls! To such a height, indeed, do the Greek ladies carry their love for this article of dress, and their desire to display it, that they will suffocate in a cachemire during the hottest day in summer, and even wear it in a ball-room!

When all the bridal paraphernalia had been exhibited, the mother of the bride entered the room, carrying in one hand a fillagreed silver essence bottle, and in the other a censer of the same material, in which were burning aloes, myrrh, and perfumed woods. Making the tour of the apartment, she flung the perfume over each individual, varying her address according to the circumstances of the guests. To the unmarried she accompanied the action by saying, "May your own bridal follow!"—while to the matrons of the party she said, "May you also see the bridal of your children!"

When the old lady had withdrawn, all the more youthful of the visitors formed a group in the centre of the floor. One laughing girl held a pair of diminutive scales; and another was laden with the glittering skeins of flat gold thread, of which were to be woven the singular head-dress

to which I have already made allusion. The gallantry of the bridegroom had induced him to send forty drachms of this expensive gewgaw to his fair mistress, instead of ten; the largest quantity that the laws of the Greek Church allow to be worn; and the first care of the party was, consequently, to separate the skeins, and to weigh out the portion destined for the bride. When this had been accomplished, a score of us were employed at once. The threads were drawn out singly, in lengths of about three yards, and were then woven together at the end into a sort of coronet, whence they fell in a golden shower to the floor.

When this pretty and amusing occupation was over, we took our leave, each embracing the bride in turn, who still retained her place upon the sofa; and every individual, as she passed the bridal gear, flinging over it a handful of small silver coin.

I was summoned on the morrow at an early hour; for all the religious ceremonies of the Greeks are performed at most unseasonable times. Even their Sunday mass, when the poorer portions of the population, after having toiled throughout the previous six days, might be excused a little sluggishness, commences at daybreak; and no one who has spent four months in a Greek village, as we did, can have failed to be awakened at dawn by the rattling together

of the two cedar sticks, which are the substitute for a bell; followed by the frightful drawl of the inferior priest, who traverses the streets, and utters a second invitation to prayer, half growl and half shriek; infinitely more calculated to frighten away the pious from his vicinity, than to induce them to seek it.

But the call is, nevertheless, answered. Every cottage pours forth its inhabitants; and even at daybreak the females deck themselves out in all the finery of which they are possessed. Here it is a red gown, and a yellow shawl—there a blue turban, and a pair of pink shoes—in short, there is nothing more laughable than the idea that the poorer class of Greek women entertain of a becoming toilette. Your maid answers the clapping of your hands, (for bells there are none in Eastern houses) in a turban of coloured muslin or gauze a yard square, and half a yard high; or, if she be an elderly woman, in a little red woollen cap with a purple silk tassel, bound to her head by a painted handkerchief, over which is twisted a thick plait of hair, generally false—the shortest of petticoats, the most showy of stockings, the smartest of aprons, and a pair of ear-rings frequently hanging to her shoulders; and poor indeed must be the female servant in a Greek family who is not the happy possessor of three or four gold rings!

But I have, meanwhile, forgotten the pretty

bride, who was to be married at the house of an intimate friend of our's; and who, on my arrival there, was momentarily expected. The centre of the great saloon was covered by a Turkey carpet, on which stood a reading-desk, overlaid by a gold-embroidered handkerchief, and supporting a Bible and the two marriage rings; the whole bright with the profusion of silver money that had been scattered over them. The lady of the house was to officiate as "Godmother" to the bride, an office somewhat similar to that of bride's-maid; and she was even at that early hour sparkling with jewels.

At length the sounds of music announced the arrival of the marriage train; and we hastened to a window to watch for their approach. The procession was an interesting one. The musicians were succeeded by the bridegroom elect, walking between his own father and the father of his bride; the fair girl followed, accompanied by a couple of her young companions; and the two mothers, attended by "troops of friends," closed the train.

They were met at the threshold by the Archbishop of Nournaudkeüy and a party of priests, who immediately commenced chanting the marriage service; and, as they ascended the stairs, showers of money were flung over them from above.

In five minutes, the spacious saloon was filled

to suffocation; the young couple were placed upon the edge of the carpet; the nuptial crowns, formed of flowers, ribbons, and gold-thread, were deposited on the reading-desk; and the rector of the parish, in a robe of brocaded yellow satin fringed with silver, began a prayer, that was caught up at intervals by the choral boys, and repeated in a wild chant. At the conclusion of this prayer, which was of considerable length, the attendant priests flung over the Archbishop his gorgeous vestments of violet satin, embroidered with gold, and girdled with tissue; and he advanced to the reading-desk, and took thence the two brilliant diamond rings, with which he made the cross three times, on the forehead, lips, and breast of the contracting parties; and then placed them in the hand of the "Godmother," who, putting one upon the finger of each, continued to hold them there while the Prelate read a portion of the Gospel: after which she changed them three times, leaving them ultimately in the possession of their proper owners. This done, the Archbishop put the hand of the bride into that of her husband, and went through the same ceremonies with the nuptial crowns that he had previously enacted with the rings; they were then placed upon the heads of the young couple; and, a goblet of wine being presented to the Archbishop, he blessed it, put it to his lips, handed it to the bride and

bridegroom, and thence delivered it up to the "Godmother."

The crowns were next changed three several times from the one head to the other; and, several wax candles being lighted, as I have described them to have been during the Easter ceremonies at the Fanar, the whole party walked in procession round the carpet; and then it was that the silver shower fell thick and fast about them: the floor was literally covered.

When the chanting ceased, the bride raised the hand of her new-made husband to her lips; after which every relative and friend of either party approached, and kissed them on the forehead. The Archbishop cast off his robes; the children scrambled for the scattered money; the band in the outer hall burst into an enlivening strain; and such of the company as were of sufficient rank to entitle them to do so, followed the bride, and the lady of the house to an inner saloon; where a train of servants were in attendance, bearing trays of preserved fruits and delicate little biscuits, which were given to each person to carry away. Liqueurs were then offered, and subsequently coffee; after which each married lady made a present to the bride of some article of value, previously to her departure for her home, whither we all accompanied her in procession; and took our leave at the portal to return to the house of her friends, and join in the

cheerful morning-ball which was about to commence.

The effect of the golden tress that I had assisted to weave was very beautiful, binding as it did the rich dark hair of the bride upon her fair young brow, and then falling to her feet; and her whole costume would have been eminently graceful, had she not been sinking under the heat and weight of the eternal cachemire. The nuptial crowns which I have mentioned are about a foot in height, and shaped like a beehive; when they were removed from the heads of the young couple, they were carefully enveloped in a handkerchief of coloured gauze, and borne away to be hung up in the chapel of the bridegroom's house; where they will remain until the death of either of the parties, when the deceased is crowned for the second and last time, in the open coffin in which he is borne to the grave.

The Greeks make almost as much toilette for a funeral as for a marriage. Where the deceased is young and pretty, she is decked out in her gayest apparel, and not unfrequently has her eyebrows stained, and a quantity of rouge spread over her cheeks, to cheat death for a few brief hours of his lividness; her gloved hands are carefully displayed; she is tricked out in jewels; and this frightful mockery is rendered still more revolting by the fact that she is thus

paraded through the streets, followed by her female relatives, who weep, and shriek, and bewail themselves with a transient violence truly national. At the grave-side all the finery is stripped from the stiffened corpse: the friends carry it away; a cover is placed over the coffin; and the poor remains, that were only a few instants previously so lavishly adorned, are consigned to the earth of which they are so soon to form a part.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Fèz Manufactory—Singular Scene—A Turk at Prayers—Pretty Girls—Progress of Turkish Industry—Mustapha Effendi—Process of Manufactures—Omer Effendi and the Arabs—Avanis Aga, the Armenian—The Fraud Discovered—The Imperial Apartments—Departure for the Seraï-Bournou—The Outer Court—The Orta Kapoussi—The Pestle and Mortar of the Ulémas—The Garden of Delight—The Column of Theodosius—Arrival of the Sultan—Ancient Greek Inscriptions—Confused Inscription—The Diamond—Memories of Sultan Selim.

No traveller should leave Constantinople without paying a visit to the Fèz Manufactory of Eyoub, where all the caps for the Sultan's armies are now made. The building, which is entirely modern, and admirably adapted to its purpose, stands in the port, near the palace of Azmè Sultane, on the site of an ancient Imperial residence. It is under the control of Omer Lufti Effendi, late Governor of Smyrna, a man of known probity and talent:* and its immediate superintendence has been intrusted to Mustapha Effendi; whose ready courtesy to strangers enables European travellers to form an accu[illegible]

* I have again to record a plague-victim in this distinguished man; the intelligence of whose death has reached me since my return to England.

idea of the state and progress of the establishment.

After a delightful row from Galata, we landed at the celebrated pier of Eyoub; and, accompanied by a personal friend of Mustapha Effendi, proceeded to the manufactory, which we entered by the women's door. As we passed the threshold a most curious scene presented itself. About five hundred females were collected together in a vast hall, awaiting the delivery of the wool which they were to knit; and a more extraordinary group could not perhaps be found in the world.

There was the Turkess with her yashmac folded closely over her face, and her dark feridjhe falling to the pavement: the Greek woman, with her large turban, and braided hair, covered loosely with a scarf of white muslin, her gay-coloured dress, and large shawl: the Armenian, with her dark bright eyes flashing from under the jealous screen of her carefully-arranged veil, and her red slipper peeping out under the long wrapping cloak: the Jewess, muffled in a coarse linen cloth, and standing a little apart, as though she feared to offend by more immediate contact; and among the crowd some of the loveliest girls imaginable.

At the moment of our arrival, Mustapha Effendi was at prayers; and we accordingly seated ourselves to await him in an inner apartment,

well-carpeted, and occupied by half a dozen clerks, who were busily employed in recording the quantity of wool delivered to each applicant: their seats were divided from the women's hall by a partition about breast-high; and I remarked that the prettiest girls were always those whose accounts were the most tedious.

On the other side of this spacious office was a wool-store, where a score of individuals were busily employed in weighing and delivering out the wool; and all were so active, and so earnest in their occupation, that the most sceptical European would have been compelled to admit, when looking on them, that the Turk is no longer the supine and spiritless individual which he has been so long considered.

Immediately that his prayer was completed, Mustapha Effendi invited us to pass into his private room; a pleasant apartment opening to the water, and most luxuriously cushioned. Here coffee and chibouks were served; after which a couple of the knitters were introduced, in order that we might see the different qualities of wool, necessary to the manufacture of the various kinds of fèz.

During their performance, Mustapha Effendi asked many questions relatively to Europe; and particularly how the English government were now disposed towards the Turks; and expressed his curiosity to learn the impression which the

present state of the people had made upon ourselves. He appeared to have been piqued by some American travellers who had visited the establishment; for at the close of the conversation he said earnestly; "Europe begins to know us better; and the Franks to judge us more honestly — *Inshallàh* — I trust in God, that the day will yet come when we shall be able to convince even the Americans, that we are not wild beasts anxious to devour them."

When we had passed an hour with the Superintendent, we proceeded to inspect the establishment, which is on a very extensive scale, three thousand workmen being constantly employed. The workshops are spacious, airy, and well-conducted; the wool, having been spread over a stone-paved room on the ground-floor, where it undergoes saturation with oil, is weighed out to the carders, and thence passes into the hands of the spinners, where it is worked into threads of greater or less size, according to the quality of fèz for which it is to be made available. The women then receive it in balls, each containing the quantity necessary for a cap; and these they take home by half a dozen or a dozen at a time, to their own houses, and on restoring them receive a shilling for each of the coarse; and seventeen pence for each of the fine ones.

The next process is the most inconvenient, although perhaps the most simple of the whole.

As soon as spun, the caps are washed with cold water and soap; but, there being no rush of water sufficiently strong in the immediate vicinity of the capital, they are obliged to be sent to Smit, distant about ten leagues, where they are scoured and dried, and ultimately returned to Eyoub, in order to be completed. Each fèz then undergoes three different operations of clipping and pressing; and at the termination of the third has no longer the slightest appearance of knitted wool, but all the effect of a fine close cloth. The next process is that of dyeing the cap a rich deep crimson; and herein existed a difficulty which has been but lately overcome, and of which I shall give an account when I have sketched the whole routine of the manufacture.

Having been immersed during several hours in large coppers constantly stirred, and kept upon the boil, the caps are flung into a marble trough filled with running water, where they are trodden by a couple of men; and afterwards given to the blockers, who stretch them over earthen moulds to enable them to take a good shape. They are subsequently removed to the drying-room, where they are kept in a perpetual current of air until all the damp is removed; and thence delivered up to the head workmen, who raise the nap of the wool with the head of the bullrush, and then clip it away with huge shears; precisely as cloth is dressed

in England. Pressing follows, and the fèz is ultimately carried to the marker, who works into the crown the private cypher of the manufacture, and affixes the short cord of crimson which is to secure the *flock* or tassel of purple silk, with its whimsical appendage of cut paper. The last operation is that of sewing on the tassels: and packing the caps into parcels containing half a dozen each, stamped with the Imperial seal.

The whole process is admirably conducted. The several branches of the establishment are perfectly distinct; and the greatest industry appears to prevail in every department. The manufactory was suggested and founded by Omer Lufti Effendi, in consequence of the extremely high price paid by the Sultan to the Tunisians, with whom this fabric originated, for the head-dress of his troops. Having induced a party of Arabian workmen from Tunis to accompany him to Constantinople, he established them in the old palace, which has since been replaced by the present noble building; and under their direction the knitting and shaping of the caps acquired some degree of perfection.

But the dye was a secret beyond their art; and the Turkish government, anxious to second the views of the energetic Omer Effendi, made a second importation of Tunisians with no better success, although they were chosen from among

the most efficient workmen of their country. The caps, while they were equal both in form and texture to those of Tunis, were dingy and ill-coloured; and the Arabs declared that the failure of the dye was owing to the water in and about Constantinople, which was unfavourable to the drugs employed.

As a last hope, a trial was made at Smit, but with the same result; and the attempt to localise the manufacture was about to be abandoned, when Omer Effendi, suspecting the good faith of the Arabian workmen, disguised a clever Angorian Armenian, named Avanis Aga, as a Turk, whom he placed as a labourer in the dye-room. Being a good chemist and a shrewd observer, Avanis Aga, affecting a stupidity that removed all suspicion, soon made himself master of the secret which it so much imported his anxious patron to learn; and, abandoning the ignoble besom that he had wielded as the attendant of the Tunisian dyers, immediately that he discovered the fraud which, either in obedience to the secret orders of their Regent, or from an excess of patriotism, they had been practising ever since their arrival; he set himself to work in secret; and, with the water of Smit, dyed two caps, which, having dried, he presented to Omer Effendi, who was unable to distinguish them from those of Tunis.

Delighted at the successful issue of his ex-

periment, Omer Effendi summoned the Arabs to his presence, and shewed them the fèz; when, instantly suspecting the masquerade that had betrayed them, they simultaneously turned towards the Armenian, and, throwing their turbans on the ground, and tearing their hair, they cried out: "Yaccoup! Yaccoup!" (Jacob! Jacob!)

The Superintendent having dismissed them, after causing them to be liberally remunerated for the time which they had spent at Constantinople, sent them back to Tunis; while Avanis Aga, elected Head Dyer of the Imperial Manufactory of Eyoub, now enjoys the high honour of deciding on the exact tint to be worn by Mahmoud the Powerful, the "Light of the Sun," and "Shadow of the Universe."

Fifteen thousand caps a month are produced at the fabric of Eyoub; and they are said to equal those of Tunis. The finest Russian and Spanish wools are employed, and no expense is spared in order to render them worthy of the distinguished patronage with which the Sultan has honoured them. The Imperial apartments at the manufactory are elegantly fitted up, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate a numerous suite; and, as the building faces the Arsenal, His Highness is a frequent visitor to the establishment of Omer Effendi, where he sometimes passes several consecutive hours.

When we had made the tour of the manufac-

tory, we returned to the apartment of Mustapha Effendi, where we partook of coffee and sherbet; and after expressing the sincere gratification we had experienced in our survey, we took our leave; and once more nestling ourselves into the bottom of our caïque, we darted off to the Seraï Bournou, where an officer of the Sultan's household was waiting to admit us, *en cachette;* the prevalence of plague having added to the jealousy with which His Highness ever forbids the ingress of strangers within its walls.

The first court of this celebrated seraglio does not convey any idea of regality to the visitor. It is rather an excrescence than an appendage to the Palace: containing on the right hand the infirmaries, the bakehouses, and the wood-stores; and on the left, the Greek church of St. Irene, now converted into an arsenal. On a line with this desecrated temple is the Mint, in which are lodged the *Taraf-hanè*, or Inspector, and the *Chehir Encine*, or Superintendent, of the Public Buildings.

Passing along beside a high wall, we arrived at the *Orta Kapoussi*, or Middle Gate, which is flanked by two towers forming a *saillie;* and close beside it the *Dgillat Odossi*, or Executioner's Room, was pointed out to us, where the Viziers who are condemned to death or exile are generally arrested: hence the expression, "arrested between the two doors."

Above the gateway is a line of spikes, on which the forfeited heads were exposed, to blacken in the sunshine. And here used formerly to be exhibited the pestle and mortar with which the Muftis and Ulemas were destroyed. Having themselves framed the laws by which the country was to be governed, and fearing to suffer sooner or later by their own agency, these "second Daniels" decided that their own body could not legally suffer death either by the bowstring, the sword, the bullet, water, or famine: thus destroying, as they believed, all power over their lives. But there were other spirits awake as wily as their own; and the pestle and mortar of the *Orta Kapoussi* were adopted, in which the unhappy wretches, taken in their own toils, were literally pounded to death! Whether these extraordinary and revolting instruments of torture are still in existence, I know not; but it is certain that they are no longer exhibited as objects of curiosity.

Within the middle gate commences the splendour of the Seraï. Elaborate gilding and curious arabesques are profusely lavished on its inner side; whence an avenue of beeches leads to the third door, opening into the kiosk-crowded "Garden of Delight," wherein former Sultans were wont to receive the European Ambassadors.

Beyond the vast and golden-latticed building formerly appropriated to this purpose, the eye

is bewildered by the confusion of many shaped and glittering pavilions scattered about on all sides; and I, unfortunately, had not time to examine them at my leisure; as I was requested previously to my survey to visit one of the officers of the household, who possessed the power of introducing me into the harem. Thither we accordingly went; and found the courteous Effendi smoking his chibouk in a sort of garden parlour, overlooking the enclosure in which stands the Column of Theodosius.

COLUMN OF THEODOSIUS.

As soon as we were seated, I requested permission to sketch this interesting monument,

which he at first refused from a dread of being compromised by my entrance into the Seraï, but after a little reluctance he complied, and I hastily availed myself of his politeness. Well was it for me that I did so, for I had scarcely replaced my pencils, when an attendant, breathless with haste, entered the room, exclaiming, "Hide the lady! Hide the Franks!—The Sultan has just arrived in the second court!"

All was instantly confusion. We made a hasty retreat by another gate; and, passing along to the water's edge, traced upon the mouldering walls several inscriptions in ancient Greek. One ran thus: "Theodosius, King by the grace of Christ;" another; "The Illustrious Theodosius, the great King by the Grace of Christ;" while numberless crosses and half-obliterated sentences still remain, which are beyond solution.

Altogether I brought away from the Seraï Bournou, a mere confused impression of gilding and splendour; of domes, and kiosks, and gardens; of lofty walls and gleaming lattices. On passing under what is called the Gate of Constantine, the spot was pointed out to me on which a boy, being a few months ago engaged in play with a party of children of his own age, had dug up a brilliant, weighing between twenty eight and thirty carats; since which period that narrow passage has also been closed against the public. As our caïque darted past the

golden gate of the Imperial harem, I lost myself in reveries of all the guilt, and suffering, and despair, which had made the celebrated Palace of the Point the theme of story, and an object of undying interest to the curious. I seemed to see the quivering body of the unfortunate Selim —the Sardanapalus of the East—flung from the walls in mockery; and to hear the taunt of his murderers as they cast him forth—"Traitors and Rebels! there is your Sultan—Do with him as you will!"

This was the most recent tragedy of the Seraï Bournou, and perhaps one of the saddest; and, as I glanced around me, and remembered how many of his works had outlived him, I forgot my own disappointment in commiserating the fate of a Sovereign, who, sensual and supine though he was, yet possessed qualities both of the heart and the head, which should have arrested the weapons of his assassins, and secured to him the affections of his adherents.

CHAPTER XXV.

Social Condition of the Eastern Jews—Parallel between the Jews of Europe and the Levant—Cruelty of the Turkish Children to Jews—A Singular Custom—Religious Strictness of the Jews—National Administration—The House of Naïm Zornana of Galata—Costume of the Jewish Women—Hebrew Hospitality.

I NEVER saw the curse denounced against the children of Israel more fully brought to bear than in the East; where it may be truly said that "their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them,"—Where they are considered rather as a link between animals and human beings, than as men possessed of the same attributes, warmed by the same sun, chilled by the same breeze, subject to the same feelings, and impulses, and joys, and sorrows, as their fellow mortals.

There is a subdued and spiritless expression about the Eastern Jew, of which the comparatively tolerant European can picture to himself no possible idea until he has looked upon it. The Israelite of Europe has a peculiar physiognomy; a crouching, self-humbling, constrained manner; but there is "a lurking devil in his eye,"

which at once convinces you that it is the hope of gain rather than the fear of insult, which teaches him that over-acted subserviency of carriage. You may detect the internal chuckle of self-gratulatory success; the stealthy glance of calculating caution; the sudden flashing out of the spirit's triumph, as transitory as it is vivid. But the Jew of Turkey knows not even the poor enjoyment of these momentary outbreaks of our common nature; "he eats his bread in bitterness," and comes forth from beneath his own roof-tree with fear and trembling, to pursue his calling; and to mingle, even unequally, in the avocations of his task-masters.

It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that the bitterness of hatred is blent with the terror of the Jew, in his commerce with his Moslem lords; nor that his heart burns as he treads their highways, and wanders through their cities. But this is a secret and impotent revenge; and, even while his spirit pours forth "curses not loud, but deep," he only crouches the more servilely beneath the power that crushes him, lest the yoke should be pressed down yet more heavily, and the burthen be doubled.

It is impossible to express the contemptuous hatred in which the Osmanlis hold the Jewish people; and the veriest Turkish urchin who may encounter one of the fallen nation on his path, has his meed of insult to add to the degradation

of the outcast and wandering race of Israel. Nor dare the oppressed party revenge himself even upon this puny enemy, whom his very name suffices to raise up against him.

I remember, on the occasion of the great festival at Kahaitchana, seeing a Turkish boy of perhaps ten years of age, approach a group of Jewesses, and deliberately fixing upon one whose delicate state of health should have been her protection from insult, give her so violent a blow as to deprive her of consciousness, and level her to the earth. As I sprang forward to the assistance of this unfortunate, I was held back by a Turk of my acquaintance, a man of rank, and I had hitherto believed, divested of such painful prejudices; who bade me not agitate, or trouble myself on the occasion, as the woman was *only a Jewess!* And of the numbers of Turkish females who stood looking on, not one raised a hand to assist the wretched victim of gratuitous barbarity.

Very shortly before our departure from Constantinople, my father and myself were ascending the hill of Topp-hannè, on our way to Pera, followed by a Jewish lad of sixteen or seventeen years of age, heavily laden with linen drapery, which he was hawking for sale. About mid-way of the rise we passed a house upon whose door-step a party of Turkish boys were amusing themselves; but they no sooner saw the Jew,

who was quietly pursuing his way in the centre of the street, than they simultaneously quitted the sport with which they were engaged, and, springing upon the poor youth, they commenced beating him, and endeavouring to drag from his back the merchandize with which he was laden.

The terror of the lad was frightful. The street was, as usual, so filthy as to entail ruin upon every thing that fell to the ground; and, as he struggled against the pain of the blows that were showered upon him on all sides, and the efforts which were made to destroy his goods; the big tears rolled from his eyes. But the contest was soon terminated by my father, whose cane liberated the unfortunate Jew from his tormentors in a very short time; and procured for himself a volley of abuse, the most *piquante* of which was: "See the Giaour! the Giaour who fights for the Jew!" — a specimen of wit that appeared to be greatly relished by a couple of grave-looking old Turks, who had been unmoved spectators of the whole scene— the poor lad, meanwhile, like an animal which has been beaten, and rescued by a passer-by, following crouchingly upon our footsteps until he entered the High Street.

A common custom with both the Turks and the Greeks when they pass a caïque on the water laden with Jews, is to raise one hand, and

with outstretched finger to count their number, which is supposed to bring some heavy misfortune on the last of the party. The Jews, who have firm faith in the effect of the spell, writhe with agony as they remark the action, and never fail collectively to yell forth: "May the curse fall back upon yourself!" After which the caïques dart onward, each upon its own errand; the one gay with the subdued mirth of the tormentors, and the other freighted with new and unnecessary bitterness.

The Jews of the East, like their brethren of Europe, are the people of the country who spend their sabbath the most strictly; and who are the most conscientious in the exercise of their religious observances, and the most obedient to its professors. Even accustomed as they are to habits of chicane and extortion, the Jews are seldom guilty of wilful error in their contributions to the National Chest, for relieving the wants of the poorer portion of their people; which is supplied from a tax levied on the provisions consumed by each family, thus falling the most heavily on the wealthiest of their community.

The Levantine Jews individually live in the hope, and with the intention, of terminating their lives at Jerusalem; and, as this speculation is an expensive one, their energies are quickened by the necessity it entails of making a gra-

dual provision for so extensive an outlay; and instances have been frequent in which the father of a family, feeling that from his advanced age and his failing powers, he was no longer able to benefit his children by his personal exertions, has resigned to his sons all his worldly wealth, save the sum necessary to defray the charges of his pilgrimage; and sometimes alone, and, sometimes accompanied by his wife, has bidden a last adieu to his children, and departed to die in the chosen city.

In order not to be ruined by any political convulsion, or beggared by any stretch of despotic power, the Jews have a law regulating the division of their property into three equal proportions. One consists of floating capital; another is secured in jewels; and the third is retained in the coin of the country; an arrangement which proved highly beneficial to that portion of their nation that was compelled from ecclesiastical persecution to evacuate Portugal and Spain, at the instigation of Torquemada and other influential members of the clergy: and to establish themselves in Constantinople; where, through the long series of years which has succeeded, they have retained the language of the countries whence they were banished, with such tenacity, that most of their women are altogether ignorant of the Turkish.

The Constantinopolitan Jews, who wear a

dingy-coloured white cap, surrounded by a cotton shawl of a small brown pattern, are raïahs, or vassals to the Porte, and are also distinguishable by their dark purple boots, and black slippers; while those who cover their heads with a *calpac*, somewhat similar to that of the Greeks, but surmounted by a scarlet rosette at the summit of the crown, are either under foreign protection; or subjects of another country trading temporarily in the Levant, and enjoying all the prerogatives of that portion of the community whose costume they adopt; these invariably wear yellow boots, and slippers similar to those of the Turks. The raïahs, as well as the strangers, are under the jurisdiction of the Grand Rabbin; the difference of their position acting only on their external relations, and not being recognised by their own rulers.

The Levantine Jews formerly visited the infidelity of their women with death; but the present Sultan has forbidden to them the exercise of so severe a law, and the crime is now punished by exile. They marry their sons at fifteen, and their daughters at ten years of age; and if a father desires to chastise his child, he is obliged to obtain the concurrence of the seven Deputy Counsellors, charged with the religious administration of the nation; who refer the matter to the Grand Rabbin; whose order in its turn must, ere it can be made available, receive the sanction of

the Porte. The same rule is observed with individuals charged with any crime, save that these are imprisoned during the deliberation.

Having expressed to a friend my desire to visit one of the principal Jewish families, in order to see the costume of their women, of which I had heard a great deal; he accompanied my father and myself to the house of Naim Zornana, with whom he had held some commercial relations. Nothing could be more miserable than the approach to his dwelling; for, in order to reach it, we were compelled to traverse the entire length of the Jew's Quarter at Galata; nor did the appearance of the house itself, as we crossed a miserable yard into which it opened, tend to give us a very favourable idea of the establishment. The window-shutters were swinging in the wind upon their rusty hinges; the wooden balustrade of a dilapidated terrace, whose latticed roof was overgrown by a magnificent vine, was mouldering to decay; the path to the house was choaked with rubbish; and the timber of which it was built was blackened both by time and fire.

The first flight of stairs that we ascended, together with the rooms on the ground-floor, were quite in keeping with the exterior of the dwelling: but when we reached the foot of the second, we appeared to have been suddenly acted upon by magic: the steps were neatly matted,

the walls were dazzlingly white, and at the entrance of the vast *salle* into which the several apartments opened, lay a handsome Persian carpet. Here we were met by the females of the family, and greeted with the lowliest of all Eastern salutations, ere we were conducted to the scrupulously clean and handsomely arranged saloon appropriated to the reception of visiters.

Never, during my residence in the East, had I looked on any costume which equalled in richness, and, their head-dresses excepted, in elegance, the dress of these Jewish females. It was a scene of the Arabian Nights in action; and for a few moments I was lost in admiration. The mistress of the house stood immediately in front of the sofa on which we were seated: she was a tall stately woman, who looked not as though she belonged to a bowed and rejected race; she had the eagle eye, the prominent nose, and the high pale forehead of her nation, with a glance as fiery as it was keen.

Such as I have described her, she was attired in a full dress of white silk, confined a little above the hips by a broad girdle of wrought gold, clasped with gems; both the girdle and the clasps being between five and six inches in width. Above this robe, she wore a pelisse of dove-coloured cachemire, lined and overlaid with the most costly sables, and worth several hundred pounds; the sleeves were large and loose, and

fell back, to reveal the magnificent bracelets which encircled her arms, and the jewelled rings that flashed upon her fingers. Her turban, of the usual enormous size worn by all Jewish women, was formed of the painted muslin handkerchief of the country, but so covered with gems that its pattern was undistinguishable; while, from beneath it, a deep fringe of pearls, dropped with emeralds of immense size and value, fell over her brow, down each side of her face, and ultimately upon her shoulders.

Behind her were grouped her three daughters-in-law, in dresses nearly similar, save that, not being widows, they did not wear the heavy pelisse; and that the gold and pearl embroidered sleeves and bosoms of their silken robes were consequently visible. The prettiest woman of the party was her own and only daughter, who had been summoned from the house of her husband on the previous day, to welcome the return of her younger brother from Europe, where he had passed five years. She was nearly fourteen, with an expression half pensive and half playful; a something which seemed to indicate that her nature was too sad for smiles, and yet too gay for tears; as though the young bright spirit had been chilled and withered ere it had felt its freshness, and that it still struggled to free itself from the thrall.

Her dress was gorgeous; the costly garniture

of gold and jewels, which almost made her boddice appear to be one mass of light, was continued to the knee of her tunic, where it parted to form a deep hem, that entirely surrounded the skirt of the garment. The jewelled fringe of her turban was supported on either temple by a large spray of brilliants, and fell upon a border of black floss silk that rested on her fair young brow. Her arms were as white as snow, and seemed almost as dazzling as the gems which bound them; while her slender waist was compressed by a golden girdle similar in fashion, but richer in design, than that of her mother.

In their girlhood, the Jewish females take great pride in the adornment of their hair, but from the moment of their marriage it is scrupulously hidden; so scrupulously, indeed; that they wear a second handkerchief attached to the turban behind, which falls to the ground, in order to conceal the roots of the hair that the turban may fail to cover.

A sweet little girl of about nine years of age, the affianced wife of one of the brothers, was introduced, in order to show me the difference of head-dress; and assuredly her *coiffure* was a most elaborate affair. She must have worn at least fifty braids, each secured at the end by a knot of pearls and ribbon; while her little chubby hands were literally covered with jewelled

rings; and her feet, like those of the elder females, simply thrust into richly embroidered slippers.

The courtesy and hospitality of the whole family were extreme. They appeared delighted at the unusual circumstance of receiving Christians, who appreciated their kindly intentions; and when I promised, in compliance with their earnest request, that I would repeat my visit, I had no intention to fail in the pledge.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hospitality of the Armenians — An Impromptu Visit — The Bride — Costly Costume — Turkish Taste — Kind Reception—Domestic Etiquette of the Schismatic Armenians — Armenian Sarafs — The National Characteristics.

I CANNOT, perhaps, give a better idea of the hospitable feeling of the Armenians, than by relating a little adventure which happened to a friend and myself, a few weeks previously to my departure from the East.

We left home with the intention of paying a visit to the amiable sisters of Tingler-Oglou, at their residence on the Bosphorus; and, after a short walk, rang at a great gate which we imagined to be that of their grounds. The summons was immediately answered; and a lovely girl of about sixteen having followed the servant to the gate to ascertain the identity of the visitors, replied to our inquiry for the ladies we sought, by an invitation to enter. Supposing, from the extreme splendour of her dress, and the perfect ease of her manner, that she was some relative of the family whom we had not hitherto met, we at once obeyed her bidding, and found ourselves

on a terrace overshadowed by lime trees, on which a party of ladies, entirely unknown to us, were whiling away the time, surrounded by a crowd of attendants.

Both the place and the persons being strange, we drew back, and apologised for our unintentional intrusion on the privacy of the family; when an elderly female, evidently the mistress of the house, motioned us to seat ourselves on the cushions beside her, telling us that she had been long desirous of making our acquaintance, and was rejoiced that her daughter-in-law had possessed wit enough to profit by the opportunity afforded by our mistake. Of course we availed ourselves of the courtesy; and the more readily as we immediately discovered that we were in the grounds of a wealthy Saraf, who was the neighbour of Tingler-Oglou; and who had lately built the magnificent mansion which lay below the terrace on the edge of the channel; and married the beautiful girl who stood beside us, smiling at the success of her harmless deceit.

She was the bride of a week; and, as I had never before had an opportunity of seeing the costume of a newly-married Armenian female, I looked at her with considerable curiosity. Her hair, which was perfectly black, and extremely luxuriant, hung in a number of glossy braids upon her shoulders, being bound back from her

brow by a handkerchief of gold gauze, deeply fringed, and thickly covered with diamonds.

Between her eyebrows was affixed an ornament composed of small brilliants, and forming the word "bride" in Armenian characters. Her chemisette was of blue crape, fringed with silver; and her antery of Broussa silk, worked and edged with gold, bound about her waist with a costly cachemire. She wore trowsers of figured silk, of a pale blue; thread stockings, and slippers of pink kid. Her rings and bracelets were a little fortune in themselves; and, had she known how to adjust her costume with the intuitive taste of a Turkish woman, she would have been beautiful; but the Armenian lady is as inferior in elegance to the fair Osmanli, as the Perote to the European. They wear the same description of dress, and employ the same materials, but they may, nevertheless, be distinguished at a glance, from the mere manner of its adjustment. The one is almost a caricature of the other. I remained long enough in the East to think the yashmac the most coquettish and becoming of all head-dresses; but to be either the one or the other it must be arranged by the fair fingers of a gentle Turk; for when put on as the Armenians wear it, it is the greatest disfigurement in the world. The same may be said of the whole of their costume. The inmate of the Turkish harem is as willow-like and graceful as a swan — the

Armenian lady, on the contrary, overloads herself with shawls and finery; and is, consequently, fettered in her movements.

Nothing could be more courteous than our reception by the family with which we had become so unexpectedly acquainted. The most delicate sweetmeats and the finest Mocha coffee were served to us by the fair hands of the bride herself, which were deeply stained with henna; and, as I have before remarked, blazing with jewels.

When the refreshments were removed, we made a tour of the grounds; and were laden by our new friends with tuberoses, orange-blossom, and green lemons. There was not a courtesy that they did not shew us; not a flattering epithet which they did not lavish on us; and, as they led us by the hand from terrace to terrace, they pointed out with intuitive taste every fine point of view as it opened upon them—lingered beneath each little garden pavilion wreathed with parasites, where the passion-flower blossomed beside the creeping rose, and the violet nestled at the root of the tiger lily—playfully sprinkled us with the limpid waters of each sparkling fountain, whose marble basin looked like a glistening lotus in the sunshine—seated us in the painted kiosks which overhung the water—and selected for us the most tempting produce of the orangeries.

When we at length reluctantly took our leave, the pretty bride kissed our hands with a graceful humility, perfectly charming; and we were followed to the gate by entreaties that we would renew our visit. To these I replied by an invitation which was instantly accepted; and on the morrow my room was a blaze of jewels and gold embroidery.

The etiquette of a Schismatic Armenian family is infinitely more rigid than that observed by the Turks. With the latter, the daughter or daughter-in-law, when in the harem, can seat herself unbidden; although not, indeed, where she pleases, for her proper place is assigned to her, and she is not permitted to intrude into those of her elders. But the young Armenian wife, who may have brought to her husband the dowry of a million of piastres, and the fair girl who is the heiress of her father's house, must remain meekly standing, with folded hands and patient brow, until the lady-mother gives the gracious signal which authorises her to occupy a corner of the sofa or the cushion.

The Armenian Catholics do not enforce so rigorously this domestic slavery, although they also are fettered by a thousand inconvenient and inconsequent observances. It is the Schismatics who cling jealously to all the absurd ceremonials which render their existence as uncomfortable as they can contrive to make it. The eldest

son can smoke before his father, it is true; but the chibouk is placed in such a position as to be invisible to the chief of the family, the smoker being obliged to turn his head backward to press the amber mouthpiece; and, moreover, to select for this fleeting enjoyment the brief moments when the eyes of his parent are averted.

The younger sons dare not produce a chibouk, nor even utter an opinion before either of these august personages—The mother alone, among the females of the family, has the privilege of occupying a place on the sofa, and appropriating a share of the conversation: the younger ladies only appear before their male relatives when they are summoned, or compelled to intrude in the performance of some household duty. On all other occasions they inhabit the harem, which is usually a noble apartment most luxuriously fitted up, where they knit, embroider, or idle, as best suits their inclination. Like the Turkish women, they are passionately fond of flowers, and cultivate them with great assiduity; their gardens being as remarkable for their neatness, as are the interior of their dwellings for that extraordinary cleanliness to which I have borne testimony elsewhere.

On the arrival of a male visiter, should any of the ladies be wandering amid the bright blossoms in which they so much delight, the alarm is instantly given; and they shuffle away

to their pretty prison-room as fast as their heel-less slippers will enable them to move. Perhaps the guest may be a suitor; but if so, the case is not altered one iota. The lady still runs away, without any attempt to indulge her curiosity by a peep at her destined lord; while the gentleman, on his side, takes his seat in the great saloon, and, after smoking a score of pipes, and making a thousand *teminas* to the father or brother of his bride elect, mounts his horse, or resumes his place in his caïque, and departs; in full possession of all the particulars of the lady's property; and in contented ignorance of all that relates to her character or person.

"Will you take this woman, whether she be halt, or deaf, or humped, or blind?" asks the priest on the bridal day, as the happy bride-groom stands opposite to a mummy-like mass of gold threads and cachemire, with his own monstrous calpac tricked out in the same glittering finery, until he looks like a male Danaë; and with true stolid Armenian philosophy he answers: "Even so I will take her."

The European young lady associates the idea of marriage with tenderness, and indulgence, and domestic enjoyment; emancipation from maternal authority, and comparative personal liberty. She smiles in the stillness of her own spirit at the fair visions of happiness that rise before her; and there is no bitterness in the tears with

which she quits the home of her infancy. But the Armenian maiden only exchanges one tyranny for another—she is transported to the home of a stranger, whom a priest has told her that she is to love, and whom she has never seen — beneath the rooftree of a man whom, henceforward, she is bound to honour, though her heart may loathe the mockery. To obey is her least difficult duty, for she has been reared in obedience; but yet she cannot escape the pang of feeling how much more easy was that blind submission to another's will, when it was enforced by the mother who had laid her to sleep upon her bosom in her infancy, and on whose knee she had sported in her girlhood; than when she is suddenly called upon to bow meekly beneath the dictation of a new and strange task-mistress, knit to her by no tie, save that new and unaccustomed link which has just been riveted by the church; and by which she has become the slave not only of her husband, but of his parents also.

Has she fortune, beauty, rank, they avail her nothing; for two long years she must not speak before her step-mother, save to reply to some question that may be put to her; and, should she herself become a parent, she has yet a sterner and a more difficult task to learn; for she cannot even fondle her infant before witnesses; but must fly and hide herself in her

own chamber when she would indulge the outpourings of maternal love.

How melancholy a contrast does this Armenian barbarism afford to the beautiful devotedness of every inmate of a Turkish harem to the comfort and happiness of infancy! There it is difficult to decide which is really the mother of the rosy, laughing, boisterous baby that is passed from one to the other; and welcome to the heart and arms of all. The little plump, spoilt, mischievous urchin, whose life is one long holyday of fun and frolic; and whose few fleeting tears throw all around him into commotion. An infant is common property in a Turkish harem—a toy and a treasure alike to each; whether it be the child of the stately Hanoum whose will is law, or of the slave whose duty is obedience; and, it is certain that, if children could really be "killed with kindness," the Ottoman Empire, in as far as the Turks themselves are concerned, would soon be a waste.

There can, I think, be no doubt that the life of cold, monotonous, heart-shutting ceremony led by the Armenians among themselves, has been in a great degree the cause of the stolidity of character with which I have elsewhere reproached them. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a finer race of men in the world, as far as their personal appearance is concerned: while it is certain that no where could they be exceeded

in mental, or I should rather say, moral inertness. In all affairs of commerce, where the subject may be reduced by rule, and decided by calculation, they are competent alike to undertake and to comprehend it: but once endeavour to while them beyond the charmed circle of their money-bags; to detach their thoughts for a moment from their piastres; and they cannot utter three consecutive sentences to which it is not a waste of time to listen.

That they are a most valuable portion of the population admits of no dispute; their steady commercial habits, their unquestioning submission to "the powers that be;" their plodding, unambitious natures, fit them admirably for their position in Turkey. Had they more mental energy, more self-appreciation, and more moral development, they could not continue to be the tame listless imitators, and idolaters of their masters that they now are.

The Armenian holds the same position among the bipeds of the East as the buffalo among the quadrupeds. He bears his load, and performs his task with docility, without appearing conscious that he can be capable of any thing beyond this; and, even the Sarafs, or Bankers to the Pashas, a class of men in whom I expected to encounter, at least occasionally, an individual of general acquirements and information, as far as my own experience went, scarcely formed an exception

to the rule. I knew many among them who were exceedingly amiable, and possessed of great shrewdness, but it was all professional subtlety; it extended not beyond the objects on which their personal interests were hinged. Not one in a score can speak five words of any European language, or be induced to exhibit the slightest wish to acquire one. In a word, I should say that the Armenians, as a nation, were worthy, well-meaning, and useful, but extremely uninteresting members of society; possessing neither the energy of the Greek, nor the strength of character so conspicuous in the Osmanli—A money-making, money-loving people, having a proper regard for the "purple and fine linen" of the world; and quite satisfied to bear the double yoke of the Sultan and the Priesthood.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Season-Changes at Constantinople—Twilight—The Palace Garden—Mariaritza, the Athenian—A Love-tale by Moonlight—The Greek Girl's Song—The Palace of Beglierbey—Interior Decorations—The Bath—The Terraces—The Lake of the Swans—The Air Bath—The Emperor's Vase—The Gilded Kiosk—A Disappointment.

We had landed at Constantinople amid the snows of winter: we had danced through the Carnival at the Palaces of Pera: seen the early primroses spring in the Valley of the Sweet Waters, and the first violets blossom among the tombs in the Cemetery of Eyoub. We had hailed the brightening summer as it wrote its approach with flowery fingers amid the bursting roses of the terrace-gardens, whispered its gentle promises in the low murmuring breezes which curled lovingly the clear ripple of the Bosphorus, and made mystic music among the leafy plane-trees. We had glided over that ripple by moonlight in a fairy-bark, whose golden glitter flashed back the sweet light that touched it, and whose broad-bladed oars flung the light spray from them at every stroke, like mimic stars.

We had dropped down with the tide under the "hill of the thousand nightingales," when they made night vocal with their melody. I shall never forget that hour! It was in the very heart of summer, and, in the West the twilight lingers lovingly upon the earth, as though it were loath to leave a scene of so much beauty: and, in the dim light the wanderer, who moves slowly among the sights and scents of the most luxurious of seasons, may see the chalices of the reviving flowers opening to receive the dew-offering poured forth as if in homage to their beauty; and the tinted lip of every orient blossom uplifted to the grateful touch of the tears of night.—It was at the last hour of daylight; but, in the East, the Giant Darkness overshadows the earth only for an instant in his approach, ere he lays his sable hand on the landscape, and effaces its outline.

I had been passing the day in one of the Palaces that skirt the channel. It was a season of festivity, and my father and myself had shared, with about fifty other guests, the princely hospitality of its owner; we had met early, and, after many hours of excitement and exertion, I felt that craving for mental repose always the most imperative after a lapse of time in which the spirit has been more taxed than the physical strength.

From the supper-room I accordingly strolled

into the garden. Daylight was just looking its last over the waters; and already the shadows of the Asian hills were looming long upon their surface. I turned listlessly from the broad path which, overhung with trellised roses, divided the parterre almost in the centre; and, striking into a screened way hedged on either side by a deep belt of evergreens and flowering shrubs, retreated with a rapid step from the immediate neighbourhood of the illuminated saloons that gave upon the garden; and from whose open casements the light laughter and mirthful tones of the guests rang through the evening air. A slight dew was already falling, and the blossoming trees among which I passed were giving out a cool fresh scent as the moisture touched them;—an occasional tuft of violets nestling at their roots flung a rich perfume to the sky; and the faint odour of the far-off orangery which was already invisible in the fading light, came occasionally on the breeze like a gush of incense wafted by the hand of Nature in homage to her God.

Another breath! and down came the darkness, above and about me. The stern mountains were faintly pencilled against the horizon—the breeze sighed through the blossom-laden branches as though it mourned the loss of the daylight; and conjured, as it seemed, by that soft sound, up sprang a single star into the

Heavens — clear, full, and glittering as though it had been formed of one pure and perfect diamond; and was reflected back from the calm bosom of the Bosphorus, in bright but tempered brilliancy.

It was a moment of enchantment! And as my eye became accustomed to the sudden gloom, the whole horizon appeared changed. It was not blackness that veiled the sky; night wore no sables; but a far-spreading vestment of deep dense blue, without a vapour to dim its intensity —And slowly, beautifully, into this empurpled vault, rose the soft moon, whose silver circle was almost perfect; casting, as she clombe her mysterious path, a long line of light across the channel which glittered like liquid gems.

I was still gazing on this glorious spectacle, motionless, and almost breathless, when I was startled by a deep sigh so near me that I involuntarily started back a pace or two; but, recovering myself on the instant, I looked earnestly in the direction whence it had appeared to come; and, detecting amid the branches the glimmer of a white drapery, I approached the spot, and found myself standing beside a dark-eyed girl, who, seated on a broken column under the overarching boughs of a magnificent cedar tree, was plucking to pieces a branch of orange-blossom which she had torn from her brow.

She was dressed in deep mourning, but over

her head she had flung the long loose veil of soft white muslin common to her country-women —for Mariaritza was a Greek—I scarcely know how to describe her, and I quite despair of making my portrait a likeness, for her's was not a face that words can mirror faithfully. I had heard much of her before we met—much which had excited alike my curiosity and my interest; and, although since our acquaintance had commenced, that interest had grown almost into affection, my curiosity still remained ungratified. She must have been about two and twenty; her stature was low, and her complexion swarthy; she was limbed like an Antelope; and her coal black hair was braided smoothly across a brow as haughty as that of an Empress. I am not quite sure that she had a good feature in her face, except her eyes; although there have been moments when I have thought her not only handsome, but even radiantly beautiful—And her eyes—they can be described like those of no other person—you could not look into them for a moment without feeling that you were thralled. They were as black as midnight; long, and peculiarly-shaped, set deeply into the head, and somewhat closer together than is usual.

But all this is commonplace. It was not the form and fashion of Mariaritza's eyes which made them so singular—it was their extraordi-

nary and contradictory expression—I have seen them soft and liquid as those of infancy; and, an instant afterwards, almost fierce in their blinding brightness.

As I reached her side she looked up, and the flash of blended ire and bitterness was in those dark wild eyes, as she exclaimed, without changing her position: "Ha! Is it indeed you who are cheating yourself into a belief that you can love the silent night better than the laughter and the flatteries of yonder empty-hearted fools?" and she jerked her veiled head impatiently in the direction of the Palace: "You, the courted, and the caressed; whom they idolise and worship because you can record them and their's, and make them subject for song and story in your own far-off land? Go, go—The night air may chill you—It is not for such as you to be abroad when the dew is on the earth."

I saw that the dark mood was on her. I had known her thus more than once; and I only answered by drawing a part of her long veil over my own head, and sitting down on the earth beside her.

"Nay, if you will really forsake them awhile for *my* companionship," she murmured, while the moonlight that streamed upon her face was not more soft than the gaze which met mine as I looked up at her: "let us free ourselves for a while from all risk of intrusion—I have been

in the lime-avenue, but I had well nigh intruded on a love-tale; and when I would fain have taken refuge in the ruined temple, and found it tenanted by a Saraf and his pipe-bearer ——"

"And I"—and as I spoke I raised her hand playfully to my lips; "I am to chace you hence?"

"You shall, if you so will it;" said Mariaritza: "and if you will trust yourself with me for a couple of hours——"

"Any where—everywhere——"

The young Greek answered only by rising, and moving hastily towards the house. In a moment I heard the clapping of her small hands; and in five minutes more her caïque awaited us at the terrace-gate which opened on the channel.

"The sternmost caïquejhe is deaf;" whispered Mariaritza; as we established ourselves on the yielding cushions at the bottom of the arrow-like boat, and wrapped the furred pelisses with which it was profusely supplied carefully about us — "we have but to converse in a low voice, and we shall be safe, even although we should whisper treason of Mahmoud himself!"

I answered with a similar jest; and we darted out into the centre of the channel, and on until we glided beneath the Asian shore. No! I shall never forget that night — and could I impart to my readers the tale to which I listened from that passionate Greek girl, in a flood of

moonlight, and to the music of the myriad nightingales, as we crept along under the shadows of the mighty hills, I might spare the asseveration. That night I heard all her secret; and from that hour I loved her!

Mariaritza was an Athenian; proud of her unsullied descent, and of the loved land of her birth. She was on a visit to a rich relative at Constantinople; but she sighed for Greece as the captive sighs for liberty; and the rather that a wealthy suitor had presented himself, whom her friends persecuted her to receive.

"Did they know what is hidden *here!*" she exclaimed, as she alluded to this new lover, pressing her small hand over her heart while she spoke; "Could they guess the tale which I have confided to no ear save your's — But you are weeping—your tears are bright in the moonlight—God forgive me! but I did not think that you knew how to weep."

"Mariaritza!" I whispered reproachfully.

"Pardon! pardon!" murmured the wayward girl, winding her arm about my neck; "Our Lady have mercy on me! It is my fate ever to pain those I love. But I will talk of myself no more—Let us speak of Greece — my own beautiful Greece!—or, listen—I will sing to you a song that I ought long to have forgotten, for *he* wrote it—Did I tell you that he, too, was an Athenian?"

And without waiting for a reply, she warbled to a plaintive melody some Greek stanzas, of which the following is a free translation:

THE GREEK GIRL'S SONG.

My own bright Greece! My sunny land!
Nurse of the brave and free!
How bound the chords beneath my hand
Whene'er I sing of thee —
The myrtle branches wave above my brow,
And glorious memories throng around me now!

Thy very name was once a spell,—
A watchword in the earth—
With thee the Arts first deigned to dwell —
And o'er thy gentle hearth
The social spirit spread her gleaming wings;
And made it the glad home of pure and lovely things.

The snowy marble sprang to life
'Neath thy Promethean touch;
The breeze with sunny song was rife:
(Where now awakens such?)
All that was brightest, best, with thee was found,
And thy sons trod in pride thy classic ground.

The burning eloquence which dips
Its torch in living fire,
Flowed, like a lava-tide, from lips
That, from the funeral-pyre
Of by-past ages plucked a burning brand,
To shed new light o'er thee, thou bright and glorious land.

They tell me thou art nothing now —
I spurn the unholy thought!
The beam is yet upon thy brow
Which erst from Heaven it caught —
Let then the baneful, blighting mockery cease!
Still art thou beautiful, my own fair Greece!

Firm hearts and glowing souls remain
To love thee, glorious one!
And though no hand may clasp again
Thy once celestial zone,
Better to worship at thy ruined shrine,
Than bend the knee at one less proud and pure than thine!

But the wild-eyed Mariaritza has betrayed me into a digression in which I thought not to indulge when I commenced this chapter; and I must lead back my reader to the opening sentences, wherein I was noting the sweet season-changes that we had witnessed in the East. The summer, with its luxury of leaves and flowers, had passed away; and we saw the bright green of the Asian woods grow into gold beneath the touch of autumn. Our days of pilgrimage were numbered; and Stamboul, with its mosques and its minarets, its domes and its palaces, was soon to be only a gorgeous memory.

Already had we said our farewell to many a fond and valued friend, never, probably, to be looked upon again in life; and as we wandered amid scenes and sights to which we had become

familiarised, we felt that indescribable sadness with which an object is ever contemplated for the last time. The heart may have been wrung, the spirit may have been pained, during a foreign sojourn; deep shadows may have fallen over the landscape; but there must ever be sunny spots on which the memory lingers, and to which the affections cling.

The freshness had passed away from the Valley of the Sweet Waters, and the turf had withered beneath a scorching sun; yet to me it was still beautiful. The sparkling Barbyses was shrunken to a silver thread; but in my mind's eye I yet saw it filling its graceful channel, and gliding like a snake through the silent glen. The cemetery of Eyoub was glorious! The lordly trees which overhang the tombs were rainbow-like in their tints; and the gilded headstones appeared to be overcanopied by living gems.

Every hour passed in the solemn Necropolis of Scutari was a distinct mine of thought—Its deep, dense shadows, its voiceless solitude, its melancholy sublimity — all remained as I had first felt them — The seasons effect no change on this City of the Dead—The long dim avenues of cypress put on no summer livery to flaunt in the garish sunshine—amid the snows of winter, and the skies of spring, they wear the same dark hues—the autumnal beams shed no golden

tints over their dusky foliage; nor do the summer heats betray them into blossoming. The grave-tree, nourished by the mouldering remnants of mortality, dank with the exhalations of the tombs, and rooted in a soil fed with corruption, drinks not the dews, and revels not in the day-beam, like the changeful child of the sunshine, which flings its leafy and light-loving branches over a painted kiosk, or a marble fountain — It is dark and silent, as the dead above whom it springs; and the wind moans more sadly among its boughs, than when it sweeps through the leaves of the summer woods.

The very streets, narrow, difficult, and even plague-teeming as they were, acquired a new interest when we remembered that in a few weeks we should tread them no more. The columns of the Atmeidan—the "Tree of Groans" beside the mosque of Sultan Achmet—the gorgeous Fountain of Topp-hannè—each claimed a longer look than heretofore, as we felt that it was the last.

These were our chosen haunts; and the steam-vessel that was to convey us to the Danube, by which route we had decided on returning to England, already lay in the port, when an Officer of the Imperial Household bore to us the gracious permission of the Sultan to visit his palaces; coupled with the injunction that we were to be unaccompanied by any other Frank. Not a moment was to be lost! We had not a week

to remain in the country; and we accordingly appointed the morrow for crossing to the gilded summer Palace of Beglierbey.

Our caïque was at the pier of Yeni-keuÿ at ten o'clock; and we shot athwart the channel which was steeped in sunshine, like wild birds. At the marble gate we were met by the courteous individual who was to act as our guide through the saloons of the Sultan; and, having made our bow to the Kïara, who was also awaiting us, we stepped across the threshold, followed by the gaze of the astonished guard; and skirting the rainbow-like garden, we passed along the line of gilt lattices which veil the seaward boundary of the pleasure-grounds; and entered the hall.

The first glance of the interior is not imposing. The double staircase, sweeping crescentwise through the centre of the entrance, contracts its extent so much as to give it the appearance of being insignificant in its proportions; an effect which is, moreover, considerably heightened by the elaborated ornaments of the carved and gilded balustrades and pillars. But such is far from being the case in reality; as, from this outer apartment, with its flooring of inlaid woods, arabesqued ceiling, and numerous casements, open no less than eight spacious saloons, appropriated to the Imperial Household.

Above this suite are situated the State Apart-

ments; gorgeous with gilding, and richly furnished with every luxury peculiar alike to the East and to the West. The Turkish divans of brocade and embroidered velvet are relieved by sofas and lounges of European fashion — bijouterie from Geneva — porcelain from Sèvres — marbles from Italy—gems from Pompeii—Persian carpets — English hangings — and, in the principal saloons, six of the most magnificent, if not actually *the* six *most* magnificent, pier glasses in the world; a present to the Sultan from the Emperor of Russia, after the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi.

Upwards of twelve feet in height, and about six feet in width, of one single plate, and enclosed in a deep frame of silver gilt, bearing the united arms of the two empires; these costly glasses reflect in every direction the ornaments of the apartment; and produce an effect almost magical. While the highly elaborated ceiling, richly ornamented with delicate wreaths of flowers; and the bright-patterned carpet covering the floor, combine to fling over the vast saloon an atmosphere of light and gladness, which is increased by the dazzling glories of the parterre spread out beneath the windows; with its flashing fountain, golden orangery, and long line of gleaming lattices.

The Reception-Room is small, and remarkable only for the comfortably-cushioned divan on

which the Sultan receives his visitors; and the noble view that it commands of the channel, from the Seraglio Point to the Castle of Mahomet.

The Banquetting Hall is entirely lined with inlaid woods of rare and beautiful kinds finely mosaiced; the ceiling and the floor being alike enriched with a deep garland of grapes and vine-leaves, flung over groups of pine-apples of exquisite workmanship.

Hence, a long gallery conducted us to the private apartments of the Sultan; and on every side were graceful fountains of white marble, whose flashing waters fell with a musical sound into their sculptured basins. In one, the stream trickled from a plume of feathers wrought in alabaster; and so delicately worked that they almost appeared to bend beneath the weight of the sparkling drops—in another, the stream gushed forth, overflowing a lotus-flower, upon whose lip sported a group of Cupids. The private apartments, which separated the harem from the state wing of the Palace, were the very embodiment of luxurious comfort; two of them were lined with wicker-work painted cream colour; the prettiest possible idea, executed in the best possible style.

The harem was, of course, a sealed book; for, as the ladies of the Sultan's household have never been allowed to indulge their curiosity by

a survey of that portion of the Palace appropriated to Mahmoud himself, it can scarcely be expected that any intruder should be admitted beyond the jealously-barred door forming their own boundary.

The Bath was beautiful. As we passed the crimson door with its crescent-shaped cornice, we entered a small hall in which two swans, the size of life, and wrought in pure white marble, were pouring forth the water that supplies the cold stream necessary to the bathers. The cooling-room was richly hung with embroidered draperies; and the mirror was surmounted by the Ottoman arms wrought in gold and enamel. The Bath itself realized a vision of the Arabian Nights, with its soft, dreamy twilight, its pure and glittering whiteness, and its exquisitely imagined fountains — and the subdued effect of our voices, dying away in indistinct murmurs in the distance, served to heighten the illusion.

Altogether, the Summer Palace of Sultan Mahmoud is as fair within, as without; and I have already said that it is the most elegant edifice on the Bosphorus.

The gardens, which rise to the summit of the steep height immediately behind the Seraï, are formed into terraces, each being under the direction of a foreign gardener, and laid out in the fashion of his own land. Thus there are a

Spanish, an Italian, an English, a German, and a French garden. The deepest terrace is occupied by a fine sheet of water, called the Lake of the Swans, on which about thirty of these graceful birds, the Sultan's peculiar favourites, were disporting themselves in the clear sunshine. Weeping willows, and other graceful trees, were mirrored in its calm bosom, and a couple of gaily-painted pleasure-boats were moored under the shadow of a magnificent magnolia.

About fifty yards from the water, stands a graceful edifice of white marble denominated the "Air Bath;" in which his Sublime Highness passes many a delicious hour during the summer heats. The saloon is paved, roofed, and lined with marble; and exquisitely imagined fountains fling their waters from the lotus leaves that are carved on the cornice of the apartment, through a succession of ocean-shells, fantastically grouped, and delicately chiselled, which divide the stream into a hundred slender threads, and ultimately pour their volume into the basins, whence it escapes to the lake without, keeping up a continual current of cool air, and murmur of sweet sound, which produce an effect almost magical. In the centre of this saloon, whence several inferior apartments branch off on either side, stands a magnificent vase of verd-antique, about eight feet in height; a

present to the Sultan from the Emperor Nicholas.

The hill is crowned by a gilded kiosk, glittering among cypresses and plane trees; and the whole establishment is more like a fairy creation, than the result of human invention and labour.

On the morrow, we decided on paying another visit to the Seraï Bournou; as the following day was that fixed for our departure. But alas! when that morrow came, we had reason to congratulate ourselves on having already penetrated beyond the "Golden Gate;" for the waves of the channel were running mountain high, and the opposite coast was lost in a dense vapour of sleet and rain. The disappointment was extreme; but, as there was no alternative, we were compelled to submit. For once "our star was bankrupt;" and we were fain to console ourselves with the reflection that our last day in Asia had been so worthily spent.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Bosphorus in Mist — The Ferdinando Primo — Embarkation — Tardy Passengers—The Black Sea—The Turkish Woman—Varna—Visit to the Pasha—Rustem Bey—Mustapha Najib Pasha—Turkish Gallantry—The Lines — Sunset Landscape— Bulgarian Colonies—Discomforts of a Deck Passage.

I NEVER beheld the Bosphorus to less advantage than on the morning of our departure from Constantinople; for, as if to lessen our regrets on leaving it, its shores were concealed by mists formed of small light rain, which effectually veiled their beauty. As cloud after cloud rolled by, each succeeded by a denser and darker vapour than its predecessor, we lost sight of every accustomed object; and, though I flung back the casement, and turned "a last, long, lingering look" along the channel, I was unable to distinguish even the most prominent points of view.

The steam vessel *Ferdinando Primo*, in which we had secured our passage, was to arrive at Yenikeuÿ at mid-day; and we spent the earlier hours of the morning with some Greek friends

whose summer residence overhung the stream; and from whose windows we had hitherto been enabled to see the fairy-like Palace of Beglier-bey, and the hill-seated Castle of Mahomet. But, alas! for our parting associations — the gilded glories of the Imperial Seraï, and the ancient towers of the Prophet's Fortress, were alike invisible; despite the glitter of the one, and the whitewash which had recently been profusely and provokingly lavished on the time-tinted walls of the other.

Onward crept the mist as the day advanced; and at length the opposite shore became veiled by a vapour so dense that even the little village of Sultanïè, immediately facing the terrace, disappeared; and nothing was distinguishable through the darkness save the foamy crests of the waves, as they were driven onward by the force of the current; and the white gleam of the sea-gull's extended wings, as he dipped his bosom for an instant in the troubled waters, and then rose, with a wild cry, into the murky atmosphere.

It was an hour of tears; and I am not quite sure whether at the moment I repined that no garish sun shone forth to mock them; while I am nevertheless certain that a more comfortless sensation never oppressed me, than that with which I contemplated the approach of the vessel through the turbid waves; her column of sable

smoke lending a deeper tint to the angry clouds; and her prow dashing aside the current in streaks of foam. As she lay-to in front of the house, we hurried into the caïque that was already freighted with our luggage; turned a last look towards the kind ones who thronged the terrace in despite of the fast-falling rain; and pushed out into the channel.

When we reached the packet, we were miserably wet, and had to despatch our cloaks, shawls, and coats to the engine-room to dry; while our trunks and portmanteaux were lifted dripping upon the deck, giving the last touch of discomfort to our embarkation for a long and tedious voyage. In one respect I was, however, fortunate; as, from being the only lady on board, (and, indeed, the first who had yet undertaken the passage) I found myself in possession of a commodious and comfortably arranged cabin; well fitted with every requisite for lessening the inconvenience of ship-board.

In twenty minutes we were off Therapia; and in ten more we entered the Bay of Buyukdèrè. By the time we reached this point, the fog had deepened so much as to render it uncertain whether we should be enabled to leave the Bosphorus until the following morning; a resolution to which the Russian steamer, the Nicholas I., had already come the more readily, as she had on board the mother and sister of Madame de Bou-

tinieff, who were not anxious to tempt the perils of the Black Sea at so unpropitious a moment. Mr. Ellis, our late Ambassador in Persia, was also among her passengers; and, like the ladies, he was quietly preparing for a comfortable dinner at the Russian Palace.

As we lay alongside, these tidings were communicated by the Captain of the Nicholas, who naturally endeavoured to induce our own to follow his example, and remain in the bay until daylight; but the Commander of the Ferdinand had too much energy to yield to the suggestion; and at seven o'clock in the evening, the weather having somewhat moderated, he summoned on board one of his passengers who had delayed his embarkation until the last moment, and set the steam on; when away we went to the great chagrin of the rival establishment: leaving behind us two or three of the deck passengers who had failed to pay attention to the signals which were made to announce to them our instant departure.

Our party was a pleasant one. We had a Prussian Baron, tall, serious, and highly-bred; a German noble, gay, voluble, and *tant soit peu gourmand*; a Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; an Hungarian Cavalier, holding a distinguished rank in the Austrian service; a Russian-Greek Artist, bound on a tour of Italy, and full of enthusiasm both for himself and his art; the Captain of the Levant Steam-boat.

on a survey of the Danube Navigation; my father, and myself. The deck was crowded with Turks, Greeks, and Jews; and among the rest by some poor old Turkish women on their way to Varna; and a couple of pretty young Greek girls bound for Galatz.

All went on tolerably well until a couple of hours had elapsed, when one by one all the party began to disappear. The rude billows of the Black Sea replaced the comparatively smooth channel of the Bosphorus,—the light-houses of Fanaraki loomed through the fog,—we were fairly "at sea,"—and the spray began to fall in showers over the paddle-boxes, inundating all the shivering Orientals who had spread their mats and mattresses on that part of the deck.

I never beheld a more perfect picture of wretchedness than one old Turkish woman, who, having resisted all the kindly attempts of the Captain to induce her to change her position, and having been fairly soaked through by a succession of the heavy seas which we were constantly shipping, at length permitted herself to be removed, and led aft to the tiller; where she instantly buried herself among the folds of the wet awning that had been flung there out of the way, and resigned herself to her misery.

What a night we passed! I thought that it would never end; and what rueful faces I encountered in the morning, when with some difficulty, and a great deal of assistance I dragged

Miss Theakstone del.

NEAR PANARAKI IN ASIA.

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myself on deck! The wind was directly in our teeth; and as the vessel rolled from side to side, we continued to suffer direfully from the violence of the motion. It was an unspeakable relief when, at half past four in the afternoon, we anchored off Varna, where we were to land three hundred bags of coffee; and where Colonel H——, Captain F——, my father, and myself accompanied the Captain of the Ferdinand on shore, to pay a visit to the Pasha.

The surf was breaking so violently against the pier that we were for a few moments undecided as to the most eligible spot on which to land,—nor was it without difficulty that we ultimately effected our purpose; and almost immediately on entering the main street of the town, we encountered Rustem Bey, the Commandant, a fine, intelligent young Italian Officer in the service of the Porte, who speaks several European languages, as well as the Turkish, most fluently; and who would ere this have been created a Pasha, could he have been induced to embrace Islamism.

The answer that he is reported to have made when the terms of his promotion were explained to him, is worthy of record; "I feel all the honour which I refuse; but I am nevertheless compelled to forego it—I can dispose of my services, but I am not at liberty to sell my conscience."

Under his guidance we traversed the town,

and passed the ruined citadel, on our way to the Palace of Mustapha Najib Pasha, the present governor; who was removed from his post at Tripoli, in order to take possession of this important charge. The Palace is a handsome and somewhat extensive modern building, commanding, from one of its fronts, an excellent view of the fortifications; and separated only by a high wall from the barracks, which are capable of accommodating several thousand men.

With an extent of courtesy unusual in the East, Najib Pasha received us standing; and welcomed us with the cordial *Bouroum*, as he motioned us to the sofa on which he had himself been sitting. He is a remarkably animated looking man of about five and forty, with a quick eye, and a most agreeable smile. He was surrounded by papers; and beside the chibouk that he had been smoking, lay a small model for mounting guns upon their carriages.

The most costly pipes were introduced for the gentlemen, and offered to myself; and the procession of "blue-coated serving men" was quite amusing, as they entered with the long chibouk in one hand, and in the other the little brass dish, in which, as they knelt, they deposited the bowl of the pipe. Coffee succeeded, and was replaced by raisin sherbet; and as we shortly afterwards expressed our desire to see the fortifications, we were instantly offered horses to enable us to ride round the lines. The

gentlemen were thus provided for at once; but, as I was not prepared for such an excursion, I was about to resign myself to what I considered an inevitable disappointment, when the Pasha courteously expressed his regret that he could not provide me with an European saddle; and begged me to accept his carriage as a substitute. I gladly availed myself of his kindness; and while the equipage was preparing, listened with as much surprise as interest to the conversation with which he beguiled the time. Among other things, he mentioned his extreme disappointment at the non-receipt from Europe of some able works on fortification that he had been long expecting; and expressed his earnest desire to possess models of all the new inventions tending to perfect the works upon which he was engaged. He inquired whether he could offer to us any thing that would be acceptable on board; and even enumerated milk, fruits, and sweetmeats, which he pressed upon us with an earnestness perfectly demonstrative of his sincerity.

On our rising to take leave, he said that he should expect us back to dinner, and that he would cause it to be prepared against our return; and he appeared much hurt at our assurance of the impossibility of our availing ourselves of his hospitality. As we were preparing to make our parting salutation, he left the room, and

moved forward to the head of the stairs; where he saluted us individually as we passed him, in the kindest and most gracious manner, wishing us a fortunate voyage, and assuring us of the pleasure that he had derived from our visit.

A troop of servants followed us to the door; where we found the *kavashlir* of the Pasha stationed on either side the entrance to do us honour. But a still more agreeable object was the German Britscha drawn by four gray Tatar horses, which was awaiting me at the Palace gate. The carriage held forth such goodly promise, that Colonel H——— and Rustem Bey only were firm in their original purpose of riding round the lines; the rest of the party immediately being of opinion that they should prefer a drive. Nor had they any reason to repent the arrangement, for the spirited little Tatars carried us along at a surprising pace over all the rough and uneven ground, and through all the ditches of the neighbourhood, as though they had been cantering across a bowling-green. The fortifications are proceeding rapidly, and most creditably; five thousand men are constantly employed on the works, and the number is occasionally doubled.

As the evening was closing in ere we regained the town, the scene was extremely singular. The huts of the Bulgarian labourers, built of branches, and huddled together in clusters, were revealed

by the camp-fires that blazed up among them, and revealed the flitting figures of those who were engaged in the culinary preparations of the little colonies to which they belonged; while the appearance of the carriage drew to the entrances of their primitive dwellings all the unoccupied inhabitants of the temporary village.

Upon its outskirts herds of cattle were to be seen, slowly returning from their mountain pastures to the vicinity of the town; and driven by ragged urchins, with sheep-skin caps and gaiters. The sun, meanwhile, was setting gloriously; and the outline of the fortifications cut darkly against a back-ground of orange and crimson clouds, that stretched far along the west, and were pillowed upon two dark and stately mountains. Altogether the scene was one of enchantment; and I believe that there was not an individual of the party who did not regret the necessity of exchanging it for the "floating prison" that awaited us on the Euxine; and which we regained under a heavy swell that rendered our passage from the shore the very reverse of agreeable.

During our visit, the deck of the Ferdinand had been nearly cleared of its passengers; and the poor old Turkish woman whom I have already mentioned, had, with some difficulty, crawled forth from her awning, shivering with

cold, and looking the very picture of wretchedness. I had endeavoured in vain during the day to induce her to bathe her hands and feet with brandy; for she no sooner smelt it than she put it from her, exclaiming, "Sin—sin;" nor could I prevail on her to follow my advice. The only thing that she would receive was a cup of coffee, and on that she seized as a famishing man would have clutched food. It was really a relief to me when I saw her safely embarked on board the boat which was to land her at Varna.

On our departure from Buyukdèrè, we had been half amused and half annoyed by the efforts of a young Turkish officer, to appear unconcerned at the rough treatment that we were experiencing from the tempest-chafed waves of the Black Sea. He sang, he shouted, he tossed his arms above his head, and yelled forth his *Mashallahs* at every roll of the vessel; but ere we had been tossing about many hours, the exulting tones died away in a querulous treble, which announced that his exultation was destined to be short-lived; and on the morrow I remarked that he walked the deck with a step as tremulous as that of a lady; and was one of the first to make his escape on shore.

The two little Greek girls who were bound for Galatz were still lying upon the deck, rolled in their fur pelisses: in that state of hopeless and resigned misery which is the last stage of sea-

nausea; and when we retired for the night their young brother was sitting beside them, with a pale cheek and heavy eyes, as though he, too, had not escaped a portion of their suffering.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Danube — Cossack Guard — Moldavian Musquitoes — Tultzin — Galatz—Plague-Conductors—Prussian Officer—Excursion to Silistria—Amateur Boatmen — Wretched Hamlet — The Lame Baron—The Salute — Silistrian Peasants — A Pic-Nic in the Wilds — The Tortoise — Canoes of the Danube—The Moldavian State-Barge — Picturesque Boatmen—The Water Party—Painful Politeness—Visit of the Hospodar — Suite of His Highness — Princely Panic — The Pannonia.

At three o'clock on the following day, we entered the Ghiurchevi mouth of the Danube, which is only two hundred fathoms in width; and extremely difficult of access for sailing vessels. The shores at this opening are low, marshy, and treeless, presenting as desolate an appearance as can well be conceived; and are only relieved at intervals of about a mile, by the rude mud huts of the *cordon sanitaire* of Cossacks, placed along the Moldavian coast to enforce the quarantaine. The appearance of these reed-roofed hovels was beyond expression wretched; and the long lances of the guard, stuck into the earth along the front of the tenement, and the apparition of a mounted Cossack appearing and disappearing among the tall reeds

which were the solitary produce of the land, were almost requisite to convince us that they could really be the habitations of human beings.

Beside many of these hovels an extraordinary erection attracted our attention; it consisted of four tall wooden stakes driven into the ground, and supporting, at about the height of eight feet from the earth, a small platform of wicker-work, thatched-in some two feet higher; which we ascertained were constructed as sleeping-places, wherein the unhappy dwellers in the Moldavian marshes took refuge against the clouds of musquitoes that infest the Danube; and which, being of immense size, inflict a sting that is far from contemptible. Fortunately for their human victims, these voracious insects fly low, never trusting themselves to the current of wind that, as it sweeps along, might overcome their strength of wing; and thus this solitary medium of escape from their virulence is adopted all along the river.

At ten o'clock at night, we arrived off Tultzin, where we remained only an hour; and then profited by the moonlight to pursue our voyage to Galatz, which we reached at five in the morning, and anchored beside the Quarantaine ground; a small space railed off for the exclusive use of the steam company, and separated from the road leading into the town by a double palisading of wood about breast-high.

Here commenced our land miseries! We were looked upon as a society of plague-conductors, and treated accordingly. Parties of the Galatzians collected along the outer fence to contemplate the infected ones whose contact they dreaded; and meanwhile we enjoyed the privilege of walking up and down an avenue formed of coals on the one side, and tallow packed into skins on the other.

We were visited at the palisades by the British and Austrian Consuls; and by a Prussian gentleman, who, on our arrival at Constantinople, had been in the service of the Sultan, which he had now exchanged for that of the Hospodar of Moldavia. We had made his acquaintance at the Military College, and he had been long on the look-out for us at Galatz.

He appeared perfectly satisfied with his new speculation, and talked much of his enjoyment of the liberty of this new locality; a liberty in which we were unfortunately not permitted to share. And such being the case, we bade adieu to our friends on the town-side of the fence; and, after having ascertained that the Pannonia steamer, which should have been on the spot ready to receive us, would not reach Galatz until late at night, we determined on rowing across to the opposite shore of Silistria, in order to relieve our *ennui*.

Bread and wine having been provided, we

accordingly prepared for our excursion; the captain's gig was lowered; and I had the honour of being rowed across the Danube by the most aristocratic boat's crew that had probably ever "caught crabs" in its muddy waters; all the seamen belonging to the vessel being employed in lading and unlading merchandize.

Nothing could exceed the wretchedness of the little hamlet that was seated along the edge of a creek, into which we passed when we had gained the Silistrian side of the river. The low hovels, rudely built of mud, and roofed with reeds, were lighted by windows of oiled lamb-skin; the floors were of earth; and nothing more cheerful than twilight could penetrate into the single apartment which served for "kitchen, and parlour, and hall." Not the slightest attempt at a garden was visible, though the village stood upon the verge of an extensive wild, stretching away far as the eye could reach, and covered with redundant, although stunted, vegetation. The ground-ash, the caper-tree, the gum-cistus, the wild hollyhock, the flag-reed, and the water-willow were abundant; while patches of white clover and vetches were scattered about in every direction.

As the Baron E—— was lame, and unable to undertake a long walk, he with some difficulty procured a horse that had just been released from a waggon, the ragged peasant to whom it belonged

not being proof against the sight of a purse, which was shook before him as the most efficient language that could be employed to enforce the demand: and, when the laughing German had mounted the packsaddle, armed with his meerschaum and cane, and grasped the knotted rope that served as a substitute for a bridle, he was by no means the least picturesque of the party.

We had not long pursued the path leading to the village whither we were bound, when we heard the salute fired at mid-day by the Ferdinand, in honour of His Highness the Hospodar of Moldavia, who chanced to be residing temporarily at Galatz; and to whom, as he was particularly solicitous to facilitate by every means in his power the local arrangements of the steam-company, they were careful to pay all due honour; and indeed somewhat more, as they gave him a salute of one-and-twenty guns, that came booming along the wild through which we were wandering, and echoing over the waters of the little stream that bordered it; startling the birds by which the river-willows were tenanted, and dispelling momently the deep silence of the wide solitude.

When, after a walk of considerable length, we reached the hamlet that was the object of our excursion, we excited universal attention and astonishment among the women and children who crowded the cottage doors, and who were

universally clad in coarse white linen; the females wearing huge silver ear-rings, round bracelets of coloured glass, and rings of every dimension. All were bare-footed; and the children, who huddled together in groups to gaze upon the passing strangers, were wretched-looking little mortals, with their light hair hanging in elf-locks about their ears, and their rags fluttering in the breeze. The hovels were universally built of mud, and roofed with reeds and the long leaves of the Indian-corn; with chimneys of basket-work. In short, I never beheld a more thorough demonstration of the fact that human necessities actually exceed but little those of the inferior animals, and that the thousand wants which grow up around civilization are merely factitious. These isolated individuals were scantly and coarsely clothed; fed almost entirely upon vegetables and the black wheaten bread, of which the grain was grown in their own gardens; Indian corn that supplied them at once with food, fuel, and bedding; lodged in hovels better suited to cattle than to human beings: and yet they were not merely healthful and happy, but, as I have already noticed, they had their innocent vanities, and indulged in all the glories of coloured glass trinkets.

The only men whom we saw in the hamlet were engaged in packing water-melons into the wicker bullock-cars destined to convey them to

the market at Galatz; and of some of these we immediately possessed ourselves. A shawl flung over the tall stems of some flag-reeds, and propped by a rake, was soon converted into an awning for me, and we made a most primitive and delicious meal, seated on the fresh grass among the wild flowers. As we sauntered quietly back to the river-side, we collected some of the shells that had been driven up the creek by the river tide; and captured a fine tortoise that was sunning itself on the turf, which we carried on board; where we returned tolerably fatigued with our ramble in the wilds of Silistria.

We were amusing ourselves on deck after dinner by watching the passage of the canoes which the natives impel by a wooden paddle precisely after the manner of the Indians, when we observed half a dozen men rushing down upon a little wooden pier immediately under the stern of the Ferdinand, where we had previously remarked two gaudy-looking boats, painted in immense stripes of red and blue. Nor were the group who sprang into the largest of them less remarkable than the boats themselves; and we had some difficulty in persuading ourselves that they were the boatmen of the Prince, and not a party of Tyrolean ballet-dancers. They wore broad flapped hats, bound by a ribbon of red and blue, hanging in long ends upon their shoulders, and ornamented in front by a large M, worked

in gold: their shirts and trowsers were of white, with braces and garters of red and blue; while wide scarlet sashes, fringed at the extremities, completed their costume. The Moldavian banner was hastily affixed to the stern of the boat; and then a party of servants thronged the pier, who were succeeded by a couple of aides-de-camp, and a grave elderly gentleman in an oriental dress; and lastly arrived the Princess, a middle-aged, plain-looking person, attended by three ladies, who were duly cloaked and shawled by the obsequious aides-de-camp.

During this process the guns of the Ferdinand were once more prepared; and the fantastically-clad boatmen had not dipped their oars thrice into the stream, and Her Highness the Hospodar*ess* was yet under the stern of the ship, when bang went the first gun, with a flash and a peal that somewhat discomposed her nerves; and she raised her arm deprecatingly towards the Captain, who stood bare-headed near the wheel; but the gesture was unheeded.

"She wishes you to desist, Captain Everson;" I remarked, as I detected the action.

"Can't help that, Ma'am;" answered the commander of the Ferdinand: "she's the Prince's wife; and she shall have her thirteen guns, whether she likes them or not."

She "had" them accordingly, and they were fired in excellent style; while the two boats of

the Principality flaunted their party-coloured glories across to the other shore. I do not know whether Her Highness anticipated the probability of being compelled to "smell powder" on her return, as well as on her departure; but it is certain that she did not land near the Ferdinand when she re-passed to the Moldavian side of the river.

On the following morning, it was announced to us that His Highness the Hospodar intended to honour the vessel with a visit; and we were particularly requested to avoid coming in contact with himself or suite, lest we might bequeath the plague to his Principality in return for his politeness. Of course we promised compliance; and as the Pannonia had not yet made her appearance, we were glad of any excitement to relieve the tedium of our detention. At eleven o'clock the wretched drums and fifes of the garrison announced that the Prince was approaching. The guard at the entrance of the quarantaine ground was turned out; officers, covered with tags, aiguilettes, and embroidery passed and repassed the palisade; a crowd of idlers lined the road; the Tyrolean boatmen were once more at their post; the trading vessels in the port which were lading with wheat, had their decks clean washed, and their colours hoisted.—In short, the harbour of Galatz was in the full enjoyment of "a sensation," when the

gates of the enclosure were thrown back, and into the infected space walked His Highness, a little sandy-haired man, with huge whiskers and mustachioes, perfectly matched in tint to the enormous pair of golden epaulettes that he wore on a plain blue frock coat.—On his right stood his Russian Dragoman, covered with a dozen ribbons, clasps, and medals; who never opened his mouth without lifting his cap, and uttering "Mon Prince" in an accent of the most fulsome adulation: and on his left walked his physician, a fine young man of very gentlemanlike manners and appearance. Immediately behind him came the Moldavian Minister of the Interior, all furs and wadded silk; and the procession was closed by a score of Aides-de-camp, Officers of the Household, and hangers-on.

The party remained a considerable time in the quarantaine-enclosure ere they came on board; and I suspect that His Highness began to repent that he had volunteered so perilous a visit; but as it was too late to recede, he at length ventured to trust "Cæsar and his fortunes" to the temporary keeping of the Plague-ship; and advancing to the stern of the vessel where our party were standing, he very graciously expressed his regret that he could not avail himself, as he should have been delighted to do, of our presence in the Principality, by claiming us as guests during our stay, owing to the un-

happy prevalence of plague in the country that we had left. After this he talked very solemnly of the necessity of strictly observing the quarantaine; made two or three more bows in a peculiarly ungraceful style; declined the champaigne that had been prepared for him in the great cabin; and made his exit with infinitely more alacrity than he had made his entry; only pausing in the enclosure to lift his hat as the first gun was fired, of the salute which celebrated his visit.

When His Highness had departed, and that the last scene of this Moldavian comedy had been enacted, we had nothing left to do but to walk the deck, and contemplate the muddiest-looking of all rivers. Unlike the Pasha of Varna, the Hospodar made no inquiry into our wants and wishes, and no offer of the local milk and honey that might have tended to increase our comfort on board; although the Captain of the Ferdinand sent him a bushel basket of magnificent grapes, which, after they had been subjected to repeated immersion, were declared to be non-conductors, and were admitted to *pratique* accordingly.

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, that the Pannonia anchored beside us; and, as she had to take her coals on board, she could not sail until eight and forty hours after her arrival. The transfer of pas-

sengers did not take place until late on the morrow; for when the inferiority of her accommodations became apparent, we of the Ferdinand were in no haste to change our quarters.

We had left Constantinople in a fine, well-kept ship; where a barrier was erected which preserved the after-deck from the intrusion of the inferior passengers: and where the cabins were comfortably fitted up, and supplied in the most liberal manner with every thing that could contribute to the convenience of their occupants; and, although we were quite prepared for less space in the Pannonia, from the fact of her being merely a river boat, we were by no means satisfied on discovering the confusion that existed on her decks; where groups of dirty Turks, and noisy Greeks, were squatted from her funnel to her stern; blocking up the path of the cabin-passengers, and filling their clothes with vermin, and their atmosphere with the fumes of bad tobacco; nor the cheerless discomfort below, where not even a washing-stand had been provided; and we were suddenly thrown upon our own resources for all those little comforts, that from the arrangement of the vessel in which we left the port of Constantinople, we were entitled to expect throughout the voyage. Thus much for the disarray of the Pannonia; and I mention it in order to prepare future travellers on the Danube not to be misled, as we ourselves

were by the satisfactory aspect of the Ferdinand, into a belief that such will continue to gladden them on the river; while on the other hand I am bound in justice to add that the table is infinitely better served than that of the first vessel; a fact that may perhaps compensate to many individuals for the absence of those personal comforts of which our own party so bitterly felt the want.

Nor must I omit to make honourable mention of the *artiste* to whom this department was confided. An Italian by birth, and a wit by nature, as well as a cook by profession, we were indebted to him and his guitar for many a pleasant hour that would otherwise have passed heavily enough. As the dusk grew into darkness, he used to come upon deck with his instrument, and sing Neapolitan *buffo* songs, with a spirit and *gusto* that almost convulsed us with laughter. And as we stood about him, listening to his minstrelsy, and looking on the bright moonlight silvering along the river-tide, where it was not overshadowed by the tall trees that fringed the bank beside which we were gliding; and startling with our somewhat noisy merriment the deep silence of those scantily-peopled shores; the effect upon my mind was most extraordinary.

CHAPTER XXX.

Hirsova—Russian Relics—Town of Silistria — Bravery of the Turks — Village of Turtuki—Group of Pelicans —Glorious Sunset—Ruschuk —Cheapness of Provisions — The Wallachian Coast — Bulgaria — Dense Fog—Orava—Roman Bath—Green Frogs—Widdin—Kalifet —Scala Glavoda—Custom House Officers — Disembarkation —Wallachian Mountains—A Landscape Sketch—Costume of the Servian Peasantry—The Village Belle—Primitive Carriages—The Porte de Fer—The Crucifix—Magnificent Scenery—Fine Ores.

At half past eleven in the morning we were off Hirsova, where we embarked some more deck-passengers, greatly to our annoyance and discomfort. The few straggling villages that we had passed since our departure from Galatz were of the most wretched description; and Hirsova itself is in a ruined state, having been besieged and taken by the Russians after a gallant resistance of fifty days. It is situated in a gorge between two rocks, and on the lower of the two stand the ruins of the Turkish fortress, of which only a few crumbling walls and a solitary buttress now remain. This fortress was unfortunately commanded by the opposite height on which the Russians threw up fortifications, under whose cover they kept up an incessant fire upon the town and the fort, and ultimately destroyed both. Scores of balls are still imbedded in the

bank of the river, and along the shore; and, knowing what I do of the Turks, I have no doubt that it would be impossible to prevail on them to touch them, even for the purposes of traffic.

Wherever the boat stopped, crowds of the peasantry flocked to the edge of the water, and stood gazing at her in admiring wonder; for, as this was only her twelfth voyage, their curiosity and astonishment had not yet subsided. From Hirsova the landscape began to improve on the Bulgarian side. Groups of trees just touched with the first autumnal tints; and at intervals a glimpse of higher land in the distance, relieved the eye.

At two o'clock in the morning we arrived at Silistria, a small town surrounded by outworks, and celebrated for the brave resistance of its garrison of twelve thousand men, to an army of fifty thousand Russians. A resistance so obstinate, or I should rather say, so heroic, as to endure for nine long months; and to be terminated only by the utter destruction of the town, and the partial demolition of its defences. Ruin still cowers among its desolate dwellings, and Silistria is now peopled only by three thousand inhabitants; but it has earned for itself a place in the page of history, which could not be more worthily filled up.

At half past two in the afternoon we were off Turtuki; a very extensive village, presenting

a most singular appearance; almost every cottage having a large haystack within the little garden fence, as large as the dwelling itself; and many of the cottages being hollowed in the rock; while strings of red capsicums wreathed most of the doorways, and gave a holyday aspect to the scene. A numerous population thronged the shore and the streets, who only paused in their several occupations for a moment as we passed, to watch our progress; and then resumed their primitive occupation of reed-thatching the cottages, or driving forth their cattle to the high lands in search of pasturage.

Such herds of horses, oxen, buffaloes, and pigs; such flocks of goats and sheep, as are scattered along the whole of the Bulgarian shore, I never saw in my life! The land in the immediate vicinity of Turtuki was highly cultivated, and abounded in corn-fields and vineyards; giving evidence of much greater energy and industry in its peasantry than any locality that we had yet witnessed. About half a mile above the village a row of water-mills, six in number, were moored across the current; each mill was supported on two floating barges of very curious construction, and as they were all at work they presented a singular appearance.

Shortly after we had passed Turtuki, we saw about twenty pelicans congregated on a bar of sand which projected into the river. And during

the day we remarked several eagles on the wing; and numbers of the beautiful white aigrette herons, whose gleaming plumage glistened in the sunshine.

I never beheld a more glorious sunset than on this evening. We had passed several wooded islands, fringed with river-willows, and forming points of view that almost appeared to have been artificially produced; and we were just sailing past one of these, when the sun disappeared behind the high land by which it was backed, and shed over the sky tints so richly and so deeply marked, as to make the river-ripple sparkle like liquid gems; and to give to the stream the appearance of diluted amethysts and topaz. At this moment a sudden bend in the Danube brought us beneath a rock crowned with the crumbling ruins of a Genoese castle, at whose base a flock of goats were browsing on the green underwood that clothed its fissures. Nothing more was requisite to complete the beauty of the picture; and from this moment we all began to entertain hopes of an improvement in the aspect of the country through which we had yet to pass.

The next town we reached was Ruschuk, which is of considerable extent, walled, and surrounded by a ditch. It contains only three thousand inhabitants, though it formerly boasted thirty thousand; but exhibits no symptom of that desolation

we had remarked in several other towns on the river. It possesses nine mosques; and its main street is wider and more carefully paved than any in Constantinople. Its principal trade is in salt from Olenitza, sugar, iron, and manufactured goods; its exports are live stock, grain, wool, and timber; and its industry comprises sail-making by the women, and boat-building by the men.

The extreme cheapness of food at Ruschuk struck me so much that I took some pains to ascertain the price of the most common articles of consumption; and I subjoin the result of my inquiries as a positive curiosity. Eggs were two hundred for a shilling — fowls were considered exorbitant; and the high value which they constantly maintained was accounted for by the fact that the market of Constantinople was in a great degree supplied from thence; they were twopence each — ducks and geese, from the same cause, cost two pence halfpenny; turkeys averaged tenpence, being a favourite food with the Orientals; beef three halfpence the oke, of two pounds and three quarters; mutton the same price—the wine of the country one piastre the quart—grapes a halfpenny the oke; melons and pasteks of immense size, three farthings each; bread equally cheap, but bad.

Shortly after leaving Ruschuk, I was amused for a considerable time in watching some cormorants that were diving for fish; while every

sand in the shallows of the river was covered with hundreds of blue plover. Wild ducks and geese also flew past the vessel in clouds; and we purchased small sturgeon and sword-fish from a boat with which we came in contact.

The Wallachian coast still continued to present one swampy and uninteresting flat, save at distant intervals, when a scattered and treeless village, built upon the slope of a slight rise, broke for an instant upon its tame monotony. But Bulgaria grew in beauty as we approached its boundary. Noble hills, well clothed with trees gay in all the rainbow tints of autumn, and contrasting the deep rich umber hues of the fading beech, and the bright yellow of the withering walnut, with the gay red garlands of the wild vine, which flung its ruby-coloured wreaths from tree to tree, linking them together in one glowing wreath—Snug little villages, with each its tiny fleet of fishing-boats, and its sandy shore covered with groups of gazers; the better classes clad after the Asiatic fashion—the men wearing their turbans large and gracefully arranged, and the women suffering the yashmac to hang nearly to their feet above the dark feridjhe; and the poorer among them clad in shapeless woollen garments, and high caps of black sheep skin—Herds of horses bounding over the hills in all the graceful hilarity of freedom—Droves of buffaloes lying in the deep mud of

the river, basking in the sunshine — Vineyards overshadowed by fruit trees; Fields neatly fenced from the waste, and rich with vegetables and grain, in turn varied the prospect; nor had we wearied of the scene when, at two o'clock, P. M., we arrived at Sistoff, a small, but flourishing town; with the ruin of an old castle perched on a height immediately above it. Here, greatly to our satisfaction, we landed most of our deck passengers; and a little after seven in the evening we found ourselves abreast of Nicopolis; but owing to the darkness we could only trace the outline of the town as it cut against the horizon, and discovered that it was tolerably extensive, and surrounded by high bluff lands.

Having been detained several hours by the fog, which was extremely dense at daybreak, we did not reach Orava until near mid-day. This town, which was destroyed by the Russians during the reign of Catherine, appears to be of considerable extent; but is only partially fortified. It possesses five or six mosques, some of which are scarcely visible from the river, owing to the very high land that intervenes between a portion of the town and the shore. The ruins of an old castle on the summit of a rock, and of a Roman bath on the water's edge, give a picturesque effect to the locality. Some hours later we anchored on the Wallachian side to take in coals, which were obtained from Hungary,

and said to be of very excellent quality; the little enclosure that contained them was situated close to one of the sanatory stations, and we were not permitted to approach within a hundred yards of the white-coated Wallachians. We revenged ourselves, however, by wandering over the plain, gathering wild flowers and blackberries; and giving chase to some of the most beautiful little green frogs that ever were seen — they looked like leaping leaves! Eight pelicans passed us on the wing during the day.

Another dense fog prevented our progress after seven in the evening, as the pilot refused to incur the responsibility of the vessel; and we accordingly anchored until three o'clock the following morning, when we started again in a bright flood of moonlight; and in about four hours we arrived opposite to Widdin, where we anchored. It is a large and handsome town, strongly fortified with a double line of works of great importance. The fortifications are in good order, and extend, as we are told, about twelve hundred yards along the bank of the river; while the lines on the landward side are kept with equal care, and are of similar extent. The walls are protected by four strong bastions; and the guns are all said to be in an efficient state. The Pasha's Palace, based on the outer walls, looks as bleak and comfortless as a barrack; but its windows command a noble view of the river. The minarets of twelve or

fourteen mosques relieve the outline of the picture; and, immediately opposite, on the Wallachian side, stands the low, flat, rambling town of Kalefat, whence the country assumes a new and more interesting character. A graceful curve in the river carried us past the quarantaine establishment; a group of wretched buildings erected close to the water's edge, and enclosed within a rude wooden paling, backed by a lofty cliff that runs far along the shore, riven into a thousand fantastic shapes; while here and there we had distant glimpses of cultivated valleys and wooded hills.

The aspect of the country improved throughout the whole day; abrupt and precipitous heights, wooded to the very summits—stretches of corn and pasture land—multitudinous herds of cattle—and laughing plains, gay with grass and wild flowers, flitted rapidly by; while the bold cloud-crested mountains above Orsoru formed a noble background to the picture. At noon we were abreast of Florentin, the last Bulgarian village on the bank of the river; and decidedly the most picturesque locality on the Lower Danube. The hamlet was nestled beneath a rock, three of whose sides were washed by the river, while the fourth was protected by a deep ditch; and the tall, bluff, perpendicular rock itself was crowned by a Gothic castle, whose gray outline, apparently nearly perfect, cut sharply against the sky; and completed a tableau so

strikingly beautiful as to elicit an universal exclamation of delight.

We ran past Scala Glavoda in the night, from which circumstance I lost the opportunity of seeing Trajan's Bridge, whose arches may be distinguished beneath the level of the water; and at midnight we anchored at a straggling village about half a league above it. Here we took leave of the Pannonia; and, as the river is not navigable for a considerable distance for any thing but flat-bottomed boats, whose wearisome course against the current is secured by the assistance of oxen, who tow them lazily on their way; we were obliged to proceed to Orsova by land. Custom-house officers came on board to examine the merchandize with which the vessel was freighted, but they did not interfere with the luggage of the passengers; and, as soon as bullock-cars had been secured, we despatched our packages on shore, whither we shortly followed them.

On the opposite shore rose the mountains of Wallachia, just touched upon their summits with the brilliant tints of the newly-risen sun, and clothed with many-coloured foliage. The hills, beside which we had passed during the previous day, had closed upon us in the rear; and the chain which terminates in the *Porte de Fer*, or Iron Door, a bar of rock that nearly traverses the Danube, and over which its waters toss and boil in impotent violence, shut in the forward view.

In the bottom of the gorge ran the river, whence arose the column of steam escaping from the chimney of the Pannonia; and the Servian shore was scattered over with the multifarious properties of the passengers. The village ran along the bank of the river, and consisted of log huts, most ingeniously constructed, lined with a cement formed of clay, and thatched, like those in Bulgaria, with reeds, and the straw of the Indian corn; interspersed with small tenements of wicker-work raised on poles, and serving as store-houses for fruits and grain.

The difference of costume between the peasantry of Servia and those of the adjoining country, was remarkably striking. The men had added a wide sash of rich scarlet to the dress of the Bulgarians, and wore their woollen greaves, and the sleeves of their shirts worked with dark-coloured worsteds; while the women were attired in the most singular manner that can well be imagined. They universally retained the wrapping-dress of white linen that we had remarked all along this shore of the Danube; but above it they had placed a couple of aprons of thick woollen stuff, striped or checked with dark blue; one of which they wore before, and the other behind, leaving the linen garment uncovered on either side to the waist; but their head-gear was yet more extraordinary, and, at the same time, singularly picturesque.

The younger among them wore their hair confined by a simple band across the forehead; to which were attached branches of bright-coloured flowers, such as marigolds, hollyhocks, and the blossoms of the scarlet bean; intermixed with strings of small silver coin, in greater or less quantities. I remarked that even the youngest of the girls, children of five and six years of age, were thus decorated; some of them not possessing, however, more than half a dozen little para pieces; and as each of these girls was twirling her distaff with all the gravity of a matron, I imagine that, precisely as the Asiatics accumulate strings of pearl by the slow produce of their industry, so, in like manner, the female peasantry of Servia increase their ornaments through the medium of their own individual exertions; and I was the more confirmed in this opinion, by observing that in every instance save one, the number of coins worn upon the head appeared to preserve an equal proportion with the years of the wearer.

The exception to which I allude was on the person of a young girl of about seventeen, from whose braided tresses coins of considerable size fell in every direction nearly to her waist; while her throat was encircled by a succession of the same ungraceful ornaments, descending like scale-armour low upon her bosom. There was an elastic spring in her movements, as her small

naked feet pressed the sandy path; and an expression bordering upon haughtiness in her large dark eyes, which betrayed the daughter of the village chief. I would peril the value of every coin she wore that I read her fortune aright!

The elder women wore linen cloths bound about their heads with a grace which would have suited the draping of a statue; the long ends of the scarf being secured behind the ear, and forming deep folds that looked, at a short distance, as though they were hewn in marble; and above this drapery, rows of coins were disposed, helmet-wise, in such profusion that, as the sunlight glanced upon them, they were perfectly dazzling. Nor did the matrons dispense with the gaudy knots of flowers so general among their younger countrywomen; and the gay effect of a group of Servian females may consequently be imagined. Some among them were tolerably pretty; nearly all had fine bright black eyes, and they were universally erect and finely made; with a step and carriage at once firm and graceful.

Ranged along the road stood the line of bullock-waggons, intended for the transport of our luggage; and beside them a nondescript carriage of wicker-work drawn by two gray horses, for the accommodation of such of the party as preferred driving to walking. We were,

however, some time before we were fairly *en route;* and still longer before any one felt inclined to forego the pleasure of wandering through the long grass that bordered the edge of the plain, through which wound the road leading to Orsova.

For a brief interval we lost sight of the river, and continued to advance along the rude path, scaring the wild birds from their resting-places among the stunted branches of the dwarf oaks and beeches that clothed it; or thredding along the boundaries of the wide patches of Indian corn which had been redeemed from the waste. But as the day advanced, the heat became so great as to render any further progress on foot too fatiguing to be pleasurable; and four of our party accordingly taking possession of the carriage, we started at a brisk pace along the smooth and easy road; and after a precipitous descent, down which the horses galloped at a pace infinitely more speedy than safe, we found ourselves once more on the shore of the Danube, where it is separated in the centre by a long bar of sand, terminating in a small island of rock, now cumbered with the remnants of a ruined fortress.

Twenty minutes more brought us to the *Porte de Fer;* which does not, however, extend all across the river, as there is a sufficient width of sand left free of all rock, on the Servian side, to render the formation of a canal sufficiently

extensive to ensure the safe passage of moderately sized vessels extremely easy. Nothing in nature can be more lovely than the landscape at this point of the river; it is shut in on all sides by majestic rocks overgrown with forest trees; and tenanted by the wild boar, the wolf, and the bear. Eagles soar above their pinnacles; and singing birds make the air vocal at their base; while beneath them rushes the chafed and angry river, foaming and roaring over the line of rock that impedes the accustomed onward flow of its waters.

Another turn in the road, and the Danube is hidden from view by a wooded strip of land, which has forced a portion of the river from its natural channel, as if to accompany the traveller upon his way, as he follows the chain of rock along a road so narrow, that there is not half a foot of earth between the wheels of the carriage and the edge of the bank that is washed by the little stream; while delicious glimpses of the Danube are occasionally visible between the trunks of the tall trees that fringe the intervening islet.

About a quarter of a mile onward stands a Crucifix; the first symbol that we had yet remarked of Christianity; and which we hailed as the parched desert-wanderer welcomes the spring whereat he slakes his long-endured and withering thirst. It was erected beneath the

shadow of a fine old beech tree; and immediately beside a crazy bridge flung across the channel of a mountain torrent. The scene increased in beauty as we proceeded. The great variety of tint among the forest foliage heightened the effect of the landscape; and I have rarely, if ever, seen a more gorgeous locality than that through which we travelled to Orsova. Nature had poured forth her treasures with an unsparing liberality; and every mountain-glen was a spot that a painter would have loved to look upon.

We passed through one straggling village, built like that at which we had landed, of timber and mud, where we stopped for a few moments to procure a glass of water; and I was agreeably impressed by the eager courtesy with which the request was met. A portion of the road proving too steep to enable the horses to drag us to the summit of the rise along which we had to pass, we descended from the carriage, and pursued our way on foot; when we were much struck by the appearance of the soil, impregnated as it was so strongly with metallic particles, that it had the appearance of diamond dust. I collected several specimens of ore that were truly beautiful; and I have no doubt, even from my own very slight geological knowledge, that a scientific person might find ample employment within a couple of miles of Orsova for at least as many months.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Orsova—Castle of the Pass—Turkish Guard—Quarantaine Ground—Village of Tekia—Awkward Mistake—Pretty Woman—Gay Dress—A Visiter—Servian Cottagers—A Discovery—Departure—A Volunteer—Receiving House—A Forced March—The Grave-Yard—The Quarantaine—A Welcome to Captivity—A Verbal Coinage—Pleasant Quarters—M. le Directeur—The Restaurant—Pleasant Announcement—Paternal Care of the Austrian Authorities—The Health-Inventory—The Guardsman's Sword—Medical Visits—Intellectual Amusements—A Friendly Warning.

We reached Orsova after a drive of about three hours; and passed through the court of the castle that guards the pass on the Servian side, and which must have been of great strength when in repair. A buttressed tower, perforated from its base to its summit with loop-holes for musketry, occupies the side of the hill immediately above the fort; and the site of this stronghold is so cunningly chosen, that it is invisible from the Viennese side of the river until you come close upon it, owing to its being built in a gorge between two boldly-projecting rocks. A couple of Turks, armed to the teeth, were lounging at the outer gate, who uttered a courteous "Bouroum" as we passed the archway;

while a man, stationed on the roof of the tower, gave out a wild shrill cry, evidently intended as a signal.

The town and fortress of Orsova occupy an island of considerable length, and have a very picturesque appearance; the gleaming minaret of the solitary mosque cutting against the party-coloured foliage that clothes the hills by which it is overshadowed; and the castellated and buttressed wall of the town reflecting itself in the river-tide. Much of this wall is now in ruin, although it may still be traced entirely along the bank. The island was fortified by the Austrians, but was afterwards ceded to the Turks, together with the fortress of Belgrade by the Emperor Leopold.

From this point we could distinguish the Quarantaine establishment, niched in at the foot of the Banût mountains, and distant from the town of Alt Orsova about a mile. But we were obliged to overshoot it by nearly half a league, from the fact of there being no boats for hire until we reached the village of Tekia, situated by the river side, whence the embarkations of the "condemned" universally take place.

As we had considerably out-travelled our companions who had remained with the luggage-waggons, we resolved to await them here; and, the gentlemen having discovered what they supposed to be a coffee-kiosk, I gladly availed my-

self of the cool, clean apartment to which they summoned me; and the more readily that I was welcomed on the threshold by one of the prettiest women imaginable. She must have been about eighteen; and she had all the bloom of youth, combined with all the grace of womanhood.

I have already remarked on the erect carriage of the Servian females; and our new acquaintance was no exception from the rest of her countrywomen. Her eyes and hair were dazzlingly dark and bright; and she had a lovely glow upon her cheek that told a tale of health and happiness. Her rich tresses were wound about her head above a small Smyrniote fèz, with a falling tassel of purple silk; and the smooth braids that pressed her fair young brow were partly shrouded beneath a painted muslin handkerchief. Her dress of violet silk was made precisely like those of the Constantinopolitan Jewesses, and girt about the waist by a girdle of pale yellow; and above it she wore a scarf of pink muslin embroidered with gold, crossed upon her bosom; and a jacket of wadded green sarsenet with wide sleeves; stockings she had none, but her feet were shrouded in purple slippers; and altogether she was as pleasant a specimen of Servian beauty as the eye could desire to look upon.

As we were self-deluded into the conviction that we were in a coffee-kiosk, and as we were

suffering severely from heat and thirst, we unhesitatingly ordered coffee and wine, which were instantly brought; and to which our pretty hostess added sweetmeats and water, presented by herself with a blush and a smile that quite verified the sentiment of the old song, which says:

> "If woman be but fair,
> She has the gift to know it."

We were shortly joined by an important-looking personage, clad in a richly-furred and embroidered jacket and greaves of bright scarlet: who seated himself in the midst of us, called for wine, replenished his pipe, and made himself so thoroughly at home, that when the pretty hostess chanced to leave the kiosk, we inquired whether she were his daughter: expressing at the same time our admiration of her beauty. It was not without some surprise that we learnt from the plain middle-aged individual to whom we addressed ourselves, that the young beauty was his wife; and moreover the adopted daughter of Prince Milosch, who had bestowed her upon him in marriage, as a mark of his peculiar regard. He did not appear in the least annoyed by the glances of unequivocal admiration which the gentlemen, who had so long inhabited a land of lattices and yashmacs, could not refrain from turning on her as she moved among them busied in the offices of hospitality; but appeared to

treat her rather as a spoiled child, than as the partner of his fortunes.

A tour of the village being proposed by one of the party, we started on an exploring expedition; but met with nothing particularly interesting. The peasantry were remarkably respectful and courteous, every one rising as we approached their cottage door, and saluting us with a smile of perfect good-humour; while we won the hearts of the mothers by dividing among the numerous children who were sporting on all sides, a collection of copper coins made during the journey, of which we knew neither the names nor the value. They were a plain race, coarsely formed, and universally disfigured by feet of an unwieldly size; but, nevertheless, the women all carried themselves like empresses; and their glittering head-dresses, and large silver earrings, rendered their appearance almost attractive.

When the rest of our caravan arrived, we discoved the error into which we had been betrayed by our ignorance of the locality; being informed by the agent who had accompanied us from Scala Glavoda, in order to deliver us up to the quarantaine authorities, that we were the guests of the chief man of the village; to whom it was utterly impossible that we could offer any remuneration for all the trouble that we had given in his house. Such being the case, we

could only overwhelm him with acknowledgements and compliments; with which he was so well satisfied, that he declared his intention of accompanying us down the river as far as the station at which we were to land, in order to proceed on foot to our temporary prison.

When the large flat-bottomed barge in which we were to be conveyed thither, was freighted with our packages, and that we were about to push off, we were detained for an instant by the declaration of the little Servian beauty that she had determined to be of the party; and on board she accordingly came, having flung over her house-costume a magnificent pelisse of grey cloth, edged with sable, and worked with gold.

In half an hour we reached a long wooden shed, built as a receiving house for the quarantaine; and here we were detained until our patience was fairly outworn, and that our hunger had become positively painful. A double partition of wood parted us from the authorities, who graciously welcomed us to the horrors of incarceration; and we were obliged to seat ourselves on the luggage, and await the arrival of the bullock-carriages that were to convey our travelling-gear to its destination.

All was at last accomplished; and after taking leave of our pretty Servian companion, who laughed heartily at my pressing invitation to her to share our imprisonment; we followed the

train of waggons; the rear of the party being brought up by an Austrian soldier, armed with a loaded musket, and a fixed bayonet. We were, however, in no mood to yield to gloomy ideas or feelings. We had a blue sky above us, a fine turf beneath our feet, and the prospect of another half hour of comparative liberty; and we were straggling gaily about the plain, laughing and speculating on our approaching imprisonment, when we were called to order by the guard; and compelled to keep to the high road, lest we should contaminate the grass and thistles among which we were wandering.

Before we reached the quarantaine-ground, we passed the grave-yard destined to receive those who die of plague during their incarceration. It was closely fenced; and rendered still more gloomy by a tall crucifix, painted red, and supporting a most revolting effigy of Our Lord.

On ringing a bell the great gates of the establishment were flung "hospitably" back, and we were requested to allow the waggons to enter before us, lest we should contaminate the oxen by our contact; and, after passing through a couple of walled yards, surrounded by warehouses for receiving merchandize, we entered a third enclosure wherein we were met by the governor and surgeon; who, keeping at a respectful distance, invited us to enter a dark,

white-washed, iron-grated cell, in order to have our passports examined.

A wooden lattice separated us from our new hosts; and the peasant who had conducted us from the river side, stood in front of a small opening made for the purpose, and held at arm's length the papers which were demanded. Much bowing and scraping ensued between M. le Directeur, the foreign Noblemen, and the Hungarian Chevalier; and we had reason to congratulate ourselves on their companionship, as it produced a visible increase of courtesy on the part of the local authorities: a courtesy which did not, however, exempt us from the "locks, bolts, and bars" of the Lazaretto. As I was only the second lady who had been unfortunate enough to come under his keeping, the Governor very politely resolved to commence his arrangements by providing me with as good a cell as he had then vacant—not that he called the space into which he was about to consign me, a *cachot*— by no means — the word "cell" being somewhat grating, another term has been invented; and the dens of the Lazaretto of Orsova are designated *colleves*, which signifies—nothing.

But before we could take possession of our prison, another gate had yet to be unlocked; which admitted us into a large space enclosed within a high wall, and containing the *élite* of

the accommodations. The cells, like those of a madhouse in Turkey, were built round the four sides of a garden; and each had a small entrance-court, paved with stone. As none of the buildings were capacious enough to contain our whole party, it was at length arranged that five of us should take one of them, in which we might make such arrangements as we preferred; and that the three others should be accommodated as near to us as possible. Upon which understanding M. le Directeur, a plump, good-natured-looking little old man, with a bit of soiled red ribbon displayed in the button-hole of a threadbare gray frock-coat, a ruffled shirt, and the funniest of all forage-caps, led the way to cell, or I should rather say *colleve*, No. 2: and when one of his followers had unlocked the yellow and black gate of the court, he bowed ceremoniously to me, as he pointed to two melancholy-looking trees, which had contrived to exist amid the rude paving, and exclaimed with a tone and gesture perfectly dramatic: "*Soyez la bien-venue, Madame; voyez les beaux arbres que vous avez!*"

It was extremely fortunate that the day chanced to be one of cloudless sunshine, and that we consequently saw every thing under its most favourable aspect; for there was nothing particularly exhilarating in the interior of the buildings. Windows both barred and grated; walls whitewashed and weather-stained; chairs,

tables, and sofa all of wood, which is a "non-conductor," and whitewashed like the walls; were the only objects that met our eyes. But as we were all both tired and hungry, we welcomed even these; and only begged to learn where we must address ourselves, in order to procure some food with as little delay as possible.

This brought us to the second feature of our position; for a window whose shutter was padlocked up, was unfastened; a bell was rung, and at a casement grated like our own appeared the Restaurateur of the Lazaretto to receive his instructions. Dinner was instantly ordered; bread and wine were speedily procured; and we were waited upon by a very gaily-dressed, conceited individual, who announced himself to be "our keeper;" a piece of intelligence which once more carried back my thoughts to the *Timerhazès*, or madhouses of Constantinople; and I began half to apprehend that we had indeed intruded into one of those melancholy establishments. At five o'clock we were furnished with a very bad dinner; bedding was brought in; and at sunset we were locked up.

On the morrow we were somewhat disconcerted to learn that the court of the *colleve* was to be our boundary during the ten days of our imprisonment; and our officious "keeper" very carefully locked the gate every time that he

thought proper to make his escape. But this was a trifling annoyance to that by which it was succeeded; and which consisted of an announcement that at mid-day the Surgeon of the Lazaretto, and the Examining Officer, would visit us, in order to take an inventory of every thing in our possession. Each trunk, portmanteau, and basket was to be unpacked; in short, we were even to declare the contents of our purses!

We were already aware that the Austrian was the most paternal of all Governments; taking an interest in the private affairs, not only of its own subjects, but also in those of strangers; yet I confess that for such a proceeding as the present we were totally unprepared.

There was, however, no remedy: and the "secret recesses" of every package were laid bare before the "authorities." The reason given for this inconvenient and revolting stretch of power, is the desire of the Government that, in the event of a decease, the friends of the dead person may receive every part of his property upon demand; the inventory held by the proper officers effectually preventing the keeper of the *colleve* from plundering the trunks; but certain little circumstances which we remarked during the investigation rather tended to weaken our faith in the disinterestedness of the arrangement.

When the possession of any Turkish article

was mentioned, there was a visible excitement. Even a lantern exhibited by my father was entered on the list; and the number of chibouk-tubes, of tobacco purses, and other trifles, which could have been of no value to the survivors of a deceased person, were registered with equal exactness.

In my own case they were peculiarly inquisitive; counting my rings, and recording my bracelets and necklaces. Not a pocket-handkerchief, nor a waist-ribbon escaped; and I was more than once asked if I had really exhibited the whole of my wardrobe. My books and drawings were seized without ceremony, and carried off to be examined by the proper officer; and the worthy functionaries at length departed in full possession of all which related to our peripatetic properties.

It required a couple of hours to soften down the "chafed humours" of the gentlemen of the party; which were not rendered more gentle by the demand of the keeper, that they should deliver up all their arms, of whatever description they might be; on the understanding that they were to be restored to them on the day of their own delivery. But the request did not meet with the ready acquiescence which had been anticipated. Colonel —— had travelled with the whole of his uniform; and when our attendant advanced to lay sacrilegious hands upon his sword, which

was hanging over a chair, all the quick sense of honour of the British soldier was roused at once; and, as the indignant blood rushed to his brow, he vowed that he would fell to the earth the first man who dared to meddle with his side-arms. In vain did the keeper insist, and the Chevalier explain; the English heart beat too high to heed either the one, or the other: and the pistol-laden functionary was obliged to depart without the sword of the gallant Guardsman. Of course he made his report to the Governor; but the worthy little old gentleman had too much good sense to persist in the demand; and no allusion was afterwards made to the subject.

Twice each day we were visited by the medical officer, who just popped his head in at the door, and smiled forth: "Ah! quite well, quite well, I see—impossible to be better—good morning," and away he went, without affording us time to complain had we been so inclined. M. le Directeur also paid us several visits, always carefully pointing his cane before him, as a warning to us not to approach him too closely: and never failing to commence the conversation by the ejaculation of, "*Madame, je vous salue—ha! les beaux arbres que vous avez!*" It was really worse than ludicrous.

As a signal mark of favour, we were occasionally permitted to walk, under the charge of

the keeper, from the gate of our own *colleve*-court to that of our friends, and to receive their visits in return, when we had always a very laughable interview; the incarcerated individuals amusing themselves by rocking to and fro behind the bars of their prison-gates, and roaring like wild beasts in a menagerie.

There are two descriptions of persons to whom I would particularly recommend an avoidance of the Quarantaine at Orsova—The *ennuyé* and the *bon vivant*. For the first there is no refuge save sleep, and the few doggrel attempts at poetry which may be partially traced through the white-wash; the out-pourings of an impatient spirit weary of its thrall; with the occasional society of the "keeper," who is as cold and as impracticable as his own keys. The very books of which the wanderer has made his travelling companions; and some of which would bear a second perusal, at all events in a quarantaine cell, are carried off and sealed up, as though every volume were redolent of high treason; and he is left to his own resources as ruthlessly as if he were indeed "the last man;" and that he had done with the world, and the world with him.

To the second I need only hint that the *restaurant* is a Government monopoly, where you are provided for at a fixed sum per day; and fed upon whatever it may please the Comptroller of

the Kitchen to serve up. Nor can you procure any wine save the sour and unpalatable *vin du pays*, however liberally you may be disposed to pay for it.

Those travellers are fortunate who, like ourselves, can meet the captivity of quarantaine with pleasant companions, light hearts, and unfailing spirits; finding food for mirth in their very miseries; and forgetting the annoyance of present detention in the anticipation of future freedom.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Last Day of Captivity—Quarantaine Enclosure—Baths of Mahadia —Landscape Scenery — Peasantry of Hungary—Their Costume— Trajan's Road — Hungarian Village—The Mountain Pass — The Baths—A Disappointment—The Health-Inventory—Inland Journey —New Road.

THE last day of our captivity was the most tedious portion of the whole, for the prospect of speedy emancipation kept us in a constant state of irritation. Our luggage was collected and arranged with a haste which by no means added to its comfort or convenience, and which only left us an additional hour of unoccupied restlessness; while the servants were urged to a continual commotion that robbed us even of the tranquillity which might have made our prison-house somewhat more endurable.

The morning of the fifteenth of October was that of our release. We were all ready to depart at daybreak; and after the necessary ceremonies had been gone through, we assembled in a large grassy space, bounded on one side by the Danube, and skirted on the other by the Quarantaine buildings. This enclosure was crowded with oxen, waggons, and bales of merchandize;

and about fifty peasants were employed in lading such goods as were admitted to *pratique*, after their period of purification had been accomplished. Here we also found carriages for hire, two of which we immediately engaged to convey some of our party to the celebrated Baths of Mahadia; which, being situated off our road, we were anxious to reach as speedily as possible, in order to enable us to secure our passage on board the Steam Packet, that was to leave Drinkova at daybreak the following morning.

Three of the party accordingly took possession of a Calèche, drawn by a trio of wiry-looking little chesnut ponies, harnessed in the most inartificial way in the world, with bridles, traces, and reins of stout cord; while the others mounted one of the country waggons, filled with hay, and dragged by a couple of wild-looking horses.

Never was there a more sincere exhibition of self-gratulation than that with which we passed the boundary gate of the Quarantaine ground; and found ourselves beside the tall stone cross that is erected on its outskirt, as if to claim the thanksgiving of the newly-liberated. We had majestic hills rising before, and beside us, clothed with forest-timber, now rich in the thousand hues of autumn—The river-tide running rippling—would, for the sake of my land-

scape sketch, that I could say *sparkling*—in the sunshine; but, alas! the lordly Danube throughout its entire length looks like diluted dirt; and the beam must be full and fierce indeed which can lend a brightness to its waters.—The vapours that had during the night been pillowed on the hill-tops, or had cinctured them with a fleecy girdle, were just beginning to roll back beneath the influence of the sun, which was rising like a golden globe into a horizon of the faintest pink; and as the halo widened round its disk, deepening the clouds to amber.

The hardy Hungarian peasantry were all astir; and very picturesque they looked as they drove forth their flocks to the green and goodly pastures on the mountain-side; or yoked the docile oxen to their light waggons of wicker-work, which resemble huge baskets raised on wheels. To us everything was delightful; for like long-caged birds suddenly set free, we were pruning our wings for a fresh flight. Ten days of happiness go by like an Eastern twilight, or the down of the thistle; but ten days of Quarantaine—ten days of wood and whitewash — of locks and bolts — of walls and weariness!—No one who has not passed ten days in a *contumace*, and its narrow court can understand all the delight of the first bound back to freedom.

There is one of Sir Walter Scott's ballads which from my earliest girlhood I have always

loved; it first touched my heart by its plaintiveness, but in the quarantaine of Orsovar I learned to value it still more for its surpassing nature—its masterly delineation of the feelings of the human mind under captivity; the captivity, not of despair, but of impatience—the wail of the bounding spirit held back—and often, very often, as I paced up and down the paved court of our plague-prison, did I murmur out my own irritation in the words of the Mighty One of Song:

> "My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
> My idle greyhound loathes his food,
> My horse is weary of his stall,
> And I am sick of captive thrall."

But even had we looked on the peasantry of Hungary at a less joyous moment, we could not have failed to be struck with their extremely picturesque costume. The men were dressed like those of Servia, even to the ungainly sandal of untanned leather, laced above a short stocking of checked worsted; though many among them had discarded the rude conical cap of sheepskin, for one neatly made of white flannel, and bound with black ribbon, which had a very cleanly and smart appearance; but the women were in a costume which would have produced its effect at a fancy ball. Like the maidens of Scotland, the young girls wore their hair simply

bound by a silken snood, into which they had stuck marigolds or wild roses; while the matrons covered their heads with a handkerchief placed very backward, and secured by bodkins, flowers, and coins, to a cushion worn low in the neck, and concealed by a thick plait of hair. A band of linen, a couple of inches in width, was fastened round the brow, and completed the head-dress; and many of these were elegantly wrought with beads and coloured worsteds; I also remarked one which was decorated with small white cowries.

Herein alone existed any distinction of dress between the oldest matron and the youngest maiden; the garments varying only in the richness of their material. A chemisette of white linen reaching to the throat, where it was confined by a band worked with coloured worsteds, continued down the front of the bosom, and along the tops of the large, full sleeves, was girt about the waist with two woollen aprons worn like those of Servia, but falling only to the knee; where they terminated in a deep fringe of the same colours as the apron, that descended to the ancle. Some few made use of the same unsightly sandals as those of the men, but they were principally barefooted.

The Hungarian peasantry are all soldiers when their services are required, but resume their agricultural and domestic duties imme-

diately that the necessity has ceased to exist; hence they are all erect, and smart-looking; and as they are a remarkably fine race of men, their appearance is very striking. Of the women I cannot in candour say so much, as they are, generally speaking, very plain; with flat features, and expressionless countenances. There were, however, several startling exceptions; and I know not whether in such cases it be actually the intrinsic degree of beauty possessed by the individual, and that in a land of plain women, Nature lavishes on the few all that she has withheld from the many; or that the dearth of good looks in the many may lead a stranger involuntarily to heighten to himself those of the few; but it is certain that I saw in Hungary, as I thought at the time, half a dozen of the loveliest girls imaginable.

We had left Orsova only a few miles behind us, when, descending a short but precipitous declivity, we entered upon a road skirting the mountain ridge on the one hand, and bounded on the other by the bed of a torrent; whose waters, now in a state of comparative repose, brawled over the masses of rock with which their own violence had cumbered the channel during the winter storms; and ran dancing in the light, as their course was further impeded by the fishing-dams of the peasantry; and, after forming a thousand pigmy cascades, fell flashing

back into the depths of the ravine, to form a mirror for the overhanging hills.

Another hour of rapid travelling brought us to the ruins of Trajan's road. Six of the arches, built against the solid rock, still remain nearly perfect; and hence this stupendous work may be traced for several miles, as well as the massy fragments of a bridge across the torrent.

A lovely valley succeeded, hemmed in by hills, and dotted over with little villages, seated on the banks of the mountain stream; looking, from the peculiar formation of their small reed-thatched huts, like gigantic apiaries. Every narrow shelf of rock that could be redeemed from the forest, for such the whole line of heights, (gigantic as they were), may literally be called, was in a high state of cultivation. Patches of Indian corn, flourishing vineyards, green pasture lands, and thriving orchards, were to be seen on all sides; while the effects of the flitting light upon the autumn-touched timber were so magical, so various, and so brilliant, that words are inadequate to paint them. Here and there, among stretches of foliage, varying from the faint silvery green of the river-willow, and the white lining of the aspen-leaf, to the bright gold of the decaying beech, and the rich brown of the withering oak, stood out a huge mass of bare calcareous rock; looking like a giant portal closed upon the hidden treasures of the moun-

tain's heart. And amid all these glorious hills, this jewel-like foliage, and these flashing waters, we travelled on with the speed of lightning, through an avenue of fruit-trees several miles in length.

A second stretch of the mountain-road conducted us to a spot where a descent had been made to the bed of the torrent; and here, leaving the direct line to the town of Mahadia, we forded the stream, and struck into a byway, which, traversing a dense wood, led immediately to the Baths. It was but an exchange of beauty. And, as we entered the gorge of two stately mountains draped in forest-foliage, and lifting to the sky their high and leafy heads; and saw the eagles planing above them in majestic security, while flowers bloomed beside our path, and small birds twittered among the branches; while the sound of the shepherd's reed-pipe came sweeping down into the valley from the giddy heights on which his flock were browsing; and the luxurious cattle standing mid-way in the stream, lowed out their enjoyment to their fellows, as if to lure them from the mountain glades amid which they were wandering; I thought that I had never traversed a country so lovely as this corner of Hungary. I would not have missed that morning landscape for another term of quarantaine!

We were quite unprepared for the scene that

awaited us at the Baths. The gorge in which they are built is so narrow that the rocks on either side almost overhang the houses; and the torrent rushes brawling along at their base, fed by continual springs. The establishment, which is becoming every year more popular, is on a very large and handsome scale; and the whole aspect of the place is so enchanting, so bright, so calm, and so delightful, that, could we have woven the web of our day to a week's duration, I am quite sure that not one of our party would have wearied of it.

The Baths are of Roman origin; and in the wall of one of the principal apartments a stone is imbedded which still bears most legibly the following inscription: "To Venus, Mercury, and Hercules, these springs, conducive to Beauty, Activity, and Strength, are dedicated." They are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and produce on a first trial extreme and almost painful exhaustion; but they are considered to be so very efficacious, particularly in chronic diseases, that the government have erected an Invalid Hospital and Bathing House at the extremity of the mountain, for the use of the troops.

We partook of an excellent dinner at the Table d'Hôte on leaving the Baths; and, greatly to our regret, were then compelled to retrace our steps in order to reach Orsova before dusk. But we had already lingered too long; and, on

arriving in the court of the hotel where the post-waggons were awaiting us, we were met by the declaration of the drivers that they would not stir until daylight; the road to Drinkova being cut along the brink of the mountain precipices, and so slightly protected as to be even dangerous at noon-day.

We were, one and all, extremely annoyed at their decision, not knowing if we could afford a loss of time on which we had not calculated; and we almost began to ask ourselves whether the more incurious portion of the party, who had quietly mounted the luggage-waggons at the quarantaine-gate, and pursued their direct road to the steam-station, had not been also the most prudent. For myself, despite the fatigue that I had undergone during the day, and the enervating effect of the sulphuric bath, I had so nerved myself for the night-journey, that I was sincerely disappointed when assured that it was quite impracticable; but, as there was no alternative, we resolved on retiring early to our apartments, whose cleanliness and comfort were enhanced tenfold in our eyes by our recent endurance of the disarray and desolation of the quarantaine cells.

We were, however, obliged, ere we parted for the night, to receive the Agent of the Steam-Company, and two officers of the Austrian Customs; who, for "a consideration," returned our

books carefully sewed up in linen, and sealed with this government-stamp in lead, accompanied by an injunction not to remove it until we had passed the Austrian frontier. We next paid a duty for the Turkish articles we had brought with us, and which they did not trouble us to enumerate; as, thanks to the "Health-Inventory" taken at the Lazaretto, they were thoroughly acquainted with the extent of our possessions.

The official train had no sooner departed, than we busied ourselves in superintending the arrangement of the provisions that were to accompany us on the morrow's journey; nothing edible, save Indian corn bread, being purchaseable between the town of Orsova, and the station of the steam-boat.

Few circumstances can be more provoking than the necessity which exists of abandoning the course of the river at this particular point; as the scenery for several successive miles is of the most majestic and striking description. Piles of rock hem in the current, and almost overhang it; caverns, hollowed by some fearful convulsion of nature, tempt the venturous foot of the curious traveller; and far-spreading forests, sweeping away into the distance, fringe the summits of the mountains, and cast their deep shadows over the river tide.

Superadded to this disappointment, is the increase of fatigue consequent on the compul-

satory *détour;* the distance occupied by the shoal being more than doubled by the overland journey that is made across the loftiest of the Banût mountains, and performed in the country carriages (the basket-work waggons already mentioned); which, although so lightly constructed as to travel very rapidly, yet, being without springs, are extremely fatiguing.

To obviate this inconvenience, the Steam Company have commenced the construction of a road at the foot of the mountain-chain, the whole length of the shoal; and it was progressing rapidly at the period of our visit, under the auspices of the Austrian Government.* The necessary outlay was said to be very great, owing to the difficult nature of the locality, and the labour of penetrating the living rock. An entire mile of this singular undertaking was already completed; and really afforded an extraordinary proof of the effects produceable by human ingenuity and perseverance. In particular spots it is entirely artificial; and is a solid stretch of masonry based on the bed of the river — in others, it hangs on the side of the mountain like a goat-path—and at others, again it is a tunnel, walled

* Since our return to England, we have learnt that, for political reasons, the Austrian Government have withdrawn, or at least suspended, their assistance to this undertaking; as well as discountenanced the formation of the canals destined to perfect the navigation of the Danube.

and roofed with rock, and torn from the heart of the mighty mass by blasting.

This road is intended to facilitate the passage of travellers and merchandize, from one steam-vessel to the other, by means of flat-bottomed boats, to be towed by horses along the hitherto impassable portion of the river — an arrangement which will supersede the necessity of abandoning the direct line; and save the traveller the expense, fatigue, and inconvenience of the inland journey.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Departure from Orsova—Daybreak—The Mountain-pass—Village of Plauwischewitza—Austrian Engineers—Literary Popularity—The Rapids—Sunday in Hungary—Drinkova—Holyday Groups—Alibec—Voilovitch—Panchova—River-Shoals—Wild Fowl—Semlin—Fortress of Belgrade—Streets of Semlin—Greek Church—Castle of Hunyady—Imperial Barge—Agreeable Escort—Yusuf Pacha—Belgrade—Prince Milosch—Plague-Preventers—General Milosch—Servian Ladies—Turk-Town—Ruined Dwellings—The Fortress—Osman Bey—Gate of the Tower—Fearless Tower—Rapid Decay of the Fortifications—Sclavonian Garden—Vintage-Feast—Sclavonian Vintage-Song.

At four o'clock the following morning we left Orsova, lighted by a perfect galaxy of stars; but shivering from the damp vapours which were hanging in dense folds about the Danube. The light was just breaking as we reached the foot of the mountains, and began to ascend a precipitous road, slightly guarded on the outer edge by a wooden railing; whence we looked down into rifts and chasms filled with the most profuse foliage; at whose bottom rippled along the pigmy streams which in the winter season swell to torrents, and awake the depths of the forest-fastnesses with their brawling voices.

It is impossible to give the faintest picture of this mountain-pass, with its bridges of rude

timber flung over almost unfathomable gulfs—its bold, overhanging paths, along which the narrow wheels have scarcely space to pass—its dense masses of forest foliage, linked together by the graceful wreaths of the wild vine with its blood red leaves, and the clinging tendrils of the wild cotton plant with its snowy tufts of down—its herds of cattle—its flocks of goats—and its green grassy glades, laughing in the sunshine—its ever-recurring effects of light and shade—its mysterious silence—and its surpassing majesty.

As we travelled on, the day-beam grew brighter in the heavens, and the horizon became one rich canopy of pink and violet. There were moments when I was breathless with awe as we traversed that leafy solitude. I never thought of danger; even when the half wild animals that drew us were galloping at their greatest speed down the mountain-side, with a shelf of rock walling us up on the one hand, and a deep precipice yawning over against us on the other. I had not an instant to spare to the possible peril of our position; I saw only, I felt only, the glory which surrounded me. I could at that moment fully understand why the mountaineer clung to liberty as to existence — how he who had once breathed the pure air of heaven from the rocky brow on which the clouds of night were wont to rest, and the sunshine of day to sport, must pine

amid the gloom of the valley, and the monotony of the plain. And when we once more descended to the river's edge, where all was safe and level, I only felt regret that I could not call back the mystery and the magnificence of the rock-seated forests, even although there might be peril in their paths.

The road into which we passed at the foot of the mountain-chain led us along fields of Indian corn, to the village of Plauwischewitza; where we were compelled to remain a couple of hours, in order to rest the horses. It was nine o'clock when we reached it; and as the little hamlet boasted no wine-house, at which we could satisfy the keen appetite that we had acquired by four hours of rapid travelling among the mountains, we were preparing to breakfast in one of the waggons; when the Chevalier Peitrich was recognized by an Officer of Austrian Engineers, who immediately invited us to a very comfortable house that had been built for himself and his brother-officers, during their superintendence of the road to which I have already alluded.

We availed ourselves of his politeness most readily, and were received with the greatest courtesy by the whole party; who showed and explained to us several beautifully-coloured plans of the Danube, and the projected roads and canals. In their bookcase I found Bulwer's "England and the English," and Marryat's

"Naval Officer;" both published by Baudry of Paris. It was like meeting old friends in a strange land, to turn over the leaves of these well-remembered volumes in an obscure Hungarian village!

At eleven o'clock we resumed our journey, which lay along the bank of the river, but at a considerable height above the water. In one or two places we wound round the base of rocks that jutted into the bed of the stream, and which were rent and riven in an extraordinary manner; one mass resting upon another, and so apparently insecure as to appear ready to loosen their hold with the next blast of wind. By this picturesque route we passed the rapids called Izlas; a singular ridge of rock extending nearly across the river, at a spot where the shores are extremely bold and beautiful; and at three o'clock in the afternoon we again halted in another small hamlet.

The scene was a very cheerful one, as, owing to its being Sunday, all the peasants were in their holyday garb; and were clustered at the doors of their cottages, enjoying the pure air and the genial sunshine. I was much amused at the method adopted by the Hungarian mothers of nursing their infants; they carry a small box, in shape not unlike a coffin, slung over their shoulders, in which the child lies upon a mattress; and when the little being requires

their care, they sit down upon the first stone, or piece of timber in their path, swing the box to their knees, and quietly attend to the wants of their nursling; the suspended cradle is then restored to its original position, and their own occupations are resumed.

On our arrival at the steam station at Drinkova, which is simply a large block of building containing apartments for the resident agent and stores for the housing of merchandize, we learnt that, owing to the long drought, the water had become so low in the Danube that the vessel could not descend beyond Alibec, the next station; and consequently, fatigued as we were with a journey of sixty-five miles in rough carriages over steep roads, we were compelled to continue our route at all speed; and in about twenty minutes we reached the pretty and extensive village of Drinkova, in which we found an Austrian regiment, occupying a commodious barrack in the principal street. We remained here an hour, in order to rest the unfortunate horses, which we were obliged to take on, as there were no means of procuring others; and we started again just as the sun was setting, and throwing fairy lights upon the mountain crests.

Many a gay group did we encounter as we pursued our way, hurrying home to the village after a day of recreation among the hills; and we even passed one party who had lingered so

long that the blaze of the fire that they had kindled in the woods streamed across our path.

At nine o'clock we reached Alibec by the light of a bright young moon, which just disappeared behind the hills as we were hailed from the vessel. At daylight the next morning we were under weigh; and about noon the Francis I. was abreast of the extensive monastery and dependencies of Voilovitch on the Hungarian side of the river; and shortly afterwards we passed the town of Panchova, seated on the Temes, which here empties itself into the Danube. About a mile and a half beyond Panchova, we entered a shoal, and the steam was almost entirely stopped, while we glided over the treacherous surface of the stream; the boat scarcely appeared to make any way; but there was a slight tremulous motion that seemed as though her heart still beat, while her progress was impeded.

These shoals, which are by no means without danger even by daylight, are not, however, the only impediment to night-travelling on the Danube—the violence of the current, particularly after a gale at sea, frequently carrying away immense masses of the light sandy soil of the islands that are scattered along the whole line of the river; and with them enormous trees, which come sweeping down the stream, with their wide branches spreading on all sides, and

choking the passage. We encountered at least a dozen of these uprooted forest giants during our voyage.

In the course of the afternoon we were off Semendri, an extensive Turkish fortress, occupying a very commanding position on the Servian shore, at the junction of the Jesava with the Danube; and defended by twenty-seven towers, of which twenty-three were square, two round, and two hexagonal; but extremely exposed on all sides, and apparently not in the best state of repair.

At sunset we passed a group of islands thickly wooded, principally by river-willows; and surrounded by long narrow necks of land, from which the approach of the vessel aroused such a cloud of aquatic birds as I never beheld before in my life. They must have amounted to several thousands; and being wild swans, geese, ducks, and plover, they filled the air with a discord, to which the monotonous beat of the steam-paddles was music. During the whole day we were earnestly talking of Belgrade — the far-famed fortress of Belgrade—which we were anxious to reach before dusk. It was, however, eight o'clock before we were abreast of this last stronghold of the Turks in Europe; and in half an hour more we anchored at Semlin; where we were to remain the whole of the next day to take in coals, and to embark passengers and merchandize.

On the following morning immediately after breakfast, we went on shore to see the town; but previously to landing we stood awhile on deck contemplating the interesting scene around us. The Save, which here empties itself into the Danube, forms the boundary between the possessions of the Moslem, and those of the Christian. On one side its ripple reflects the belfried towers and tall crosses, the walls and dwellings, of the Christian population of Semlin — on the other it mirrors the slender minarets and bristling fortifications of the followers of Mahomet. Barges, filled with water-patroles, passed and repassed the vessel; all was activity along the shore of Semlin; while a dead stillness hung over the dark outworks of the opposite bank.

A walk of ten minutes brought us to the gate of Semlin, which terminates a long, wide, clean-looking street, forming the main artery of the town. The tide of life was, however, flowing through it sluggishly; a few knots of military, belonging to the Italian regiment by which it was garrisoned, were grouped at distances, or lounged idly along, gazing into the shop windows; but we did not meet half a dozen peasants; a circumstance that was afterwards explained by the fact of our having made our incursion on the day of a great annual market, which had attracted nearly all the inhabitants of the town and the surrounding country to an extensive

square at the back of the main street; where we found a dense crowd of horses, waggons, merchandize, busy men, and plain women.

Among its public buildings, Semlin boasts a Quarantaine Establishment, considerably more extensive than that of Orsova; and also, as we were informed, infinitely preferable in point of comfort and convenience. Our curiosity, however, did not tend in that direction; and we were quite satisfied with a view of the exterior walls.

In our stroll through the airy and well-kept streets, we visited the Greek Church, which was handsomely fitted up. The door was opened to us by a magnificent-looking priest, who did the honours with great politeness; save that he would not admit me into the Sanctuary to examine the enamelled bible which he displayed with great pride to the gentlemen; little imagining, holy man! that I had penetrated behind the veil of the church at the Fanar; and seen the most costly of all their copies of the Sacred Writings in the thrice blessed hands of the Patriarch himself!

From the Church we ascended a height above the town, to explore the ruins of the celebrated Castle of Hunyady, the father of Matteas Corvinus; the most renowned of all Hungarian heroes. It is now rapidly passing away, to be numbered with the things that were, and are

not. It is a square erection, with a round tower at each angle; and is no where left standing more than ten feet from the level of the earth; but the walls are extremely massive, measuring nearly eighteen feet in thickness; and the situation is commanding, as the acclivity on which it is built sweeps the river to a considerable distance on both sides.

Having sauntered through the town, and made a few purchases, in order to recall to us hereafter our first ramble in Sclavonia, we returned on board to a mid-day dinner; the Chevalier having assured us that he possessed sufficient interest with the General commanding at Semlin, to secure to us the permission to visit Belgrade; which, being a Turkish fort, was unapproachable to the Quarantaine-cleansed, without special authority. He had calculated justly; and in the course of the afternoon an Imperial barge put off, with the plague-flag flying at her stern, and took us on board, attended by two keepers from the Quarantaine Establishment, and a Custom-house officer. Under this cheerful escort we departed for Belgrade; the last minareted town in Europe, and the residence of Yusuf Pasha; who, in the event of hostilities, will probably acquit himself at Belgrade as honourably as he did at Varna.

The position of this extensive fortress is most imposing; seated as it is upon the banks of two

noble rivers: its walls being washed on two sides by the Danube, and on a third by the Save. Its appearance is very formidable, and had it been bestowed upon an European power, it must have proved a dangerous present; but its noble outworks and stately walls are crumbling to decay; and in its present state it is scarcely more than a colossal feature in the landscape.

On the first cession of the Fortress of Belgrade to the Turks by the Emperor Leopold, the occupation of the town was reserved exclusively to the Servians, whose Prince, Milosch, has a handsome residence in the principal street; but since the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, the Osmanlis have poured into the town; and, as the natives resisted the innovation, have formed themselves into a distinct colony which may be called Turk-town, where they live with the Jews in tolerable harmony; a circumstance that to a person conversant with the Musselmaun prejudice against the outcasts of Israel, is altogether inexplicable. The two people have a population of eight thousand souls; while the Servians average about twelve thousand.

Nothing could be more irksome than our passage through the streets of Belgrade! We landed beside the New Custom-house, a large and rather handsome building; and thence passed the gate of the town, which was guarded by a

sentinel who could have been barely fourteen years of age. Just within the barrier stood the guard-house, where an officer sat smoking his chibouk, and talking with his men, with all the *bon-hommie* and laxity of discipline, common to the Turks.

It must have been a comedy to see us pass along, all crowded together, and flanked and followed by our vigilant guardians; who with their long canes threw aside every fragment of linen, woollen, or paper, that chanced to lie in our path, as well as chasing thence every passenger who happened to cross it. The Turks smiled a quiet smile as we passed them, for they believe all Europeans to be impregnable to the plague, and consequently consider their precautions as the mere result of a love of excitement and bustle; and I confess that to me the extreme watchfulness of our attendants was so irritating, that, although it amused me for a time, and that I smiled with the Turks at the pains taken to prevent our contact with the inhabitants of a town in which no plague-case had happened during the season, and who had therefore more reason to avoid our own proximity, it finished by making me perfectly nervous.

Thus guarded, and rendered sensible that it is sometimes more troublesome to be out of quarantaine than to be in it, we made our way to the residence of the Austrian Consul with

whom our friend the Chevalier was acquainted; and who joined our party at a respectful distance, having sent his dragoman to request the Pasha's permission for us to visit the interior of the fortress. While we awaited his reply we determined on accompanying our new and courteous acquaintance to pay a visit to General Milosch, the brother of the Prince, who is a resident in Servia. By the way he pointed out to us the house of the Prince's daughter, who is married to a wealthy brewer; and to whom he gave a herd of ten thousand oxen as a marriage portion. And, what was infinitely more interesting, the dwelling of Cerny George; a single-storied building of some extent, but of most unpretending appearance.

A servant having been despatched to apprise the General of our intended visit, he received us most politely at the door of his house, and conducted us up stairs to a marble hall; being kept at arm's length during the ascent by our plague-preventing keepers; who, having themselves placed a line of chairs for us along one side of the hall, graciously permitted us to be seated. The General, attended by two or three servants, then took possession of a green silk fauteuil at the other extremity of the apartment; and the lady of the house shortly afterwards made her appearance, followed by her eldest daughter; a remarkably fine girl, with a noble forehead, and

full dark eyes. The costume of these ladies was extremely elegant and picturesque; confirming an opinion which I had often expressed, that the Greek dress, if carefully arranged, and judiciously chosen as to colours, must be one of the most becoming and effective in the world. Here I saw the realization of my idea; for the small fèz, confined by the dark tress of hair, and fastened with a diamond clasp; the pelisse of pale blue satin, lined and edged with sables; and the full robe of silk, delicately embroidered on the bosom and wrists with gold, were all Greek; while the extreme *tenue* and taste of their arrangement, the slight waist, and careful *chaussure*, were essentially Servian.

Nothing could exceed the courteous attention of the whole family. Coffee, pipes, and sweetmeats were served; and our trusty guardians, satisfied with handing them to us themselves, and thus heroically incurring the risk of becoming the medium of contagion in their own proper persons, allowed us to make use of the silver spoons, although we had been obliged to deliver up our money in the quarantaine, in order that it might be washed by the keeper.—Metals being voted plague-conductors at Orsova, though they were admitted to *pratique* at Belgrade!

The permission of the Pasha to our entrance into the fortress was not so readily accorded as

had been anticipated; and we were accordingly detained nearly an hour ere it arrived. It came, however, at last; and, after taking leave of the interesting family who had so hospitably received us, we once more set forth, traversing a considerable portion of the Servian town, in order to reach the glacis; when, diverging a little from our direct route, we ascended one of the outworks, in order to look down upon the Turk quarter, and the shores of the river.

Hence we had a lovely view of Semlin, and of a portion of the extensive Hungarian plain, which, studded with villages, and masses of forest timber, extends for a distance of six and thirty leagues. In Turk-town the Consul pointed out to us the ruins of several fine buildings erected by the Austrians; and, amongst others, the remains of the residence of Prince Eugene.

Descending the out-work, whence we had a perfect insight into the dilapidated state of the exterior walls and bastions of the once lordly fortress; we proceeded to the gate, and, having passed it, were obliged to progress for a considerable distance along the palisade, ere we reached the bridge by which we were to enter the fort. The palisades were in melancholy keeping with the rest of the defences; and traces of fire were perceptible on the few that still remained erect.

The interior of this celebrated stronghold did

not belie its promise from without. A *ci-devant* barrack had a stunted minaret built against its wall, and was converted into a very dilapidated-looking mosque. The citadel, now denominated the Palace of the Pasha, had much the appearance of a barn, weather-stained and neglected, with broken windows and swinging shutters. The kiosk of the harem was a temporary wooden building; pitched, and repaired with unpainted timber. And, had I been on my way *to* Constantinople, instead of *from* it, my pre-conceived and highly-wrought ideas of Oriental splendour would have inevitably suffered utter prostration at the sight of this "princely" establishment.

The Fortress of Belgrade, which is the most extensive, as well as the strongest military position possessed by the Turks, is garrisoned only by four hundred men, or rather men and boys, for a portion of them are mere youths; and when to this fact is added another still more startling, that since it passed into the hands of its present masters, all the cisterns have been suffered to fall into utter decay; and that the whole of the water necessary for the supply of the inhabitants is carried into the fort daily in carts, it will be seen at once that a future "Siege of Belgrade" would be a bloodless one; as the garrison must inevitably be starved out by drought.

I must not, however, omit to mention that the gentlemen of our party were much struck by the very soldier-like and efficient manner in which the troops (if thus I may be permitted to designate the mere handful of men collected in the drilling-ground) were performing their exercise; and whom they declared to excel in precision of movement, and cleanliness of appearance any Turkish regiment that they had seen in the capital; and to do great credit to the military talent of Osman Bey, their Lieutenant-Colonel; who, as well as Ismaël Bey, a subaltern officer in the same corps, is a son of the Pasha.

Osman Bey, who is rather a fine-looking man, greeted us very politely as we crossed the exercise-ground, in order to leave the fortress by a handsome gate, above whose massy columns are still emblazoned, in *alto relievo*, the arms of Austria, in a shield surrounded by military emblems, and supported by two colossal suits of armour.

Beside the moat, that protects this gate, stands an hexagonal tower, built by the Turks, and called the "Fearless Tower," from the pertinacity with which they defended it during a siege; and the heroic actions performed in its immediate vicinity by one of their Pashas. This tower, and two or three rude bridges of timber over the moat; a couple of ill-proportioned minarets, and the wooden kiosk attached to the

citadel, are the only Turkish erections perceptible. Ruin is rapidly progressing on all sides; the walls are giving way; the ditches are in many places cumbered with the fallen rubbish; the covered ways are laid open; and the guns that yet remain within the weed-grown embrasures are so ill-mounted, as to be perfectly innoxious.

Such is, at this moment, the condition of the far-famed Fortress of Belgrade—the boundary-fort of Servia—the last spot of European land subject to the sway of the Moslem —And here, as we re-entered our barge to pass to the opposite bank of the Save, whence we were to return to Semlin in the carriage of a friend of the Chevalier's, we looked our last on the graceful minarets which indicate the religion of Mahomet, and form so elegant a feature in the Oriental landscape.

Ere we returned on board, we drove to the garden of the Austrian dragoman, whence you are said to command the finest view in the neighbourhood of Semlin; and although the river-vapours effectually prevented us, on this occasion, from seeing a hundred yards beyond the spot where we stood, we were amply repaid for the détour that we had been induced to make, by the opportunity which it afforded to us of spending half an hour in one of the most charming and well-kept gardens imaginable; a

great treat at all times, but doubly agreeable to individuals like ourselves, who had been so long wanderers on the waters. The walks ran through avenues of vines, whose purple clusters did not invite our touch in vain; and so neatly trained as to form the greenest and most level hedges that can be imagined; while not a weed nor an unsightly object was to be seen from one end of the enclosure to the other. The Sclavonians are, indeed, considered such proficient gardeners, that forty-five out of fifty of those employed in Constantinople are of that nation; and we had consequently been curious to see a gentleman's grounds in their own land, and laid out entirely in their own manner.

We were about to re-enter the carriage, in order to return to the vessel, when a flight of rockets ran shimmering along the sky; and immediately afterwards we were overtaken by a procession of peasants, celebrating the last day of the vintage.

It was one of the prettiest sights that I ever remember to have seen. The train was headed by about thirty youths dressed in white garments, and wearing large flapping hats of black felt, nearly similar to the *sombreros* of Spain, into whose narrow bands they had wreathed bunches of wild-flowers; each carrying across his shoulder a long pliant pole, with a basket piled with grapes at each extremity. These

were followed by as many young girls, in the usual picturesque costume of the country, with a profusion of marigolds fastened among their dark tresses; walking two and two, and bearing baskets of grapes between them. And the procession terminated with a crowd of children waving in their little hands long branches of the vine; and lending their clear and joyous voices to the wild chorus of the vintage-song that their elders were pealing out; and which ran, as nearly as I can render it from the hurried and imperfect translation given to me as we journeyed on, somewhat in the following manner:—

THE SCLAVONIAN VINTAGE-SONG.

Around the oak the wild-vine weaves
Its glittering wreath of blood-red leaves;
But it pays not back the peasant's cares;
No gold it wins, and no fruit it bears.
It may flaunt its glories on the breeze,
We have no time to waste on these;
Our's is the Vine near whose goodly root
We seek, and find the jewelled fruit!

The wild-vine springs on the mountain's crest,
By every wind are its leaves caress'd;
But it sickens soon in the garish ray
That rests on its beauty all the day.
Let it joy awhile in the breeze and sun,
A lovely trifler to look upon;
Our's is the Vine that, with worthier pride,
Gems with its fruit the fair hill-side!

Our's is the Vine! Our's is the Vine!
Our's is the source of the rich red wine!
Flowers may be fair on the maiden's brow—
Streams may be bright in their sunny flow—
But dearer to us is the joyous spell
Which our clustering grape calls up so well;
Of purple and gold our wreaths we twine—
Our's is the Vine! Our's is the Vine!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Carlowitz—Peterwarradin—Bridge of Boats—Neusatz—The Journey of Life—The Chevalier Peitrich—Austrian Officers—The Hungarian Poet—Illok—The Ancient Surnium—Peel Tower—Intense Cold—Flat Shores—Mohasch — Földvar — Pesth — German Postillion—A Few Last Words.

EARLY on the morrow we were off Carlowitz, a cathedral town beautifully situated ; of which, owing to the abrupt windings of the river, we had two distinct views. The Cathedral is a handsome edifice, with two light and graceful spires; having from a distance very much the appearance of minarets. The prevailing religion on the Sclavonian shore of the Danube is that of the Greek Church, which has also obtained considerably in Hungary; but the Roman Catholic worship is to be found everywhere along its banks. Carlowitz contains about twelve thousand inhabitants; and its shore was crowded with passage and fishing boats—while the whole height beneath which it is built was covered with vineyards and orchards, in the finest state of cultivation ; the latter being principally composed of trees bearing a small blue plum, used in the

distillation of brandy; which, we were told, was of a very fine quality. A short distance beyond the city, the tributary river Thuss empties itself into the Danube; offering extraordinary facilities for the transport of produce, in the very heart of a rich and prolific country.

A sudden angle of the river immediately after leaving Carlowitz, brought us within sight of Peterwarradin, a very fine fortress with strong and extensive outworks; and in its position greatly resembling Belgrade. It is garrisoned by three thousand Austrian troops; and on arriving opposite to the height on which it is seated, we observed the remains of an outwork, on an island in the centre of the river, that has been abandoned, owing to its annual destruction by the ice; the outlay necessary to preserve its efficiency having been considered greater than its probable utility was thought to warrant.

A second bold sweep of the Danube, which winds like a girdle about the hill-seated fortress, disclosed to us the bridge of boats that links Peterwarradin with Neusatz, a cheerful-looking town containing six churches; and here the Francis I. fired her three pigmy guns, ere she passed on to the wooden pier where she was to take on board her new passengers; and, greatly to our regret, to land our courtly and amiable friend the Chevalier, whose estate was situated within three leagues of the river.

A long voyage resembles a long life—Friends and associates fall from you on all sides as you advance; and those who join company more tardily, generally fail to fill up the void occasioned by the loss of the earlier and better known. Both in the one and the other, you set forward with high hopes and unexhausted energies; and you lend yourself readily to the companionship of those among whom your fate has flung you. But as you become accustomed to the scrip and the staff; and learn by experience the weariness, and the withering, incident to your pilgrimage, you turn not with the same joyousness to greet the new wayfarer who joins your company. You may indeed share with him your loaf of bread and your cruise of water; but the heart no longer goes forth with the hand, to mingle in the gift.

Long will the Chevalier Peitrich live in the memory of the party with whom he travelled up the Danube; and shared the captivity of the quarantaine. He did the honours of his country so gracefully and so graciously—his patience and his politeness were so untiring—and he was in himself so agreeable and intelligent a companion, that the greatest deprivation which we had been called upon to suffer since our departure from Constantinople, was that of his society.

Our influx of passengers from Neusatz was

considerable; and for the first time since I left the Bosphorus, I found myself compelled to share the after-cabin with two ladies; while the gentlemen's party was increased by half a dozen young Austrian officers on their way to a new quarter; all very noisy, and very good-natured; great smokers, great talkers, and great card-players; and as many civilians; among whom was a lame, benevolent-looking, elderly Hungarian, who spent the whole of his time in reading Horace, and writing poetry.

Late in the afternoon we reached Illok; a fine town, crowned by the ruins of a very extensive castle, whose castellated remains stretch for a considerable distance along the brow of the hill. This noble property belongs to Il Principe Odeschak, the Pope's nephew; and is distant only three miles from the Ancient Surnium.

At night-fall we passed another ruined pile, apparently a peel-tower; perched on an abrupt rock; which had a beautiful effect as the moonlight touched its mouldering walls. Near it stood a small castle, also in ruin, but we could not distinguish more than its outline, owing to the lateness of the hour, and the rapid gathering of the darkness. We anchored for the night at the small town of Vacova, having been seventeen hours under steam.

The following morning we passed three more feudal and picturesque remains; and about noon

arrived off the mouth of the Drave, a considerable river dividing Sclavonia from Hungary Proper: and pouring forth its tributary waters in a noble stream to the all-absorbing Danube. But the cold was so extreme, and had come upon us so suddenly, that we were unable to keep the deck for any length of time—a circumstance which we regretted the less, however, as both the banks of the river had become flat, swampy, and uninteresting—the beautiful mountains of the Banût having given place in Hungary to the far-stretching and monotonous plain to which I have already alluded; and the Sclavonian shore being a mere line of sand and marsh-willows; with here and there a village scattered along its edge. In the evening at sunset we reached Mohasch, where the coals were wheeled on board by women, while groups of men lounged on the wooden pier watching their labours.

The steam was on at daybreak the following morning, and during the whole day we remained prisoners in the cabin, the cold being so intense as to drive even the sturdiest of the party below. The country continued to present one unvaried flat; and books, pens, and pencils, were in requisition until sunset; when we anchored a little below Földvar on the Hungarian side of the river, and remained there quietly until the morrow.

The evening of that morrow was to see us at Pesth; and the transition was so great from the overpowering heats to which we had for so many months been accustomed in the East, to the heavy and clinging damps of the Danube, that we resolved on abandoning the river at that point, and pursuing our journey by post to Vienna — a determination in which we were strengthened by the discovery that there was a detention of six days at Pesth, ere the vessel continued her voyage.

The approach to the city was between an avenue of floating mills, of nearly half a mile in length, producing an extraordinary effect to an unaccustomed eye; and, as the day was falling before we reached it, the myriad lights of the streets were reflected like lines of stars in the river-ripple. The situation of Pesth is beautiful; and the town itself well-built, cleanly, and cheerful. The Opera House is a handsome pile, and the *artistes* are far from contemptible; the Hotels are spacious and comfortable; the Palace of the Palatinate is finely seated on an eminence, and in extremely good taste; and there is a *business look* about the inhabitants as they hurry to and fro, which gives an air of animation to the scene essentially European.

A bridge of boats, four hundred yards in length, links the more modern city of Pesth to the ancient Hungarian capital of Buda on the

opposite shore, and now called Offen. The hill of Blocksburg on this bank of the Danube is crowned by an observatory; and the gently undulating heights which hem in the town, on the south and east sides, are covered with vineyards, and celebrated for the superior quality of their produce.

We left Pesth in the afternoon, two hours later than we had intended, owing to the difficulties started with regard to our luggage, but these were ultimately overcome by the potent argument with which English travellers generally contrive to carry a point. When we issued from the gate of the *Jägerhorn* in our heavy and lumbering carriage, we were infinitely amused by the appearance of the postillion; a youth of about eighteen, who wore a sort of hussar jacket, with a small bugle hung about his neck; jack boots, and a formidable cocked-hat and feather. We travelled, however, at a tolerable pace; and, as we bade adieu to the Hungarian Capital, and saw the laughing vineyards spreading away into the distance, we congratulated ourselves on our emancipation from the damps and delays of the river-voyage; even purchased as it was by the fatigue of six-and-thirty hours of German posting.

A few words may now close the Volume. I had believed that I should rejoice when my task was ended; but it is not so. I cannot part,

from the reader who has lingered with me in strange lands without a feeling of regret; and, as I look back upon the pages that I have written, and the scenes that I have sketched; a heaviness of heart comes over me, as though I were looking upon the face of a dead friend. As I traced the one and the other, the images of the past rose up before me; and, even although the vividity of each was lost, enough yet remained to me; for there was still a tie, though every hour weakened it. May I be permitted to pursue the melancholy fancy that I have conjured up? I have been as one who watched a death-couch; clinging to the fast-failing remnant of that which once was bright, and was soon to pass away.

My vigils now are ended. The pleasant spell is broken; I turn my face towards Mecca, and remember my pilgrimage; but the distant landscape is veiled in mist.

The Propontis is but a memory; the glorious Bosphorus is seen only in a dream; the "Sea of Storms" no longer bears the roar of its breakers to my ear; and the Danube rolls along in sullen majesty, bathing rock and mountain, islet, and city, in its proud waters; but I ride not upon its tide.

It is midnight. The tall houses of a dense city rise before me; the hum of many voices comes upon the wind; a bright firelock flashes in the

guard-fire; a stern voice challenges the strangers as they pass; the jaded horses, conscious of approaching rest, put forth their failing power; and ere many moments pass, the heavy carriage rattles under the arched gateway of the Stadt-London in Vienna.

THE END.

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P. SHOBERL, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

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